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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

I WAS under the impression that rapping the faith of a rival church organization had gone out of fashion. But it seems not. On Sunday last, in this Christmas period of "peace on earth, good will to men," the Rev. W. B. Caswell, in the Parkdale Methodist church, made an assault upon Unitarianism.

According to the report of the sermon published in one of the Toronto dailies, Rev. Mr. Caswell, told, evidently with some unction and a deal of satisfaction, how the Unitarian church at London, Ont., had "bust" up for want of support, and how the former pastor of this congregation had finally given up the ministry, to later become secretary of the Raticnal Sunday League.

Far be it from me to defend Unitarianism, chiefly for the reason that i. requires no defence. But at the same time it might be well to point out that since 1815, the year that Unitarianism first saw the light of day on this Continent, some really first class citizens have attached themselves to this particular faith. For instance, there was Theodore Parker, who in his day made some noise in theological matters in New England; and then there was Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom, no doubt, the Rev. Mr. Caswell quotes on occasions; and Dr. Elliot, the old and honored president of Harvard; and the late James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist and diplomat; and the late Edward Everett Hale, chaplain for a generation of the United States Senate and an author of note; and the Channings, two generations of poets and authors; and Dr. Mynot Savage and Dr. Collyer and President Taft. Then, over in England, there was Elizabeth Fry, who, by devoting her life to a great cause, paved the way for rational treatment in English asylums and jails, and James Martineau, author; and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, and dozens of others whose work stands out and speaks for itself.

Victor G. Gilpin may not have been a success in the Unitarian ministry at London, Ont., but at least he trailed in the best of company.

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A PROMINENT Canadian daily has started a small sized boom for the Duke of Connaught as successor to Earl Grey. On the question of amiability, I am informed that the Duke would fill the bill, and after all that is about the only qualification necessary. Our Governor-Generals are expected to utter platitudes, look pretty, bow graciously, avoid politics, promise not to shoot deer out of season, live in Ottawa, and draw their pay. If the Duke of Connaught bows to these conditions, he would probably do just as well as anyone else.

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THE hoax which Frederick Cook perpetrated upon the world in regard to his alleged discovery of the North Pole is not by any means the first time a clever fakir has befuddled the brains of the community. The older generation will still recollect the Cardiff giant, which was unearthed about forty years ago near the village of Cardiff, New York State. Here was discovered one fine day what at the time was presumed to be the petrified remains of a human being. The "corpse" stood ten feet and a few inches high, and the scientific world hailed it as the greatest discovery of the age.

How the owner of this old fossil must have laughed; indeed, it was too good a joke to keep over-long, and it was finally divulged that the Cardiff giant—after being peddled all over the United States as a real curio—had been manufactured in Chicago from a block of gypsum, carefully deposited in a field near Cardiff and then "found" at an opportune moment.

Next in importance, perhaps, come the bridge jumping fakirs. We all remember Steve Brodie and the jump from the Brooklyn Bridge. Now, as a matter of fact, I have good reasons to doubt whether Steve Brodie or any other man ever jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge and lived to tell the tale. If that bridge-jimping plot was not hatched between Steve Brodie and a couple of newspaper men, I am very much mistaken. The thing that went over the bridge was a well-made dummy, to be picked up below by the arch plotters. The bold "exploit" was tacked on to Steve, who opened a saloon on the strength of it and prospered ever after. The newspaper men got a "story," and that was what they were after.

There is at present a dignified Toronto newspaper man, who in his younger days held down assignments on a Montreal daily. As a writer of scare yarns for the edification of the American public he was never matched in this country, save perhaps by the Winnipeg liar, to whom I have referred on previous occasions.

At the time, now twenty years or so ago, when the insane asylum at Longue Pointe, some miles below Montreal, took fire and burned with some loss of life, this unique fabricator sent to the New York papers a story that would have pressed either De Rougemont or Baron Munchausen for first honors.

Among other things, this sprightly correspondent told, with wealth of detail, how the Indians had gathered in from the neighboring swamps and had captured and run off with these insane creatures; and how afterwards, hidden in their lairs, these savages had feasted upon their captives.

Looking back from these days, when many of the great American newspapers keep at Ottawa special correspondents, and when special writers for British journals are to be encountered in every block, it is hard to believe that such dense ignorance of a country lying next door could actually exist.

So it can be seen that there are others beside Cook who deserve honorable mention in the Ananias Club.

⁂

THERE died at Ridgefield, Connecticut, the other day a man, who, while not one of the great artists of his generation, was second to none in the pleasure which his work gave to the public. Frederick Remington was known and admired by hundreds of thousands as painter, illustrator, sculptor, and even writer. His characteristic sketches of the life of the western plains flash their vivid colors from the windows of almost every picture shop. No young man's room is regarded as completely and appropriately furnished unless the walls show a certain number of Frederick Remington's Indians doing their utmost to kill a certain number of Frederick Remington's cowboys and rangers. And in spite of a great deal that became conventional and a mannerism in his work, in spite of much that was merely a concession to a popular demand, what a fine body of work he has left behind him to give reason for the popularity that was his! At his best he interpreted the strong and picturesque life of the old "frontier" days as no one else has been able to do. His rangers and cow-punchers and Indians are veritably those who lived fast and hard in the "West" that has passed away. Above all are his horses real, hard-bitten, savage-tempered, under-fed, unconquerable broncos of the plains. This will, perhaps, be regarded as Remington's most enduring achievement—his accurate and, in the beginning, startlingly novel depiction of horses in action. That old moot question of how a horse really travels, has long since been set at rest, and Remington was one of the men who helped most to settle it. He was the great popular pioneer in the re-action against the stilted movements of horses in academic art, and his work gave people a new insight into this interesting problem.

Altogether, the death of Remington means a great loss to American contemporary art. He was a thorough craftsman, clear-eyed, sincere, and with a fine feeling for the dramatic action and color of the life he had made his chosen field. He saw things steadily, and painted them as he saw. With brush or crayon, with the pen of the writer, or the modeling tools of the sculptor, he was always an honest workman who could be depended on to turn out good work. And he knew his West. In after years the student of American development will turn with greater and greater interest to the work of this one-time "cow-puncher," who told so faithfully and so well of a vivid and daring generation which played a great part on the western plains, but which is even now a memory.

⁂

THE recent death of King Leopold brings forward much that is interesting regarding another man—a man who was as little like the late Belgian King as can well be imagined, and still the two had much in common. I speak now of Henry M. Stanley, whose autobiography, published by his widow, Dorothy Stanley, was issued just a few weeks ago. A wonderfully interesting personality was Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B. In all literature there are few more profoundly interesting and at the same time pathetic characters. Stanley's life as a boy in the English workhouse was of itself a tragedy.

Fatherless, spurned by his mother, the boy grew up and suffered in the workhouse, until one day the spirit within him revolted; he turned upon his tormentor. A lucky kick smashed the brutal schoolmaster's spectacles; he stumbled, and as he fell the lad belabored him with the blackthorn which was intended for him, beat the man till he lay senseless upon the floor. He fled, and from that moment became a waif in the world. He went to sea, and learnt to love it; settled in America, went through the American war, and then began his extraordinary life of adventure and exploration and ceaseless battle till the end.

Perhaps as interesting as anything in the book is the attitude of Mr. Gladstone and King Leopold on Africa and the Congo. Stanley had just returned from his historical exploration of the Congo river to its source. When he met Mr. Gladstone, the traveller had but one thought—to impress upon the statesman the importance of East Africa to England—and he found nothing but pedantic quibbling. Mr. Gladstone actually quibbled with him about the meaning of the word "harbor"; objected to his having named the two great peaks of the Ruwenzori "the Gordon Bennett" and "Mackinnon" peaks.

Unlike Gladstone, the late King Leopold saw that Stanley was no ordinary man. He realized at once the stupendous potential wealth of the country. He induced Stanley to found the Congo State. And so it came about that the world looked on aghast at the fearful cruelties practised by the Belgians in those parts—those parts which Stanley discovered, offered, and did all he could to give to England.

No wonder Stanley, the man who did things, felt himself outraged at our treatment of him, at the jibes and malicious imputations cast by men who had never been out of England upon his honor, his veracity, his very humanity, as, subsequently, when in Parliament, he found that assembly too slow and artificial for his activities. Stanley was a born journalist, and his descriptions of places have all the glow of the sensational special correspondent. For sheer interest his account of his passage down the Congo through the great virgin forests is unequalled in all fiction.

From earliest childhood he seems to have trained his mind to reflection and continency, to have schooled himself into a sort of rigid Puritanism of his own, and always to have tried to be just. The man who was known in all Africa as "the breaker of rocks" needs no armchair testimonials. What he did lives to-day above all criticism and lives imperishably. Few men in this world ever had so varied and interesting a life, and few men ever lived with so virile and single a purpose. He was hard, no doubt; entirely self-centred, indomitable alike in aim and endeavour. No one but a hard man—a man of flint and steel—could have accomplished what he did.

And this was the man who was refused burial in Westminster Abbey! The man who fought his way from the bottom of the ladder to the top. The man who made the map of Africa. The man who discovered and founded the Congo State, and who would have given it to Britain if her statesmen had known enough to take it. The man who discovered all that was left of the earth worth while.

A strange people are the English.

But he lies in good company, better, perhaps, than if those of Westminster Abbey had granted the requests of the dead man's friends.

⁂

THE Dominion Government has laid the foundations for its death-dealing navy. The obsolete cruiser, Rainbow, built by the British Government nineteen years ago, has been purchased. What the consideration was has not yet been stated, but it was probably not over large, provided the British Admiralty has a conscience, for had the Rainbow remained much longer under the care of the Admiralty it would unquestionably have been turned into junk. The original speed of the vessel is put down at 20 knots. What the speed is at the moment the deponent saith not.

⁂

IF, by chance, gentle stranger, you should think for one brief moment of spending a Sunday in Chatham, Ont., my advice would be, don't. Stay over somewhere else till Monday morning. Chatham has found there is a lid and has screwed it down. It's this way: The City Council of Chatham have the Moral Reform bug. We, here in Toronto, suffer from the same disease, but not to the same extent. The Council of Chatham recently passed a by-law compelling restaurants to close their establishments on Sundays from 2 to 5 p.m., and from 7 p.m. until Monday morning. This of itself does not look to be unreasonable at first glance, but now we are told that the Chatham hotels serve no meals after 7 p.m.

The learned judge to whom the case was taken with an idea of repealing the by-law, pointed out that the Chatham City Council was within its rights in ordering the restaurants closed, and it was further mentioned by the judge that hotels are obliged to open their doors and serve meals at all hours of the day and night. But where is the wayfarer, who can enforce this old and well-nigh obsolete rule of the road?

I have heard of people breaking into jail to obtain food and lodging. Perhaps they will do that in Chatham.

⁂

NO matter what our convictions—if we happen to have any—in regard to the present political struggle in Britain, all Canadians look with interest upon the goings and comings of Lord Lansdowne. It is said that, for his years, Lansdowne looks wonderfully young, but in point of fact he is no freshman. To be more exact, Lansdowne was born around 1845, and it was in the eighties that he served a five-year term as Governor-General of Canada.

While popular enough with the average English Canadian, it was the French people of Canada who took Lansdowne to their hearts. There never had been a Governor-General, and probably never will be another, who was quite Lansdowne's equal in captivating the people of Old Quebec. He spoke to them in their own tongue, but there was no striving after words. He spoke the French of the accomplished Parisian. His gestures were French, and well they might have been, for his mother was the daughter of Comte de Flahault.

Lord Lansdowne's town house, Berkeley Square, London, is one of the most stately and most artistically adorned of London's historic mansions. Built for Lord Bute in the early part of the eighteenth century, and purchased from him by the second Earl of Shelburne, it bore for a time the name of Shelburne House, which was changed to Lansdowne House on the promotion of the last-named peer to the Marquisate of which its present master is the fifth holder. Its splendid suite of reception-rooms, with its almost inexhaustible collection of exquisite examples of classic statuary and of the pictorial art of the most famous Continental and British masters, has often been described. Columns might be written about the magnificent collection of Roman and Greek antiquities, brought together chiefly by the first Marquis, and known as the "Lansdowne marbles." There is hardly a room or a corridor in Lansdowne House which has not its contributions from that unique collection. Lord and Lady Lansdowne find keen pleasure in sharing the enjoyment of this glorious art inheritance with their guests; and no English host and hostess of our time have been more popular.

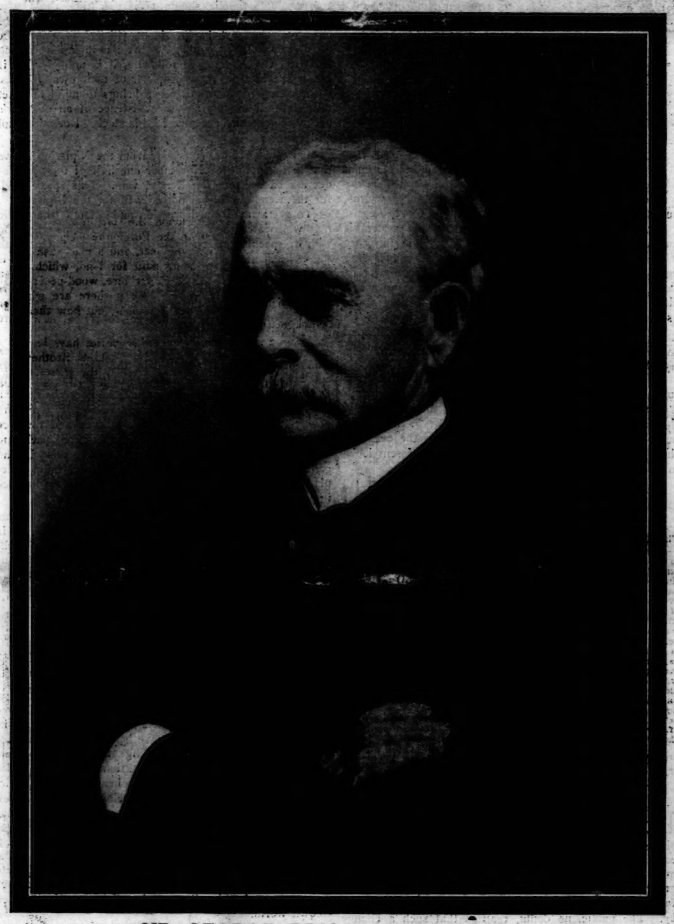
⁂

"PLAY-WRITING holds out such prizes that it is a marvel to me that so few attempt it," remarked a successful English playwright in a recent interview.

To me the marvel is that there are so many plays written and so few that are really worth while. Imagine the mass of stuff that must be turned out each twelve month when the net product that we see weekly on the stage represents, after assiduous sifting, perhaps one-thousandth part what was originally written!

However, upon those who win, the golden shower of success pours in no uncertain way. The late Clyde Fitch, the most prolific playwright of our day, or perhaps any day, is said to have enjoyed an income of $200,000 annually from his work. Alfred Sutro with "The Walls of Jericho" made a quarter of a million dollars. Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gene" netted the author over $100,000; while M. Rostrand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" brought him close upon $1,500,000 in royalties, and it is said that "L'Aiglon" earned him a similar amount.

One would probably be safe in saying that the four men who have made most money by writing for the English stage are Sir W. S. Gilbert, Sir A. W. Pinero, J. M. Barrie, and Henry Arthur Jones. Over $15,000,000 has been paid by the public to witness Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and they have provided the famous librettist with an income of $60 000 a year. "Pygmalion and Galatea" brought Sir William no less than $250,000, and Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" netted him $200,000. "The Little Minister" earned $4,000 per week for J. M. Barrie for a number of years, while his total profits from this play alone were a half million dollars. To this add Bas-



SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G.

Sir George is President of the Bank of Montreal, and is also largely interested in various other Canadian enterprises. As an Art collector and a man of letters, Sir George Drummond is widely known.

rie's "Peter Pan," "Quality Street" and "The Admirable Crichton" which three netted him another half million.

"The Silver King," that good old drama which we all saw years ago, must have given its authors, Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman who collaborated with him, a large sum, for the earnings of this one piece exceeded $5,000,000. That old, amusing farce, "Charley's Aunt," brought $150,000 to its author, Brandon Thomas.

However, in spite of these and dozens of other "successes" which might be mentioned, the early paths of even the most successful playwrights are often strewn with difficulties. While the prizes are big the perplexities and disappointments are many. Jerome K. Jerome had his first play refused by every manager in London, while Alfred Sutro was knocking at the doors of theatrical managers for eleven years before Mr. Arthur Bourchier placed him on the ladder of dramatic fame by accepting "The Walls of Jericho." Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones both had their earlier plays rejected with wonderful regularity, while Sardou had a hard and bitter fight to win recognition.

However, it is given to very few to write real plays. Many write at it with more or less success, but the great playwright is a Heaven-born genius, and is eventually well paid because of his rarity.

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IN the battle of Manilla, Admiral Dewey's fleet was under fire for seven hours, and only six men were wounded and none killed. In the naval battle of Santiago, the American loss was one man killed and a half-dozen wounded. In football in the United States, during the season now closed, the casualty list stood as follows:—30 deaths, 216 players injured, 12 broken collar-bones, 8 broken noses, 12 broken legs, 19 broken ribs, 9 broken arms, 19 broken ankles, 13 broken shoulders, 8 broken wrists, 8 broken fingers, 6 broken hands, and 3 broken jaws.

Football would, therefore, seem more dangerous to life and limb than real war.

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BOURKE COCHRAN, probably the greatest of living orators in the United States, and the popular hero in many a hard fought contest in the House of Representatives at Washington, believes, or says he believes, that representative institutions are no longer on trial. They have, he contends, already been tried and found wanting.

Mr. Cochran, in a word, believes that the United States Government as it now exists is a one man power; that the people's representatives, elected from the country over, are obliged to bow their will before the imperious decree of one man.

Mr. Cochran proceeds to elucidate his opinion. First he points out the extraordinary amount of attention which Mr. Roosevelt attracted during his Presidency. Nobody paid any attention to his Cabinet Ministers. They, of course, have no authority independent of him; he can dismiss or appoint them by his own will. The papers were daily filled with the accounts of the disputes he had with this Senator or that, with this member of the House of Representatives or that, with the struggle between his policy and that of the parties in the two Houses of the Legislature; and in the end it was the policy of the President that prevailed.

"If a representative assembly is to command respect," says Bourke Cochran, "it must do so by the decency, by the patience, by the lucidity, by the tolerance of its deliberation. But what words could be less applicable to the manner in which proceedings are now conducted in the House of Representatives in Washington? A bill which had gigantic consequences in reference to the whole question of currency in America, and which was brought in just at the moment when the terrible slump revealed the many unsound points in the existing laws This measure, on which depended countless millions and all the commercial relations of a nation of nearly ninety millions of people, was given less than an hour for discussion in the House of Representatives."

In respect to this bill it might be mentioned that Mr. Cochran's own time on the measure as spokesman of the Democratic party, was exactly ten minutes, and according to many good authorities, Cochran is not only the most able speaker in America, but one of the greatest speakers in the English tongue in the world.

A short shift for a great politician and a great speaker, it must be admitted.

In Canada, a man like Cochran could talk for a week on one measure, if he so desired.

The United States has gone to one extreme, and we have drifted to the other.

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WHEN Montreal proceeds to enforce Sunday restrictions all does not run so smoothly. Quite recently a lot of Jewish bakers were hauled into court and fined for delivering bread upon the Sabbath. This was before Judge Weir of the Police Court. A few days later a few more of God's Chosen People were brought to book on the same charge. This time, however, they came up before Judge Dupuis, who ruled that they could not be prosecuted under the civic by-law, because of a higher authority, the Sunday Act of the Quebec Statutes, which says:—"That those in the province who from habit observe the seventh day of the week as a holy day, are not punishable for having worked on the first day of the week, providing that it does not disturb others in the celebration of the first day of the week."

Judge Dupuis, in explaining his ruling of the case, remarked:—

"As to the practical working out of our by-law which forbids the sale of goods on Sunday, there is a fallacy of which I was made aware when I was a member of Parliament. The present law was enacted in 1907. If these citizens did not, or were not allowed to deliver their bread on Sunday, they would have to go without bread for three days. We made a careful investigation of the circumstances these people were placed in at the time. They bake on Thursday. Their holy day begins at sunset on Friday and ends when the stars appear on Saturday. We cannot starve them. Therefore, I hold that they can deliver bread on Sunday."

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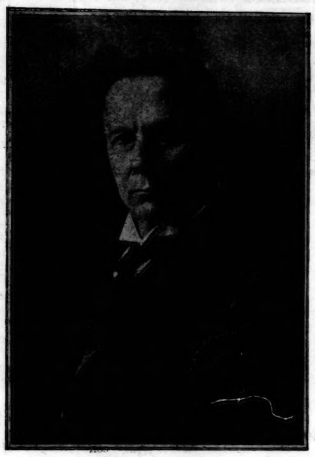
IN sheer desperation the average Torontonian is howling for a "tube." With the right sort of a street railway service Toronto with its present population actually requires an underground electric system about as much as a jackass pines for a tin whistle. But under the circumstances the yell for "a tube" or an aerial railway or a something that will mitigate the present evils is the most natural thing in the world.

Everybody fights R. J. Fleming, spokesman for the T. S. R. and naturally he fights back. He does little else than sneer at the public and the public request for better accommodation, and the citizens on their own behalf pine to take the afore-mentioned R. J. by the nape of the neck. The longer this ridiculous controversy goes on between the Toronto Street Railway and the citizens the worse the service becomes. There are, as



HARRIMAN'S SUCCESSOR.

Judge Robert Scott Lovett, who has been appointed President of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads. He is fifty years of age and a Texan. For many years he was Harriman's most valuable assistant, and is generally regarded as one of the ablest of American railroad lawyers. He is also a practical railroad man having spent his youth in learning that business from the ground up.

a matter of fact, too few cars and too few streets upon which to operate them. Fleming asks too much in the way of streets when it comes to additional services, and the city on its own behalf will grant too little.

Everybody knows that the street railway system is antiquated. The citizens are every day riding in cars which in any other city of like pretensions would long ago have been put in the scrap heap. As a matter of fact Toronto does not to-day possess an up-to-date electric car that any one has discovered. The cars are, as a rule, fairly clean, and the officials are in the day's work, obliging and courteous; but these little matters probably have nothing to do with the executive heads of the corporation.

The question as it now stands resolves itself down to a "tube," an airship line or an improved street railway service. It's Hobson's choice with the citizens. If they could get the proper service from the T. S. R., nine out of ten would gladly accept it. But in the event of their not being able to accomplish what at present looks to be impossible, what are they to do?

THE COLONEL.

Skating on Grenadier Pond.

The Editor, Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—May I occupy a few lines of your valuable space in expressing my regret at an item appearing in the daily papers regarding Grenadier Pond. According to the item referred to, the public are, in future, to be debarred from skating on that part of the pond south of the pavilion until after ice-cutting is over. That is to say, they are to be kept off the greater part of the pond and off the best ice, during practically the entire winter, and restricted to a 2 by 4 area, where the surface is scarcely worth skating on at the best of times. Now, sir, I do not know who is responsible for this, and I do not care, but it is surely a gross injustice and something which, I venture to say, was far from the intention of the gentleman by whose generosity High Park was presented to the public. Anyone who, on a fine Saturday afternoon, has seen the crowds of happy young people enjoying themselves on this magnificent natural skating area, after perhaps a week's confinement within doors, will, I think, be ready to admit that a grave mistake is being made in thus curtailing the facilities for the enjoyment of the most health-giving and exhilarating pastime that our Canadian winter affords.

Toronto, Dec. 28th, 1909.

WM. GAZE.

Comment on Cobalt.

THE stimulus given to the Cobalt market by the City of Cobalt—Chambers—Ferland flurry worked itself out last week and the market seems to be on a steady course downward. The action of the Ontario Government in reducing the royalty from 25 per cent. on the gross, to 25 per cent. on the net has not proved a bull factor, however much the properties are benefitted thereby. The public, no doubt, realizes that such a change would be of greater benefit in a lower grade proposition and they have never been led to believe these properties were such. As a matter of fact the City of Cobalt has important bodies of low grade ore but the reduction of this product means the erection of a concentration, which would put the mine back some $75,000 and lands returns twelve months in the future. Some brokers say that the stock is to be put up but whose money is to do it is not stated.

It is not possible that any large section of Cobalt speculators were disappointed in the La Rose directorates not advancing the dividend over the 8 per cent. announced some months ago so the decline of some 20 or 30 points in the price of La Rose following the announcement of that rate for the current quarter appears an attempt of the shorts to make capital out of the situation. The writer is of the opinion that a short interest of considerable magnitude still exists in this issue. The opinion lately advanced by a Toronto brokerage house that Crown Reserve is a better speculative purchase than La Rose does not appear to be sound, in fact, Crown Reserve continues to exhibit that weakness due to persistent selling pressure while the shipment of two cars of ore from the Lawson last week shows that this property must be reckoned with on the side of La Rose. It must be remembered that the area of La Rose consolidated amounts to several hundred acres while the Crown Reserve is limited to 23 acres and a lease on the Silver Leaf which latter property has, in its past, given no impression more than that it is an excellent proposition to lose money on.

Silver Leaf was among the first stocked propositions to which the name of Cobalt is attached. It has passed through many controls and has had much money spent upon it, much more than came out of the ground. Under the terms of its lease to the Crown Reserve its capitalization of $5,000,000 is at least trebled, which at even ten cents per share would give it a market value of $1,500,000. The public should remember this, those who have stock or intend purchasing. Also that the fact of Col. John Carson being president will put not one ounce of silver on the ground. As for manipulation coming from the Crown Reserve following it is unlikely for, if rumor speaks true, these people have their own troubles.

Speaking of Crown Reserve brings to mind the fact that eighteen months ago the existence of an outsider's pool was generally accepted in this stock. Does this pool still exist?

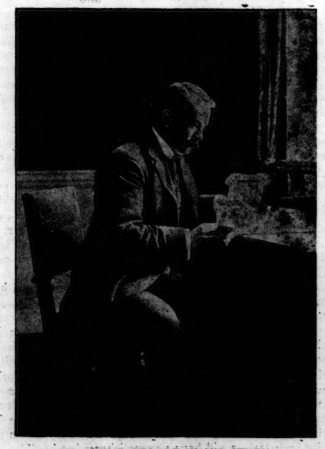
The latest report, (official), from the Nipissing shows that in the month of November one half of the ore production came from the Kendal vein. This speaks well for the Kendal vein but not so well for the Nipissing.

To get away from depression and gloom the public may well watch the sun, the moon, the star, or what you will, of speculation arising in the Porcupine. Up north the excitement is high, at fever heat, and a mad rush is on. Enormous prices are being paid for land, which a year ago would bring hardly $1.00 per acre, wood-peckers and Christmas trees thrown in. Many there are who may be sorry for it when they get sober, but now there is no thought of the morrow.

The facts are that some eleven discoveries have been made of which eight are held by the Timmins Brothers and Mr. J. O'Brien. The finds are of gold, the glittering yellow dross that turns men's minds and wrecks many a happy home. But get into the game for if you don't now you will when the cards are marked and the dice loaded. Surely Cobalt presents a well-figured pack and it is time to call for a new deck! But this is no game for the widow and the fatherless. Mining speculation calls for the coolest head and the highest balance in judgment. It demands a knowledge of men.

Whether Porcupine will make good or not remains to be seen. It is undoubted that the rock therefrom is rich enough to excite the sour dough or put the cheechacko on the stampede. Incidentally the excitement cannot but detract from the Cobalts.

COBALT.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE IN HIS STUDY.

From a new photograph. Our readers will note the silvering of the Chancellor's hair.

London's Old Roman Wall.

VISITORS to London whose tastes lie in the direction of exploring ancient remains will be gratified to learn that the Society of Antiquaries has succeeded in securing the preservation of a very fine fragment of the great Roman wall around London which has just been laid bare. From time to time portions of the great structure, the external wall of defence built about the city in the fourth or fifth century, have been uncovered in digging foundations while rebuilding streets or houses. These have rarely escaped demolition. The latest discovery is to be preserved for the benefit of the public. It is situated near Newgate street close to a new annex of the general post office. The fragment, which is that of a great curved bastion, says the London correspondent of The New York Sun, is 50 feet long, 20 feet high and 8 feet wide. The present summit lies several feet below the surface ground. The whole is in a wonderful state of preservation, bound together as it is with that famous mortar used by the Romans in all parts of the then known world.

The material that is known as "Kentish rag," supported by heavy Roman bricks and showing clearly the characteristic layers or bands of red tiles, such as may be seen at Burgh Castle, Pevensey and Richborough. The interesting relic is to be built around, so that it will lie in a cave which may be entered by stairs and inspected by artificial light. The line of the Great Roman wall is well known and much of it undoubtedly remains below the houses to-day, which are largely built upon it as upon the securest of foundations.

Many of King Edward's Christmas and New Year's presents take the form of cigars and cigarettes drawn from the reserve stock in the cellars at St. James's Palace, where one of the most complete equipments for the maturing of cigars is to be found. The King is an inveterate cigar smoker, though acting upon the advice of his physicians he is not smoking so much as he did a few years ago. The King's cigars all come from Havana and from the same plantation. They bear no maker's brand upon them and are packed in perfectly plain boxes. They are not very large, but if they could be sold in open market they would be worth about three shillings each. A few years ago the King was very fond of a brier pipe and was to be seen smoking one about the lanes near Sandringham. To-day he has abandoned this form of smoking and keeps almost exclusively to cigars. He does not care very much for cigarettes and is seldom to be seen smoking them.

The annual balance sheet of the great German armour factory of Krupp & Co., of Essen, shows that the net profit for the last business year amounted to $3,901,905, as compared with $4,622,040 in the preceding year. These profits enable the company to declare a dividend of 8 per cent., while at the same time a portion of the profits amounting to $150,000 has been voluntarily contributed to the worman's pension funds. The Krupp firm paid this year upward of 885,000 in taxes; $988,565 toward the compulsory State insurance for workmen and $1,321,070 as voluntary contributions to various charities. The pension fund of the employees of the firm now has a capital of $8,956,410.

SKATES

ALL SORTS AND SIZES

TRY OUR HOCKEY SKATES

From 50c up to $5 per pair

They are manufactured by HENRY BOKER and THE STAR MANUFACTURING CO'Y. Suitable sizes for *Ladies, Men and Boys.*

Spring Skates, Extension Bob Skates and Snow Skates. Sizes for children of all ages.

HOCKEY BOOTS

For Hockey and Tube Skates, from $1.75 per pair up.

RICE LEWIS & SON
Limited
Corner King and Victoria Sts.

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The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration. Estimates submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO

A QUIET PLACE TO TALK AND SMOKE, MEET FRIENDS, OR HAVE AN AFTER-THEATRE LUNCH. INTERIOR IS QUIETLY AND RICHLY FURNISHED IN OLD MISSION STYLE, WHICH IS ALIKE PLEASING TO THE EYE AND GRATEFUL TO ONE'S SENSE OF THE ARTISTIC. A NUTRITIOUS, WHOLESOME MEAL PREPARED BY OUR CHEF MAKES YOUR ENJOYMENT COMPLETE.

St. Charles Grill
60-70 YONGE ST.

January - 1910

A Happy New Year to all our patrons

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"The Store that Fits the Feet."

Children's Parties
Dinner Parties
Card Parties

All kinds of Home Entertainments are enlivened and improved by

Michie's Merry Crackers

Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King St. West
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We have at all times attractive offerings of Bonds.

Municipals to Yield, 4-5 per cent.

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Individual Requirements carefully considered and suggestions made

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"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$28.85	$29.50	$40.35	$41.60	$42.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT

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Phone M. 6000. Toronto

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ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Toronto General Agents.

CENTRAL CANADA Loan & Savings Co'y

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend at the rate of eight per cent. (8%) per annum for the three months ending December 31st, 1909, has been declared upon the Capital Stock of this Company, together with a bonus of two per cent. (2%) for the year 1909, making a total dividend disbursement for the year of ten per cent. (10%). The said dividend and bonus will be payable at the office of the Company in this city on and after January 1st, 1910.

The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from the 20th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

E. R. WOOD,
Managing Director.

Toronto, December 15th, 1909.

1910 INVESTMENTS

We are offering in our January List just published, a selection of securities to meet the investment requirements of Trustees, Financial Institutions and Individuals.

GOVERNMENT BONDS
to yield 4%

MUNICIPAL BONDS
to yield 4% to 5½%

CORPORATION BONDS
Public Utility
to yield 4½% to 5½%

INDUSTRIAL BONDS
to yield 5½% to 6%

Copy sent on request.

It is a pleasure to select a bond appropriate to the individual needs—to discuss its merits as an investment—to demonstrate its suitability.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST

BRANCHES
MONTREAL-WINNIPEG-LONDON-ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Dec. 29, 1909.

THE galleries of the Stock Exchange are, to that institution, very much what the "gods" are to a theater. Readers who have never occupied a front pew up in the "gods" have lost something of boyhood and of human nature and of comments and criticism which it would be difficult to make up in later years of orchestra chairs and boxes—this, merely, *en passant*. The galleries—the word should be in the singular, for there is but one gallery—have lately been commenting upon the re-appearance among the actors on the stage of the Stock Exchange, of Charles Meredith, and if one were to pursue enquiry among the "gods" still further, he could no doubt, pick up a lot of interesting lore concerning Charles and other old-timers who of late have been a less familiar sight than of yore. For years, a well-known group of men, some of whom are now little more than a memory, came regularly upon the stage, each act, seeming to regard the work of buying and selling—to depart from the simile—as one of their most important functions. The group seems now to be in the midst of a rapid change. Some have simply given over this part of their work to their younger partners while others have stepped out entirely and may no more, of right, pass through the "Members Only" portals.

⁂

Changes "On 'Change."

Charles Meredith, happily, is not of the latter. He is simply of the group whose interest in the work on 'Change is no longer of the proportions it used to be, and his present regular attendance is due more to the temporary absence of Hartland Macdougall than to anything else. The group referred to is having its numbers constantly reinforced, mainly from the larger and older houses, the principals of which are beginning to find that, along with the expansion of the country and the accompanying changes, there have come opportunities in connection with new flotations, consolidations and purchase and sale of blocks of bonds and stocks which were practically unknown in the past and which call for their almost undivided attention and well repay it.

⁂

Some New Developments.—It was this development which gave rise, nearly a year ago, to the firm of Charles Meredith & Co., Ltd. This is an entirely different firm to Charles Meredith & Co., stock brokers and members of the Stock Exchange, although the two companies are closely associated and have their offices adjoining each other. Mr Meredith retains his interests in the brokerage firm and is president of the limited company, to the latter of which he brought all the influence which, for many years past has been his. It was here that his long-standing connection with the Bank of Montreal became of special value. Charles Hosmer, a director of the Bank of Montreal, W. P. Stavert, an official of the bank and H. Robertson, manager of the Royal Trust Co., a Bank of Montreal institution, all appeared on the board of the new company, while Mr. Taylor, the London agent of the Bank of Montreal, is understood to be in close touch. The company was also able to establish a working arrangement with the Canadian agency, of London, one of its chief officials, Major St. Aubyn, being also on the board of the Meredith, Limited. Mr. A. H. B. Mackenzie, also interested in winding up the affairs of the Sovereign Bank, in Montreal, was made manager of the new concern, and Mr. G. W. Farrell became secretary-treasurer. Under the circumstances it is not to be wondered that the new company has been concerned in some large transactions since its formation and that Charles Meredith is not seen so regularly on the Montreal Stock Exchange.

Charles Meredith, of Montreal.

⁂

Was an Athlete.

There are other reasons, however, why he is not so anxious to attend 'Change. He is not the sort of a man to chase dollars to the bitter end. He takes no small interest and justifiable pride in both his city and country homes, and, no doubt, can afford to devote more attention to them. How wealthy he is, is difficult to say. Some seem to think that he might be close to the millionaires' row and perhaps in it, while others put him down at a much smaller figure. In truth, he is the sort of man who might be worth many millions and very few would be any the wiser. One thing is certain—he is far beyond the place where monthly provision accounts need have any interest for him and where close attention to business is necessitated by the abruptness of the men who turn off the water, or the gas. In appearance, he would be noticeable almost anywhere, partly because of a greyness in moustache and hair which is manifestly premature in a man carrying himself so easily if not jauntily as does Meredith, but also because of a figure which is unusually suggestive of athletic championships in the not so very long ago. Hence, one is not surprised to hear that in his day he was an unusually fine amateur boxer and that he excelled in other sports calling for quickness, endurance and strength. He looks as though he would not be found wanting to-day, for, at an age which most men begin to show rotundity around the bottom of their vests—he is upwards of fifty—he still seems to be in the very pink of condition.

Other Diversions.

As has been indicated, he is neither a time server nor a money-grubber, and the man who gets him to look into a deal and take part in its exploitation must have something that is clear-cut from start to finish. Even really meritorious propositions will not attract him unless under given conditions, I am told—a condition of affairs which is perhaps fortunate for many of the rest of us. In truth, he cannot afford to touch propositions which many really good firms could not afford to ignore. Senneville the beautiful, where live also his father-in-law, R. B. Angus, and many other of Montreal's wealthiest citizens, claims his attention during the summer months and it is probable that here, engrossed with his gardens and his home, he is happiest. If he isn't, he ought to be.

⁂

An English-American-Mexican-Canadian Deal?

Financial circles in Montreal have been talking a great deal, of late, about a deal which concerns Rock Island, Lehigh Valley, Wabash and possibly the Pearson-Mexican and the Canadian Northern lines. This is one of the deals the dapper Mackay Edgar, of Sperling & Co., is now supposed to have been concerned in, during his recent visit. Just what it is all about is yet to be definitely stated, but a new transcontinental railway seems to be the aim. Sperling & Co., and Speyer & Co. are apparently among the leading interests in the movement, Dr. Pearson being another. Some very considerable changes in the directorates of Lehigh Valley and Rock Island are said to be upon the boards. Meantime, the market followers in Montreal who early heard of the possibility of something considerable taking place, became heavy buyers of Lehigh and Wabash preferred and there were also extensive purchases of Rock Island. In the excitement of the early trading, Monday, something happened which brought Rock Island into the lime light and showed that Montrealers are not the only purchasers of the stock. From the opening, at 50, the price jumped to 80. Then it jumped back again to 50, but not before a few fortunate possessors unloaded upon a few unfortunate would-be possessors. Just what happened to the stock after it was sold is an intricate and rather unprofitable problem. Certainly someone was landed with the goods. At the close, Monday night, the market followers were predicting another jump for Tuesday morning. Of course, the important factors in the situation are the concerns who are said to be the moving spirits. It is well known that Sperlings have succeeded to an extraordinary degree in carrying out the financial programme of the Canadian Northern and no one who has seen Dr. Pearson holding the dividendless shares of stock-heavy companies at par will ignore him for one moment in a deal such as that which is being discussed.

It was said here, early this week, that Lehigh Valley would go to 140. The reader is not advised to believe this but he may count on something of an interesting nature being announced before long. T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, DEC. 30, 1909.

STANDING on the threshold of another year, one is usually in a retrospective mood, and it is not unnatural that, in this department, some reference should be made at the present time to the principal happenings of the past twelve months. In the financial realm many episodes of more than ordinary interest have transpired. Aside from the uninterrupted prosperity that has reigned, perhaps the outstanding features have been, in the first instance, the huge, the unprecedented amounts of outside capital that have found investment in Canada, and, in the second, the process of merging smaller concerns into great industries that has been carried to a happy completion. The amount of outside capital that has come into Canada within the twelve months has reached the two hundred million mark, and there have been at least three mergers of the utmost importance. First among these came that movement which gradually drew together all the cement properties east of the Rocky Mountains, resulting in the Canada Cement Company with a capitalization of $38,000,000. Hardly had the public drawn breath than the Amalgamated Asbestos Corporation, which embraced a majority of the asbestos properties in the Province of Quebec, was heralded to the world. Again, a coterie of financiers got busy, and an amalgamation of carriage factories, to be known as the Carriage Factories, Limited, was the result. But, greater perhaps than all, the year 1909 saw an end to the long years of rancor between the Dominion Steel and the Dominion Coal Companies, and the inauguration of steps that may ultimately mean the drawing together of all the steel and coal companies in the country under one central management.

⁂

Some Inroads of Ontario Capital.

Outside of the immense sums of money that British capitalists are constantly putting into Canadian railroads, perhaps the most conspicuous indication of the faith which the Briton has in the future of Canada was shown when some few of them early in the past year paid off the loan of one million dollars guaranteed by the Ontario Government and thus became interested in the allied industries at Sault Ste. Marie. Later on, as a result, Mr. Charles D. Warren resigned the presi-

Bank of Montreal

(Established 1817.)

INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	358,311.06

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:

RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., HON. PRES.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
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JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
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SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., GENERAL MANAGER.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

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ESTABLISHED 1874.

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An account may be opened by the deposit of $1—on which interest will be allowed.

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Capital Paid up - $2,200,000
Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

Every service which the reliable business man can expect from the modern banking institution can be sought with success and satisfaction at all Branches of the Northern Crown Bank. We have every facility for collecting, transmitting or investing your money to your advantage.

Savings Bank Department at all Branches

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They afford the recipient an opportunity of purchasing that which he or she most desires.

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No delay in withdrawal

Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - $1,277,404.49

The Canadian Express Co.

offers the quickest, safest and most convenient service for the transmission of Christmas Packages.

Shipments carried by fast Passenger Trains and Mail Steamships.

Special attention will be given to deliveries at residences on Christmas Day.

For remitting money by mail, procure Canadian Express Money Orders—which are cheap and afford absolute security against loss.

THE **Toronto General Trusts Corporation**

DIVIDEND NO. 56

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of Four Per Cent. upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Corporation has been declared for the current half year (being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum), and that the same will be payable on and after

MONDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF JANUARY NEXT

The Transfer Books will be closed from Wednesday, the 15th, to Friday, the 31st of December, both days inclusive.
By order of the Board.

J. W. LANGMUIR, Managing Director.

Toronto, December 14, 1909.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.

Dealers in High-Grade Bonds

42-43 Bank of Ottawa Bldg., Montreal

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 78.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of **Eleven Per Cent. (11%) Per Annum** upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1910, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Tuesday, the 1st Day of February Next.

The **Transfer Books** will be closed from the 17th to 31st of January, 1910, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, 22nd December, 1909.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Investment information means investment wisdom.

The Royal Securities Corporation, Limited, in offering high grade bond investments, offers at the same time complete information concerning these securities.

Whether or not you intend to invest, our information department is at your disposal. We shall be glad to give particulars concerning any bond in which we deal.

Royal Securities Corporation, Limited
164 St. James St. - - - Montreal

Halifax —— Quebec —— Toronto

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office: King St. West.

Six Branches in Toronto.

The following five branches are open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock, for the transaction of savings account and general banking business.

78 Church St.
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor Bloor West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
1686 Dundas St., West Toronto

Toronto Saturday Night
Dear Editor
Enclosed please find $3.00 for one years subscription to "The Paper worth While."
My address is
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AFTER THE HOLIDAY The Holiday is hard on good clothes. Easy to spill something on a handsome dress. Send it here and we will fix it for you. Phone and our wagon will call.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen Street East.

DOCTORS
find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
HANSON'S DRUG STORE
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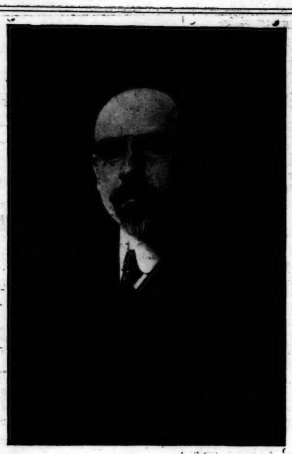

E. R. Wood, of Toronto, who was prominently connected with the Coal-Steel consolidation.

dency of the Lake Superior Corporation and was succeeded in the duties of that office by Mr. Thomas J. Drummond, of Montreal. For ease in administering the affairs of the company, its head office was shortly thereafter removed to Toronto. The year also saw a truce to the deadlock that had long existed between the Mexican Power and the Mexico Tramways companies, and the former is now being operated by the latter. An evidence of the inroads of American capital was seen in the changes in the directorate of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, which indicated a transfer of the control to United States interests. Messrs. A. D. Morrow, A. E. Dyment, George C. Biggar, and H. L. Plummer, were elected members of the Toronto Stock Exchange, and they and their associates were called upon to mourn the death of the late Captain Wyatt, than whom there was no more kindly, nor more popular trader on the floor.

* * *

No Banking Disasters in Year 1909.

Fortunately, the year 1909 will pass into history devoid of any of those banking disasters that have marked recent years, and echoes of which have been heard at various times during the past twelve months. The outset of the year saw the absorption of the Western Bank by the Standard Bank of Canada. The Bank of Nova Scotia was criticized because it had provided $50,000 to meet possible loss through the assistance it was forced, in common with other banks, to render at the time of the Sovereign Bank failure. Later the Bank of Nova Scotia was relieved of further responsibility when it accepted a cash offer of $25,000. The Bank of Ottawa increased its capital stock by an issue of five thousand shares. The importance that the Canadian banking system has attained in the eyes of the world was attested when a sub-committee of the United States National Monetary Commission came across the line to investigate its workings. The outcome of this mission is apparent just now in the very wide discussion that is taking place all over the republic with regard to the establishment of a central bank—education that has led a great many leaders of thought to avouch faith in the principal so long as the bank is not controlled by Wall Street or any other monopolistic interest. The fall season in banking circles witnessed the unusual spectacle of the Bank of England placing its minimum discount rate at 5 per cent., which was twice as high as it was earlier in the year.

* * *

Was Shortest "Corner" In History.

The most striking feature of an otherwise listless holiday market was the manner in which Rock Island, in New York, on Monday, gyrated up and down. Within the space of fifteen minutes it advanced from 50⅝ to 81½ and fluttered back to 49¾. According to reports from Wall Street the attendance on the Stock Exchange was small when the excitement began, but, as the tape indicated the course of events to outside traders, it did not take them long to appeal to the commission houses to get them out of the market at any price. Those who had been through the Northern Pacific corner, when that stock carried to 1,000, realized the dangers that attend such wild demonstrations. So soon as the selling orders appeared, the decline commenced and it was quite as fast as the advance. Some idea of the celerity of the movement may be had when it is noted that one man put in an order to sell 200 shares of Rock Island at the market when the stock was at 70 on its way up; what he actually got was 62, making even at that a good profit. The extent of the loss attending this little post-Christmas movement may never be known. One guesser hit upon $1,500,000 as a happy average but in so doing displayed some weird mathematics. The extreme possible limit of loss could not have been more than a million supposing the loser to have bought the entire 29,400 shares sold on the rise at the top price of 81 and sold them at 50. Apropos of this incident, which is now being investigated by the Governors of the New York Stock Exchange, one old trader, to show how history may repeat itself, tells how, some years ago, when Mr. Keene was working Sugar, calls had been put up among persons whom he believed he might find useful. One morning somebody was late in getting to the office. In about as many seconds Sugar had bounced up as many points. Some of the gentlemen who had the calls went to Mr. Keene to expostulate. "Scat," he replied, "you gentlemen would certainly not take advantage of an accident." So far as Toronto is concerned, a very few were in on Rock Island, even although the stock had been vigorously tipped for a couple of weeks. Montrealers were more fortunate in making purchases, but the whole incident was so brief that it is unlikely that any of them made any considerable amount of money.

* * *

Bond Sales Better than Ever Before.

Never before has the bond business in Canada been so good as it was during the past twelve months. In municipal bonds alone, Canadians invested over thirty million dollars, and, though the figures as regards industrial bonds are not available in view of the many mergers that have taken place, all of which involved issues of the character mentioned, the amount of money put into this class of bonds must have been very large indeed. The increased interest in this class of investment is plainly traceable to the panic of 1907. At that time the people of the United States—as they did in the panic of 1893, when, in one day, 303 banks failed—withdrew tens of millions of dollars from the banks and literally placed their savings in their stockings. Along in 1908 confidence was generally restored, but the money withdrawn did not find its way into trade channels; it was rather placed in government securities. The present year has witnessed a further expansion of confidence and the demand has been chiefly for those municipal bonds that give the largest return. Brokers in this city are looking forward to an exceptionally profitable business during the coming year. "After the British Elections," said one of them, "I look for a splendid bond market. By February, in my estimation, money will be reasonably cheap and there will be nothing whatever to retard the sale of bonds."

* * *

Merchants Bank Had Prosperous Year.

The Merchants Bank of Canada—an extended report of whose annual meeting was published in last week's issue—is one of the few banks thus far reporting that has shown an increase in earnings over those of last year. Its net profits for the year ending November 30, 1909, amounted to $831,159, which is equal to 13.85 per cent. on the paid-up capital, as against $738,597, or 12.30 per cent., for the previous year. And so entrenched is the bank in the goodwill of its patrons and the public generally, that the directors are looking forward to even better results in the year to come. An important feature of the annual meeting held recently was the power granted the board of directors to increase the capital stock from six to ten million dollars. But Sir Montagu Allan, the president, pointed out that no thought had as yet been given to the time at which the stock would be issued or the figure at which it would be given to the present holders. "This move," he said, "is merely a safeguard in the interest of the stockholders to enable us to issue the new stock whenever we consider it advisable." That the Merchants Bank is looked upon favorably by investors is patent from the fact that there are no less than thirty-five insurance companies, banks and individuals that hold two hundred shares and over. For a great many years Mrs. F. Orr Lewis was the largest holder, having 1,435 shares in her name, but she has now been surpassed in this respect by Sir William Macdonald, who is the fortunate possessor of fifteen hundred shares The only other whose holdings run above one thousand shares is Sir Montagu Allan, who is credited with 1,382.

* * *

High Prices For All Food Products.

All the Government reports issued lately with respect to grain crops have proven very satisfactory when compared with those of the previous year, and yet present indications do not point to any lower prices. The latest of these is that brought out at Ottawa. It shows that over thirty million acres of field crops have yielded a harvest valued at almost six hundred million dollars as compared with a crop valued at a little over four hundred millions of dollars from twenty-seven million acres a year ago. Viewed in the light of the present high prices for almost every article of food, these figures must cause reflections. Of late years Canadian farmers have been getting high prices for almost everything they produced. Cattle and dairy products are commanding bigger prices than have been experienced for the past thirty years. Grain products have also yielded very good profits at the high prices obtained. Farmers are consequently in an independent position with regard to money matters, and are able to dictate as to the most convenient time to market their products. Cattle and dairy products cannot, of course, be held for any length of time after they have been placed in shape for the market. But it is quite otherwise with grain, which can be held for several years if desired, and is very frequently so held.

* * *

How Farmers Lose By Holding Grain.

At the same time farmers are apt not to give sufficient thought to the losses involved in holding grain. These losses arise principally through the interest on the money which would otherwise be theirs, in the expense involved in carrying fire insurance, and, more especially, in the shrinkage caused by vermin, which is very considerable. Farmers have not taken this feature of their business so serious'y into consideration as they should. Although the quantity of grain which they may carry is comparatively small, still a material loss is inevitable in the process. In the Federal Government's report, to which allusion has been made, Ontario is credited with field crops aggregating in value over two hundred millions of dollars, but there are those on the local Board of Trade who are disposed to think that this estimate will in the future be found constantly on the wane. And observation tells one that Ontario is becoming less a grain growing country, while at the same time being more largely devoted to fruit growing, vegetable raising and to cattle and dairy products. Ontario, as a matter of fact, does not grow one-half the grain that it did years ago. Then the province produced thirty-two million bushels of wheat; now it produces only eighteen. The growth of barley before the Americans raised the duties was immense; now barley is not grown to anything like the same extent. Oats are still a big crop, but they are wanted for feeding purposes. Were it not for the Western Provinces, in short, grain would have to be imported into this province. If it had not been for the supplies of Manitoba wheat and oats this last fall, prices would have been much higher than they were. INVESTOR.

In the light of modern scientific investigation the custom observed in Eastern countries of leaving the shoes outside the door, seems to be most wise, apparently the boot is a favorite means of transportation in the underworld. Tuberculosis, influenza, tetanus and all sorts of ferocious germs are picked up in this way, it is said, and conveyed into the bosom of unsuspecting families, who never have a notion how they got there. The only "really effective" way to guard against this danger, says a physician, would be to place small bowls of some mild carbolic solution outside front doors and insist that all who wish to pass the threshhold should dip the soles of their boots into it, and then wipe them on the mat. As this plan isn't likely to be generally adopted, it is suggested that rubbers be always worn in the street and removed in the hall. A wire mat at the door is said to be reasonably effective as a remover of germs.

It is expected that aluminum coins of low value will be in circulation in France by the end of this year. The adoption of M. Naquet's proposition for an aluminum coinage in 1871 would have resulted in a heavy loss to the French treasury. Although experts declared it to be impossible that the value of the metal should decrease, it has now fallen to nearly half the price ruling at that time

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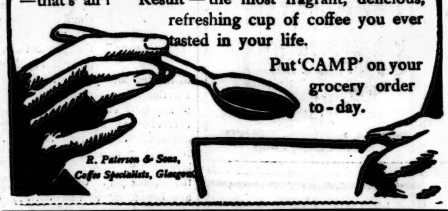

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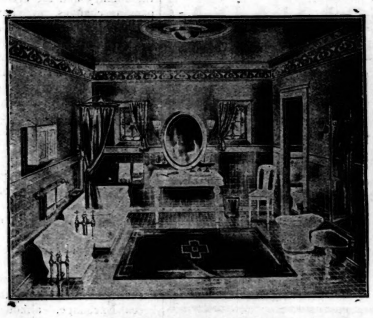

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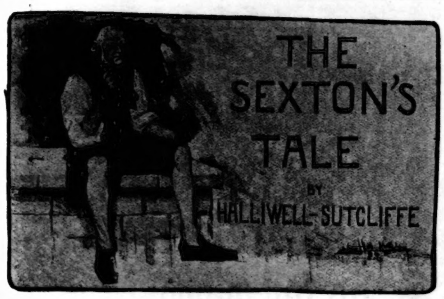

'TIS a dour job, and a thoughtful, this of planting good honest flesh to make the daisies grow. Other trades grow slack, but they cannot do without Sexton Thewlis in Marshcotes parish. Well! Men come and they go, and hard put to it am I, when I slip into thought, to tell what comes of their ghosts. Time and time they have come back, the ghosts, but not often; and it seems powerful strange that big and little, them as is wry-faced as a trunk of oak and them as is buttercup-soft of cheek, should slip under sod, all dumb-like, and never creep out at nights to tell a body what make of world they have chanced on at the other side.

The little maid of the Heights came back, to be sure. Lord! Lord! how an old fellow's memory frets him, when the winter's dark is creeping over the kirkyard from the moor! Well, my masters, I've just on finished planking the grave. 'Tis for Roger Heaton, of the Heights, the little maid's father and the last of an old breed. Thirty years it is since I scooped out the maid's last bed of all. Thirty years! And old Roger to have lived with all his troubles until now! Well, well! Fancies come crowding back, and my arms are stiff, and maybe the planking will wait till morn, while I fill up the half of a pipe and sit me down a bit, and think it all out, as ye are so keen-set to hear an old fellow's tale.

Just such another winter's afternoon as this it was: chill and raw with a wind that got lost like a child among the kirkyard graves and whimpered to get out again, the gloaming creeping like a shroud over a pick and shovel and an open grave. I was sitting, same as I might be now, wearied out with digging, and playing with such queer oddments of fancy as come to burriers of the dead; and it might be I nodded for a space, in spite of the cold and the wet; for there came to my ears on a sudden a mighty curious noise, a noise that I could no way reckon up, not having seen aught to occasion it. Something like the cheep of a bird it was, only very quiet and long drawn-out. I opened my eyes wide, and turned me about, and laughed to myself in a grim sort of fashion, when I saw that it was neither more nor less than two young fools kissing one the other, up by the kirkyard hedge. A man gets to think lightly of kissing when he picks and spades bedroom for folk through two score year and ten. He has seen over many folk who kissed in their time lie flat and stark at the bottom of a six-foot hole.

Well, I kept quiet. My wearing-gear was of a colour with the brown peat-earth about me, and I was so still that the young folk had never so much as noticed me. But I peered more narrowly at them, being curious to see who they might be, these young ones who chose a grey kirkyard for their trysting-place.

Aye, there was no doubting it. One was Lucy Heaton; the other, young Squire Daneholme, from over Saxilton way. And I wondered to myself, for Mistress Lucy was by way of being the proudest, as well as the bonniest, lass in all the parish; and 'twas said, moreover, that her cousin Heaton of Whins—a likelier man than Squire Daneholme—was soon to wed her. Yet here she was, meeting the young Squire by stealth, and seeming very fain of his kisses and his tender-smooth, eager words.

Well, pride or no pride, a bonnie face or a sour, 'tis one, my masters, when Sexton Thewlis comes to take a job in hand; and one that has laid by a grand provision of rheumatics for his old age, through moiling and toiling in Marshcotes kirkyard, has no call to set store by such skin-deep matters. Yet was I sore, for all that, to think that Mistress Lucy should waste her beauty on so wild and slow-to-blush a spark as Squire Daneholme. Though, mind ye, I did not know all then, and it may be I spoke without my book when I said ill things to myself of young Squire's power to love a lass in decent fashion.

My pipe was out long since, but I durst not set flint to tinder, though I was itching for a smoke. I sat as quiet as a nesting throstle, and kept my eyes as decently away from the two young fools as a curious turn of mind would let me. Aye, but they talked! Soft, like a summer's wind on the moor; sweet, like honey of the heather-bees. And a sort of dimness came over the eyes of Sexton Thewlis—meaning myself—when my mind slipped into a well-worn groove and would not let me rest for thinking, "This to-day—and what tomorrow? Why, green, shivering grass above your heads, whether ye be strong or weak, foul of purpose or pure of heart." And then I grew fair wild with myself for being so crixy and cross-grained a fellow; "Love while ye can, God bless you!" says I, all hot and eager. Yet, "Aye—but to-morrow, when they need thy pick and spade, Sexton Thewlis?" said that old foul trickster, Thought.

Heavens! how cold it is for sure! And my pipe is out, just as on that far-back night when I watched two lovers kiss at gloaming-tide. Well, let the pipe be; 'twill be all one whether I smoke or no when there comes a fresh sexton to Marshcotes kirkyard, and me the first to make him sweat at gravedigging. Ay! old Roger Heaton was a tougher than me, for all his troubles; and he's gone; and how can I look to trick old Mother Earth much longer? And so my wits go wandering, so that I cannot think out one simple tale. Small wonder the Marshcotes folk think me not just canny; but I would not have them know how slim a hold I have on life, or they would name me witless.

"Clubbed his gun and aimed a wild blow."

And so back to little Lucy Heaton, who was kissing Squire Daneholme up by the kirkyard hedge. When I thought, "What will to-morrow say to your kisses?" 'twas little I guessed that to-day would put that question, and get no answer from one of the pair.

"I never loved a woman before," young Squire was saying. "I never *understood*, Lucy, till thou camest to make life plain to me."

Aye, just so! but Sexton Thewlis, watching the kirkyard hedge, saw something that was twice as plain—the barrel of a gun thrust through the twisted thorn-boughs. The moon had come up, three-quarters full, above the old kirk, and its ice-cold, bluish light ran in little dappled rills along the gun-barrel. Before I could speak or make a motion, Mistress Lucy looked up by chance and saw what was toward.

Well, 'tis a long while back, sirs, and I cannot rightly tell what happened. There was a flash and a crackle, and the slim figure of a lass betwixt young Squire and the bullet—though Squire had been nighest to the gun a second back—and then I saw the lad stoop over Mistress Lucy's body, and heard him cry fair as if all the beasts in hell had been let loose. Like a dream it all was—like a dream that sets a man stark awake and wet with terror. I saw young Squire draw his blade and leap the kirkyard hedge; and I up and ran, faster than my legs had a mind to take me, till I could see what was afoot beyond the hedge. Very bright the moon was, and I could see two tallish fellows running in and about among the heather-clumps. One was Heaton of Whins, the lass's cousin, and the other was young Squire Daneholme. Heaton's sword-belt was empty, as I could see from where I stood, and I minded that he had always been named careless with regard to such usages of the gentlefolk as sword-carrying and what not. He had slipped out, I took it, to get a shot or two at any hares that might be sporting in the moonlight, and had heard the sound of voices from across the hedge, and had fair let the devil do as he would with his trigger-finger when he saw what cheer Mistress Lucy was taking of his rival's kisses. Mind you, I had no time then to think all this in so many words; it like as it flitted through the back of my mind while I was watching these two run up and down the moor.

Aye, but it makes me shiver yet, though thirty years have softened the picture of that drear night's work. There was young Squire, witless mad, his long blade ripping the moon-shafts into tatters as he swung it round and round his head. There was Heaton of Whins, whom none had ever known to show the white goose-feather, running like any bairn, as if every sobbing *wheesh* of the sword-edge as it cut the air was a goblin-cry or the Brown Dog's howl. Nay, it was soon over; but I found time and to spare for shame—shame that a Heaton of Whins should not stand up to death and brave it out, as every Heaton before him had done. Time shifts a body's reckoning somewhat, and I can see now that he must have been unmanned altogether at thought of the foul deed he had aimed to do, and the foul death he had compassed. But then I could no way gloss over his manlessness, and I cursed young Heaton of Whins as I watched him run.

No sort of use it was, and at last he saw it. He turned, did Heaton, and clubbed his gun, and aimed a wild blow at Squire Daneholme's white-whigged head. Squire swerved—so sharp that I could see the powder drop out of his wig in a little shower, like sifted snow; and then he swung his sword round twice, and glanced it down and across, and I could hear the sharp steel clatter on Heaton's neck-bone. That was as it should be, and none would deny it; but it was what followed that made Sexton Thewlis's body grow hollow as an empty keg and very sick withal. For young Squire was beside all reason, and one blow was all too little, though it had done its work. He hacked and he hewed, he cut and tore and slashed—Christ's pity! I can hear it all again, with the peewits wheeling overhead and the curlews wailing from the marshes! I was not by way of framing to be young before I watched from the kirkyard hedge that night; but I was old beyond dispute when I shuffled back to my all-but-finished grave, and picked up my tools and halted there, not knowing whether I should stay or make for home.

Aye, but it was a fearful night, yond! Squire Daneholme, soon as his fury ran cold, just sat him down beside Mistress Lucy's body and greeted; and such tears I never could thoyle to hearken to a second time, so raw and sore they left a body's heart. I'm getting past feeling nowadays—growing cold, so to say, in the sap—and I can think of all I suffered on that long-dead night with a quiet wonder at myself.

Young Squire he sobbed and sobbed, and hugged the lassie close, and prayed in some sort of fashion that she would come back to life. For a while I could do naught save listen; and then I up and went to the Squire's side and, "Lad," says I, plain and short like a father, "the bonnie maid is past all trouble, but you are not. Get you gone, lest the fool King's popinjays come and ask blood for the blood you took out yonder."

He looked up at me, wild-like and suspicious, "Leave us alone, thou fool!" he moaned.

So I went off a little from him—it might be the length of a coffin, and I sat me down and lit my pipe afresh, and waited till the tears had run themselves dry and left him very dumb of spirit.

"Squire," says I, softish and slow, "get you into the low country, for there never yet was one of your good name sought lodging of a gallows-tree."

Sorrow of women, but he had aged in the face, this gay young Squire, since first I saw him kissing dead Mistress Lucy by the thorn-hedge! Yet he heard what I said, and he got him to his feet, and a flush came into his wan, grey cheeks. He was thinking of the old name, I could see; for up here we value a name beyond the ordinary.

"They would never say aught but '*Well done*' to a stroke like that," says he.

"Maybe," says I, "if they served a North-born king, and not this pesty Dutchman that came cadging from over-sea. 'Tis law, not right, Squire Daneholme, now the old days are gone."

He lifted his head impatiently; for they say up here that Sexton Thewlis has a maggot in his brain, and will talk, in season and out, of his grievance against Dutch William, who had come to crush the merry fighting spirit out of us Northern folk—Scotch and Yorkshire. But Squire saw that I talked plain sense, for all that; and, at last of all, he got done with his crying over spilt blood, and picked up his sword from the grass, and wiped it very carefully before he put it back into his sheath.

"Take her—home," says he, with a catch in his voice.

"Aye," says I, not trusting myself to say more, seeing that I was ever ashamed of my own tears, if not of other folk's.

"At once—at once! Swear by the Mass, Sexton, thou'lt carry her home to-night!"

"And will; but I'll swear by no Mass, if it pleases you. 'Tis not my way to bolster up a plain word with Popish oaths."

"A murrain on thee, Sexton!" cried young Squire, with a mirthless cackle of laughter. "Is it a time to talk of popes and kings when the bonniest lass in England lies yonder?"

"'Tis not," says I, short-like; "so get ye gone, Squire, and leave me to see to all."

One last look he takes at the maid, and another at the moon-bright moor, and then he left us to it—me and Mistress Lucy. And many a moon had aged, and many a moon been born afresh, before ever I set eyes on the lad again.

Well, we buried her in the Heaton vault, with her cousin—all that young Squire's sword had left of him—lying at the right hand of her. 'Tis over yonder, the vault, and ye'd think, by the look of it, that it promised quiet sleep to the dead. And maybe their bodies do sleep quiet enough, yet their ghosts cannot always bide still, I've noticed.

Are there such things? My masters, ye either play the merry Andrew touching a grave matter, or else ye are past your wits. Such things as ghosts? Learn the feel and the speech and the throb of a kirkyard, as Sexton Thewlis has learned it, and ye will not ask wind-wild questions.

Well, the times changed soon after young Squire fled from Marshcotes. Dutch William died, and a Stuart Queen came back, and there were wars and rumors of war to mark the new order. Then news came that our English lads were fighting hard in foreign parts, and our blood warmed up on the moorside here as it had warmed in the fair old days. And when he learned that Squire Daneholme had gone over-sea, we sent a God-speed out to him and counted his dead in prospect.

It might be a four year after Mistress Lucy was hidden that I first had speech of her. A shrewd night in September, it was, with a touch of frost, untimely born, in the air. I had a matter to see to at the far end of the kirkyard here, and was hobbling fecklessly along—being scarce recovered from a toughish bout of rheumatism—when I saw Mistress Lucy standing fair across my path, the same as ye be now. She was grey from foot to crown, with a grey hood hiding her bonnie brown hair. Her eyes had a far look in them, and she held out two tapering, wax-white hands toward me. Well, I knew that she had no power to speak, save and except I loosened her tongue by saying the first word; so I stopped fair opposite to her, and—

"Mistress Lucy," says I, "'tis no quiet resting-place ye've found."

"I am waiting, Sexton Thewlis. How can I rest until he comes back?" says she. And her voice put me in mind of a South wind lilting through a fir-lined valley of the moors.

I leaned me back on my spade, and lit my pipe, as my way is when I must stop to think a matter over.

"He has gone to the wars, Sexton. Cannot you see him? There, there!" she cried, "against the pale of the sky, with his sword in his hand, and the gun-shots flaring all about him.. Cannot you see the

(*Concluded on page 16.*)

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WITH Canadian sporting interests almost exclusively devoted to the settlement of professional hockey squabbles, one has to look abroad for topics of interest. Among these, just at present, the preparations for the Jeffries-Johnson prize-fight occupy a very conspicuous position.

Judging from the reports that are finding their way from the South, the Jeffries-Berger-Gotch vaudeville company is not making the hit on the circuit that was expected. The impression appears to be spreading that the big fellow should drop his theatrical tour and get down to real training if he is to be taken seriously as a contender in the fight with Johnson next summer. Hisses and hoots of derision are not unknown sounds in the ears of the former champion, and it is said that he is seriously contemplating cutting short his tour and heading direct for the Pacific coast.

The "all-champion" troupe was roundly hissed recently in New Orleans, and Jeffries himself came in for a burst of displeasure at his exhibition in Galveston. The constant bombardment by questioners and interviewers all along the line is also said to have got on the big man's nerve and he is said to be determined to get to work at once and prove to his detractors that he can and will train and get into condition to defeat Johnson. According to the announcement made by one of Jeffries's followers, the pugilist has repeatedly complained of the attitude of doubt and distrust that is constantly confronting him. He has said again and again that he always fought on the level when in the ring, and that he can't understand why his actions should be mistrusted at this late date. It is said by the same party that Jeffries would have thrown up the vaudeville business long ago if he was not bound by contracts. It is apparent that what little training he is doing while on the road is not rounding him into shape for a fight, and he is said to realize this fact himself. The latest description of Jeffries and his work as reported by a New Orleans sporting writer appears to bear out this idea. It is as follows:

"Jeffries is probably down to weight, but he is far from being in condition. The big fellow has very little superfluous flesh, but his flesh is not hard. It is soft and not muscular. His condition is readily shown when he and Frank Gotch are seen together. Gotch's muscles are all hard and his flesh is all muscle, while Jeffries is exactly the opposite. Whether six months' work will turn this flesh into hard muscle is a question, and a serious one, with Jeffries. Then, too, his wind is exceedingly bad. He boxed three one-minute rounds with Berger yesterday and was puffing hard after each round. His nose seems still to bother him, and he seems to breathe deeply with difficulty. In one thing Jeffries is as fast as he ever was, and that is in footwork. He is as light as a cat on his feet and quick and clever. In fact, he is unusually fast on his feet for such a big man. Nearly every one who saw him yesterday commented upon his speedy footwork, and those who saw him in his prime said that he was as good as ever in this respect.

"It looks like this theatrical tour will do Jeff no good. All through his stunt when he shadow boxes and spars he does not seem to be in earnest. He goes through it like it was an awful grind. He makes it rather entertaining for the crowd, but a year of such work would never get him in condition. When a fighter has been out of the game for five years it takes hard, earnest work to get him back into shape.

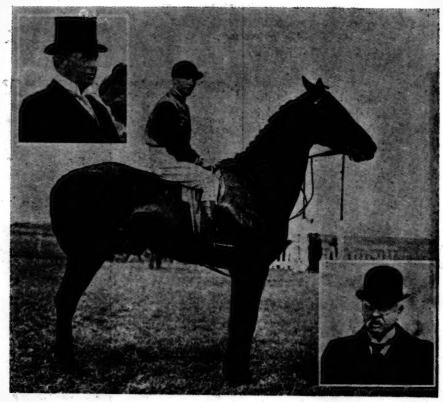
"His sparring with Berger was really funny. Both wear about fifteen-ounce gloves—young pillows—and the hammering they get would harm no one. Berger swings wildly and Jeff ducks, and the crowd thinks Jeff is very clever. Then Berger shoves his face out and lets Jeff poke him thrice in the face with the pillow. The bout is interesting enough, but so awfully tame."

* * *

IT seems to be assured that the winter race meeting at Oakland, Cal., which was an experiment at the start, will result in an even break financially or perhaps a small profit for the chief promoter, Thomas H. Williams. The conditions on the Coast are described by the San Francisco Call in this way:

"Four weeks of racing at Oakland indicate that the sport will survive the almost fatal blow of the Walker-Otis anti-book-making law. Turfmen who were dubious are taking a hopeful view of the situation and the Jockey Club management is more pleased with the experiment. When President Thomas H. Williams guaranteed sixty days of racing at the track across the bay in the face of the untoward action of the lawmakers he was prepared to pocket a loss of $50,000 or $60,000 and consider it a good investment toward keeping the sport alive and preserving the value of the club's three big plants—Oakland, Ingleside and Tanforan—while waiting for more favorable legislation.

"Some horse owners and most speculators were inclined to doubt the success of the venture in the first two weeks of the meeting. Williams maintained that the weather was the only thing against him. The recent spell of sunshine proved that he was right. The crowds have grown to profitable proportions and the betting under the memory system is lively enough to satisfy the average speculator. From present appearances the Oakland meeting instead of being run at a loss will either break even or show a small profit."



A GREAT RACE-HORSE.

A new picture of Minoru, the King's Derby winner, with H. Jones up. On the left at the top is inset a photograph of Richard Marsh, the trainer, and at the bottom on the right, one of Lord Marcus Beresford, the manager of the Royal Stud.

* * *

OLIVER EATON CROMWELL who died at Washington recently will be remembered best for the part he took in acting as referee in many international yachting contests. He officiated at several of the races for the Canada cup and in some of the races for the Seawanhaka cup and he was always fair and impartial in his decisions. When a young man he became interested in yachting. His father was a member of the New York Yacht Club, but it was not until 1895 that Mr. Cromwell joined that organization. In 1905 and 1906 he was chairman of the regatta committee of that club. Just prior to being elected chairman of that regatta committee he was chosen as president of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound, and it was largely through his efforts that the convention of yacht clubs was called which resulted in the adoption of the present rule of measurement. At one time he was vice-commodore and then commodore of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. Mr. Cromwell was born in New York, October 6, 1843, and was the son of Charles Thorne Cromwell, a well known lawyer half a century ago.

* * *

BRITISH motor boat men are particularly pleased that there is to be an international race next summer and that three British boats are to try and capture the British international cup. They are going on very actively in their preparations on the other side, but at present little has been done in the United States for the defence of the cup. There are a few boats that are eligible, but if the cup is to remain, new ones will have to be built and these boats cost money. It is possible that a syndicate will be formed to defray the cost of one of these boats and those who are interested in fast boats are now figuring on building forty footers for the international race.

The Motor Boat of London has a long article on the coming race written by "The Bo'sun." It says:

"I am very pleased to see that there is a bright prospect before us with regard to the racing for the British international cup in America next year. I know that many people do not approve of these contests and are always ready to argue that international racing merely tends to create bad feeling between the countries engaged. Of course there is no question that bad feeling had been aroused over international races in times past, and no doubt troubles may again arise, but as a rule such races are productive of the best results if the competitors are reasonably good sportsmen.

"In yachting unfortunately our representatives have not always been able to sail their races without bickerings, on the merits of which it is perhaps wisest to express no opinion, but in the motor boat contests between Great Britain and America there has been no cloud to mar the harmony of the sport. When Dixie I. came over here her victory was honestly admitted and applauded by all sportsmen, and only a few feeble voices were raised to try to belittle her achievement. Again when our boats went over to the States to try to recover the lost trophy those in charge of our team made no complaint of unfair treatment, but admitted that they were fairly beaten, although it is by no means pleasant to have to acknowledge one's opponents' superiority. All the more credit to them for their sportsmanlike behavior, and also to their opponents, who did not unduly crow over their victory, as some victors are prone to do.

"As the British international trophy race next year will not be in this country but in America, it may seem rather invidious to offer suggestions as to the management of international races, but I would ask my American readers to believe that I make these remarks as applying to any international racing and not merely to the race for the British international trophy, which no doubt will be conducted in a thoroughly satisfactory and able manner, as I believe it was last time. Putting on one side, therefore, any one particular race, I would strongly urge on all those engaged in the organization of such races to pay careful attention to one or two leading principles which are essential to the successful conduct of an international event.

"First of all see that full and perfectly clearly worded rules and instructions are sent to every competitor in his own language some time before the race and before the start make sure that he has received and understands them. In framing rules and choosing a course avoid any possibility of favoring the home boats, and if local knowledge must give a considerable advantage, as it often will, be sure that the visitors receive as much instruction on such points as possible from reliable local men.

"Not only must the rules be clear and well understood by all the competitors but every detail of the rules must be adhered to and carried out with the most scrupulous exactness. No deviation on the part of officials or competitors must be permitted on any account, for the slightest laxity is sure to cause trouble of some sort. Times of start must be exactly to the second advertised and all flags or other starting signals precisely as stated in the instructions.

"If the weather is bad but not absolutely impossible for racing any competitor wishing to start should be allowed to do so, as it is most unfair to postpone a race just because the sea is too heavy for some of the boats, while it may be exactly what others want. Should the committee consider the conditions actually unsafe, however, they should not hesitate to declare the race off in good time and not leave it to the last minute, but they should not take such a step unless the risk is unquestionable.

"The success of an international race depends on three things—firm and capable management on the part of the officials, fair and sportsmanlike behavior on the part of the competitors and absence of race prejudice and narrow mindedness on the part of all concerned."

* * *

THAT the Hurlingham Club is to challenge to play for the international cup in 1910 and not carry out the first decision to await until 1911 is good news to all who play or take an interest in polo. According to the cable there is to be a string to the challenge; that is, it will be sent contingent on the Hurlingham Club being able to get a team together deemed worth while. The proposal is to select the team and ponies during the June tournaments at Hurlingham and to play in the United States in September. The challenge, it is understood, is now due. It will be to the Polo Association as the ruling body in the game in the United States and not to the Meadow Brook Club, which sent the team that regained the long absent trophy last summer.

A reason why the challenging team will not sail as soon as selected is that they want to practise offside play. The conditions stipulate the cup shall be played for under the rules of the country holding it; Meadow Brook in England played the outside game and Hurlingham here must play the free offside. The Englishmen have always opposed the unpenalized offside play as being too hard on the ponies; also that it brings No. 4 too close into the game and nullifies the team formation. It is probable that with inherent conservatism the Hurlingham players make a bugbear of the free offside. It is true hitting, good eyes, team work and pace that win polo matches regardless of either a compulsory onside or free offside rule.

* * *

WHAT is to be the fate of the application for a change at Harvard of the rule limiting a man to competition in two sports in the academic year is not yet indicated. It has been contended for some time that it would be a better thing to have competition in sports depend upon the academic standing of the man rather than upon an arbitrary rule limiting him to two forms of athletic endeavor. If a man is so capable in his college work, as some are, that he can compete in two or three games and still keep his work up, there does not appear to be any good reason why he should not be allowed to take in as many forms of sport as he is capable of.

There are not many men, to be sure, who would be likely to make more than two varsity teams in any of the big colleges, but Harvard in particular has many men who have shown that they were able to compete in at least two on varsity teams.

The case of Lothrop Withington, Jr., the new Harvard football captain, is one in point. Withington is an oarsman as well as football player and he also is a first-rate swimmer. Because of his desire to make the two major sport teams he is unable to take part in the swimming. If his standing in his college work is high enough it seems reasonable that he should be permitted to go ahead.

This is an idea that is gaining ground also at Princeton, where the limit of two sports also exists. The Princeton men feel that it would be much better to have the limitations depend upon academic work.

It is pointed out by others that it is proper for the faculties to limit a man's participation in sports exactly as it does his indulgence in academic work. The students in nearly all the universities have a fixed limit of work, it is true, but there is this difference. For "reasons of weight" a student may be permitted to exceed the statutory limit of work and to take more hours if he shows an ability to carry the work.

This is the main difference between the application of the rules regarding athletics and studies, and it is this difference that the opponents of the two sport rule are seeking to have removed. The feeling is so strong, however, that men should not try to do too much in athletics nowadays, that probably the rule will remain on the books.

* * *

The Hon. F. S. Jackson had something to say about imperial cricket at the Authors' Club banquet a short time ago. The famous Yorkshireman pointed out the value of the game as a means of drawing various parts of the Empire closer together. He also alluded to the coming triangular tests, and predicted we should see some original and daring cricket. C. B. Fry also had something to say about cricket and its bearing on the character of the nation, his words being: "Cricket is not only a game, but a code of conduct."

* * *

It speaks well for the popularity of cross-country running in the army when no fewer than 960 men turn out for an inter-regimental race. This, however, was the muster for the Second Royal Irish vs. Second York and Lancashire 8½-mile race at Aldershot last Saturday. The conditions were that the first 200 from each regiment should score, the honors going to the Royal Irish, Lance-Sergt. Powers of that regiment being an easy individual winner.

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MOTORS and MOTORING

CHARLES E. DURYEA, mechanical expert of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association, in an article on the tendencies in motor car construction for 1910, says:

"Motorists always wait with impatience the opening of automobile shows, as at that time the new offerings of the motor car makers are divulged for the first time. Just what the big list of exhibitors at the Grand Central Palace show will unfold in new 'wrinkles' cannot be conclusively told until its opening on New Year's Eve.

"Several things have conspired, however, to force the season of 1910 to the front and permit at this date a better view of the coming year than usual. The shortage of goods last summer cleared the factories and permitted the new product to come out sooner. The absence of vehicles on the sales floors of agents caused them to ask for the new product instead of asking that it be held back till the old cars were sold. Several interesting and pleasant things are to be seen in this early view of the industry.

"The gloom that fell in the middle of a national show two years ago, and for which the show itself was condemned, was due to the financial depression. The old demand for highest grade and most luxurious automobiles has now returned. The designer is again free to do his best rather than to trim the vehicle to the most economical production point, even at the sacrifice of features that were of pronounced value and likely to be desired by the public.

"But this change, although felt last summer, could not be taken advantage of at once. The new design had to be waited for. The 1910 market was the first that could be utilized. Rising prices in many lines permitted better quality and larger numbers in the automobile line. This optimistic feeling has been expressed in several ways, but the increased quality of the goods, the increased quantity of the equipment, the increased number of makers and the large number of low priced cars are some of the plain expressions.

as seemed to be necessary a year ago,

"A reversal of policy is shown in many cases. Instead of striving to get the product down to the market, the market is now in such a condition that the product is being pushed upward both in quality and price. The country buyer who feared to buy or had not the money to buy the pneumatic tired touring car a year ago was then looking for some cheaper substitute. With the return of prosperity the buyer is looking for service, style and luxury and everything that is best in motor cars construction.

"Still another element enters. The foreign market has been undergoing more or less of a revolution, and France, once the centre of automobiling, has given way to England, and turned her attention to aeronautics or other sports. England in turn has set a new pace by introducing a number of novelties not likely to cheapen the product, but rather to add to the cost and luxuriousness So, on every hand, the upward tendency is to be seen.

"The economising period through which the industry has just passed taught the value of light weight. The reduced tire and maintenance expenses of the lighter cars have been marked and have done much to widen the range of buyers.

"We find the wheel base again moving forward. It seemed as though this had reached the extreme and would follow a downward course, but aside from the short coupled town cars this seems not to be the case. This lengthening of base has gone forward with a shortening of motors in many cases. The tendency seems to be toward lighter motors and with all the cylinders cast in a single piece, instead of, as in most cases, separately. This makes the motors shorter and does not require so much room in the bonnets. This leaves more room for passengers.

"In some cases the bodies have been lengthened and more leg room provided. In others the seats for rear passengers have been brought forward and placed in front of the rear axle, where the riding is easier. This also makes room for wider doors and more easy entry to the tonneau. In other cases the extra room has been given to hooded dashes, which by extending backward over the driver's feet and legs protect him from the weather and wind and add comfort as well as the sporty look so much affected by some users.

"In many cases the added length has been utilized to introduce longer springs, which have in turn softened the vibrations and bettered the riding qualities of the respective cars. The lighter weight of the last two years has also done much to better the spring action, and there is evidence that in future comfort rather than mere speed will take precedence."

* * *

THE work of transforming the interior of the Grand Central Palace for the annual exhibition of the American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association is now completed.

There will be 325 individual exhibitors, including the exhibitors of 84 different and distinct makes of cars. The display of complete cars will include the product of a dozen of the leading European factories, which will be shown by members of the Importers Automobile Salon, while the other cars displayed will be the latest ideas in motor car construction from 72 American factories. In the list of cars to be shown there will be included sixteen makes of American commercial vehicles and one imported machine.

The cars shown will range from the inexpensive high wheel buggyabout to the most luxurious landaulet and limousine or the heaviest truck. The commercial vehicles will range from $500 for a single cylinder delivery cart up to five and ten ton trucks valued at $6,500. The pleasure cars to be displayed will also have a wide difference in price, running from a tiny machine listed at $378 to the imported Fiat and Renault landaulet and limousine cars with expensive foreign coach work selling for nearly $10,000.

The exhibitors will use all of the 72,000 square feet of floor space available and almost as much more space could have been sold if there had been any means of securing any more room. It is estimated that the value of the cars and accessories to be shown will exceed $1,000,000, which does not include the value of the dozens of demonstrating cars that will be used in connection with the show. The sum of $30.000 will have been spent in turning the interior of the building into the semblance of a trellised garden.

At one time owing to the tremendous number of newcomers in the automobile manufacturing field and the announcement of the production of 200,000 cars for 1910 it looked as if there would have been an overproduction of machines and that prices would probably drop. Fortunately these statements were exaggerated and not only will there not be an overproduction, but in all probability a shortage of cars will exist before next summer, and instead of a cut in prices most of the makers of low and medium priced cars have added from $50 to $200 to their 1900 prices.

The raises are due to several causes. In the first place it now seems very unlikely that more than 125,000 cars will be built for next year's business. Another reason is that the manufacturers have not been able to secure parts from the accessory firms. The most pressing reason, however, is that rubber and other materials used in the construction and equipment of cars have increased in price so rapidly that it has been practically necessary to raise the prices of the finished products.

Visitors to this winter's show are promised more effective decorations than any heretofore seen in the Palace. For seven months the A.M.C. M.A. show committee, consisting of R. E. Olds, chairman; Benjamin Briscoe, S. H. Mora, H. O. Smith, E. Rand Hollander, D. J. Post, and Alfred Reeves, the general manager, has been working on the preparation of the decorative scheme, and they expect their efforts will be crowned with success.

Besides the trellised garden idea, the decorative scheme includes a lattice and landscape effect set off by mirrors, electric fountain and myriads of electric lights. Special care has been taken with plans for the lighting and no glare will be visible, as the lights will be masked behind alabaster globes or partially concealed by growing plants.

The color schemes and decorative effect will be nile green lattice work on a soft caen stone blackground, while the ceiling will resemble a huge trellised arbor hung with grapevines, through which the sky will show faintly, the whole illuminated by a number of immense alabaster globes of light suspended by chains from the ceiling.

While many high-priced cars will be displayed the Palace show has always been notable for the number of low and medium priced machines exhibited. For this reason it has always been popular with dealers all over the country, thousands of whom make an annual journey to New York to visit the show.

An indication of the interest of the carriage dealers in the Grand Central Palace show is shown by the requests of hundreds of carriage dealers for courtesies similar to those extended to them last year, and as a result 2,500 invitations have been sent to carriage dealers all over the country who are rated at $50,000 or more, in addition to the invitations sent out to 5,000 automobile dealers.

While the marketing and selling of cars and the exploiting of their merits to the agents and the public forms the chief object of the show, any number of meetings, dinners and conferences have been planned for the week of the show. So many of these affairs have been arranged that the manufacturers will have to keep on the move continually to attend half the functions that have been arranged for their benefit.

One of the most important meetings of the week will be that of the Manufacturers' Contest Association, which will be held at the Hotel Manhattan on Friday, January 7. This is the first annual meeting of the association since its formation in Chicago nearly a year ago. President Benjamin Briscoe will preside and make his first annual report, telling what the association has accomplished, and it is expected that next year's plans will be outlined.

* * *

DAVID BEECROFT, the newly elected president of the Chicago Motor Club, has made a suggestion that may result in changing the character of hill climbing contests next season. If his plan is adopted it would do away with the former universal custom of having all hill climbs run simply as time trials and make of them a series of races. He advocates starting the competitors in pairs, and, in talking of his plan, said:

"Most hills—in fact practically all of them—are too narrow for more than one car to go up at a time with safety, which robs such affairs of many spectacular features that could be secured were it possible for two machines to be sent up together. This would make it a race pure and simple."

In order to carry out the suggestion, if possible, the officials of the Chicago Motor Club will try to have the citizens of Algonquin, Ill., make the artificial hill they have agreed to construct wide enough so two cars can be started up the grade at the same time. Mr. Beecroft would also like to have a gasolene efficiency test made in connection with hill-climbing events.

* * *

THAT the recent automobile show in London was in many respects the greatest ever held anywhere is the opinion of Walter C. White, second vice-president of The White Company, who returned a few days ago from his visit to England.

"Inasmuch as Paris and Berlin did not hold shows this winter," said Mr. White, "the London show in Olympia Palace had no competition as the great international exhibit of the leading makes of the world. More automobiles were shown in Olympia than have ever before been brought together in a single exhibition. To be specific, in last month's London show, there were 597 complete cars and chassis, against 575 at the 1908 Paris show and 381 at the last Chicago show. In past years, some of the Continental makers have not exhibited their products at London, and on the other hand some of the English makers have not taken their machines over to Paris, with the result that one really had to see both shows in order to see everything. This year at Olympia the world's greatest cars were all shown on one floor under one roof, and unequalled opportunities were afforded the critical visitor to study the latest tendencies in motor car construction.

"The car of moderate size, moderate power and moderate price was supreme. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the leading car of every exhibitor was of that type. As regards details of construction, there was, of course, the widest possible divergence, just as there is at any show, owing to the fact that different makers 'stand pat' at different points along the path of progress. But as soon as the visitor to Olympia limited his study only to the cars of world-wide reputation which from year to year practically set the pace in design, the resemblance was so startling as to demonstrate that the leading designers, in their striving for the ideal car, have all been led by the logic of the situation toward a certain standard.

"The block engine construction—the casting of the four cylinders in one piece—has been adopted by every foreign maker who has brought out a newly-designed car in the last two years, and the same applies to the long stroke engine, as the advantage of these features have been thoroughly demonstrated. With the adoption of the block engine, there is a well-defined tendency to simplify the engine by reducing the amount of piping, wiring and other outside appurtenances. Those makers who have made the most progress along these lines have eliminated all external manifolds and have included the intake and exhaust passages within the engine casting. By this construction, they have gained the further important advantage of heating the intake gases and water-cooling the exhaust gases, thus making a great stride forward in economy of fuel, besides increasing the amount of power obtainable from a cylinder of a given size. As regards ignition, the majority of the leading makers depend entirely upon the magneto. Another feature which has become practically standard construction is the use of a four-speed transmission in the high-grade car of moderate power.

"The English industry is recovering from the depression of a year or two ago and has settled down to a stable basis. I visited a number of the English factories and found that most of the well-established makers were prospering, but there has been a great weeding out of the concerns which were launched during the boom times without adequate resources to do business and to look after their customers, except in boom times."

* * *

THE automobile is revolutionizing the method of hunting wild game in Western Kansas. No true sportsman now starts on any kind of a hunt out there without an auto, according to the Kansas City Journal. The old way of hunting from a two-horse spring wagon is entirely too slow now.

A wolf hunt under the new plan is the most exciting of all. One man runs the auto and another does the shooting. A machine can run miles and miles on the open prairie of the West without coming in contact with a fence or a creek. When a wolf, or a coyote, as they are called out there, is scared up, the auto takes after him. Now a wolf runs in an easy circle. He doesn't dodge back and forth. So it is comparatively easy for the driver to keep right behind him. But the auto must go some. A coyote can knock off thirty miles an hour with ease. A few days ago some Garden City hunters ran down a coyote and killed him with the wheels. That was considered a great hunting feat.

When hunters used to chase coyotes on horses and with dogs, there was never a record of where they drove the coyotes to their dens. But it is different with autos. Coyotes run until they are about to be taken in and then make for their dens. In order to "smoke them out" the driver attaches a rubber tube to the gas tank of his car and runs the other end down in the hole. That soon brings the coyote out. And the race is again resumed until the animal is bagged.

The old-fashioned way of hunting jack rabbits was for several hunters to go out in two big lumber wagons. The wagons would be connected with a piece of wire about 200 feet long, this wire dragging over the ground between the wagons would stir the jack rabbits up, and the hunters walking behind the wire would shoot them. It was not an uncommon thing for a bunch of hunters to bring in two wagon loads of jack rabbits as a result of one day's hunt. The rabbits were sold to a rabbit cannery and worked up into canned stuffs for Eastern markets. This is the way rabbits are still hunted for the canneries. But the true sportsmen, who go out for the fun of the thing, have a new plan now. They stay in the auto and snare the rabbits with a wire loop.

Autos make good blinds for wild duck shooting, and they also enable sportsmen to follow up a flock of ducks from one pone or slough to another. Frequently the hunters will take out after a flock of ducks and bag several of them before they get out of range from the auto.

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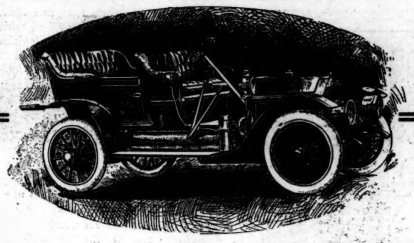

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!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

A Well-known Actor's Toronto Experiences.

AN old friend of many Toronto men spent a few days here recently—Joseph W. Herbert, for years the most popular light opera comedian who visited Toronto. Mr. Herbert, who some years ago abandoned the business of mere acting to become that most important modern creation, "the stage producer," and was so busy patching up the light opera, "King of Cadonia," that few of his many acquaintances knew he was in town, and scores of the older generation who did not know him personally, but from time to time ask, "What has become of Joe Herbert?" have a very vague idea of what a stage producer is.

His duties as master carpenter of a musical comedy are much more important from a managerial standpoint than those of a mere comedian, but he does not come into touch with the public any more. For years he was known as "Koko" Herbert, because he was the first man to play the chief role in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" in this city. That was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and playgoers who have seen the role played by many comedians great and small, assert that there never was a Koko to equal him, so easy, humorous and agile was he. Mr. Herbert, who boasts a better education and more genial social gifts than most actors, used to come here in the summer time and produce all the light opera favorites.

Once, a long time ago, he produced an original work by a Torontonian in the old Horticultural Gardens. It was "Gilbert and Sullivan's Dream," and the librettist was none other than Mr. J. W. Bengough, then the editor of Grip. The latter struck the idea of combining the stories of "Patience," "Pinafore," and "The Pirates of Penzance" in one libretto with the leading characters of all three worked in. The leading airs of all the three operettas were used with patter written by Mr. Bengough to fit them. The piece had a local success, and Mr. Herbert said the other day: "It was really not so bad, you know." He wanted to meet Mr. Bengough, and was sorry to learn that he was in Australia. In all, Herbert must have delighted the public of this city in the decade between 1882 and 1893 with twenty-five of the standard roles of light opera, ranging from Sullivan to Offenbach, Planquette and Lecocq, and was always airy, graceful, cultured, and humorous. To-day he looks little more than thirty, although his last distinguished creations were given to the stage nearly ten years ago. One of these was the town crier in "Rob Roy," of which he was the original. Nothing more droll and legitimately funny could be imagined. Another memorable sketch of his was the plagiarizing composer in Vector Herbert's "Fortune Teller," in which he burlesqued the eccentric type of musician inimitably. Herbert's present function of drilling choristers, devising effects, and "beating them into" principals is much more onerous and ungrateful, but the salary is larger.

Points About John Radclive.

IT is not generally known that John Radclive, Canada's public hangman, is sensitive about the spelling of his name, which is correctly given in this paragraph. It pains him to read in the sensational accounts of his master achievements which certain newspapers publish that were performed by one "Radcliffe" or by somebody else named "Ratcliffe." Even newspapers which are careful about publishing the names of public men seem to treat the spelling of the hangman's name in a happy-go-lucky fashion.

In his own way Radclive is a very fastidious person, indeed. It annoys and pains him when the chosen victim of the law suffers death by strangulation, which involves some pain, instead of the instantaneous breaking of the neck, which eliminates all torture. Some years ago Radclive, in pursuance of his duty, was called upon to hang Frank Lee Rice, the murderer of Constable John Boyd. The youth, good looks, and superior education of the criminal had aroused some sympathy for him. One of the reporters—who, in anticipation of the ordeal that was before him, had taken more brandy than was necessary even to stave off the inevitable horror of a hanging—reproached Radclive with the brutality of his calling. The hangman was deeply hurt, and appealed to the officers of the law for protection against such insults. The writer has listened with a certain weird amazement to Radclive discuss the technique of his business and learnedly reveal his theory as to how the apparatus for killing a man of such and such a weight should be arranged.

It may be said that Radclive's methods are based wholly on his estimates of weights and strains. On such questions he is a scientist, educated in the best school, which is that of experience. It gives you a creepy feeling, however, to have him indicate your neck in a manner absolutely humorless and say, "Now, h'if I was obliged to 'ang you, I would"—and then tell how he thought you could be most artistically hanged. He absolutely believes that so long as capital punishment exists in this country, he is a public benefactor, because he kills as mercifully as is possible under the circumstances. He thinks that if men would behave themselves his services would not be necessary. On one point Radclive holds political views of a type not unfamiliar in this province.

Some years ago he was ordered to go to Hull, Quebec, to hang a French-Canadian murderer. Some of the "patriots" in Montreal had raised a disturbance over a French-Canadian being hanged at the brutal hands of an Englishman. The result was that Radclive's visit was made the occasion of a hostile demonstration. The hangman, nothing daunted, walked into a bar-room crowded with French-Canadians, and remarked to the bartender that he would take the contract of hanging every Frenchman in the Province of Quebec at a dollar a head. The mob, literally speaking, "put the boots to him," and even though he is a servant of a Government of which a French-Canadian is the head, Radclive is a firm believer in the theory that Quebec is a menace to our national future.

Recent Utterances of Dr. Osler.

DR. WILLIAM OSLER has been upholding his birthright as a "Man of the Northern Zone" since he went to Oxford. The other day he dealt with the white man and the tropics. At English universities students do not make a practice of twisting some speech that a distinguished professor makes into a newspaper yarn and selling it to a yellow journal which is absolutely indifferent as to whether the distinguished man in question ever said it; so his utterances from Oxford can be accepted as genuine. Before he went to England Dr. Osler made a hopeless fight for at least a year to make the public understand what he really had said about the man of forty. But the general acceptance of the first fantastic report of his remarks made his talk fruitless. The word Oslerization had been coined, and his name will probably go down to all time in the treatises on etomology as the advocate of a theory he never held. One thing he did say in that famous speech which he probably did mean seriously was that no man under forty should publish a book.

There appears to be no doubt, however, about the fact that he did state seriously the other day that the white man can never thrive in the tropics except as an exotic. He lectured before the London school of tropical medicine. He spoke of the progress of sanitation and held that it would claim the attention of future historians of the nineteenth century above all political, social, religious and intellectual revolutions. He told of how typhus fever had been practically abolished, typhoid and tuberculosis extraordinarily reduced. (This latter assertion will surprise some people as it did when Sir James Whitney made a similar statement recently). He told also of how cholera had been robbed of its dangers in Europe and America. But the main theme of his remarks was the awakening of the tropics to sanitation in the present decade, by which the peril to the white man from yellow fever and other diseases had been reduced in a vast degree. Nevertheless, Dr. Osler held that sanitation, no matter however perfect, could never make the tropics a land for white men. They may become the outlet for the superfluous millions of the north, but there the race will lose its hardy vigor and progressiveness. He still believes that the world's work must be carried on by the men of the Northern Zone.

Dr. Osler is a man who can deal with scientific subjects in a manner that gives them the fascination of an epic. His addresses are not the pseudo-science that used to be popular reading but they are real science and literature as well. One of these addresses has just been put into book form by the Oxford University press. It is entitled "The Treatment of Disease," but it is not a mere pathological discourse, by any means. It deals in part with a subject of profound popular interest which everyone encounters in his daily walk in his life—the epidemic of belief in faith-healing in its various manifestations. He does not scoff or fulminate like the ordinary practitioner who takes up the subject. He attributes it to a baser tendency in the human mind and quotes the opening line of Lincoln's favorite poem, "We think the same thoughts as our fathers have thought." Continuing he says: "Once or twice in each century the serpent entwining the staff of Aesculapius gets restless, untwists and in his gambols swallows his tail, and at once in full circle brings back upon us old thoughts and old practices, which for a time dominate alike doctors and laity."

He also declares that in all ages and climes the prayer of faith has saved a certain number of sick. He further adds that faith is the most precious asset of the physician's stock-in-trade. Once lost, he asks, how long does a doctor keep his clientele? The essentials he names are strong and hopeful belief in a dominant personality; certain accessories—a shrine, a grotto, a church, a temple, a hospital, or a sanitorium, (surroundings which favorably impress the imagination of the patient); and suggestion in one of its varied forms. "But," he adds, "there must be the will to believe, attitude of mind, the mental receptiveness—in a word, the faith—which has made bread pills famous in the history of medicine."

The faith-healer, however, has won no convert in the Regius professor of medicine at Oxford. He warns the world that it must recognize the limitations of mental healing. "Potent as is the influence of the mind on the body," says he, "and many as are the miracle-like cures which may be worked, all are in functional disorders, and we know only too well that nowadays the prayer of faith neither sets a broken thigh, nor checks an epidemic of typhoid fever. The less the clergy have to do with the bodily complaints of neurasthenic and hysterical persons the better, for their peace of mind and for the reputation of the cloth. As wise old Fuller remarked, "Circe and Aesculapius were brother and sister, and the wiles of the one are apt to entrap the wisdom of the other.'"

What strikes the lay reader of Dr. Osler's addresses, apart from his knowledge, is his literary style. No modern scientist has rivalled it, save Huxley. It is simple and clear, yet withal musical and graceful. It is to be regretted, therefore, that in his native land the man is known rather by fantastic report than by vital utterances of the man himself.

How Pat Duck Ducked a Term in Jail.

PAT DUCK, an eccentric old Irishman, was well known in Lambton county thirty years ago. He itinerated from village to village with a little museum of curiosities, or as he designated them, "frakes of natur'." There was the two-headed calf, the hen with three legs, the Garivari on which they used to "swear in Oireland," etc., etc.

Pat would stand in front of his show and pour forth a flood of eloquence regarding these "frakes of natur'" all to be seen for "foive cints," and the people would go in time and time again, not so much to see the freaks as to hear Pat's witty comments on the same.

Pat had one failing. He was too fond of spending his "foive cints" on good Irish whiskey, or any other kind and on one occasion the disturbance he created while under its exhilarating influence brought him into rather serious trouble. He was arrested for disorderly conduct and condemned to a week in the county jail with the option of paying a fine, which he either could not or would not do. A constable was detailed to take Pat to the jail at Sarnia, and they drove off together, the distance being about fourteen miles. On reaching Sarnia, Pat proposed that they put the horse in the hotel shed and then have a drink.

"Sure, we'll be afther havin' a drop of the cratur' before ye'll be layin' me in the jug, Dinnis dear. Ye'll drink to me health for the sake o' the toimes we pulled the praties together when we were the little gossoons."

So into the bar they went, the two cronies. Pat had some loose change, and he stood treat, not once, but many times. An observer might have noticed that it was the constable that did the drinking, while for some occult reason Pat for once was an abstainer.

Late in the afternoon they started for the jail. By that time the constable had "a pretty fair-sized jag on." When they arrived Pat, who on the way had abstracted the commitment papers from Dennis' pocket, presented them to the proper authority and delivered Dennis to the tender mercies of the jailor. When it dawned on the befuddled brain of the constable that he was being given in charge he wildly expostulated and sought to explain, but Pat, with a lordly wave of the hand, remarked:

"Don't mind him at all, at all; shure he's that drunk he don't know what he's sayin'"—a statement which was accepted at its face value. So the constable was shut up in prison and Pat walked off a free man.

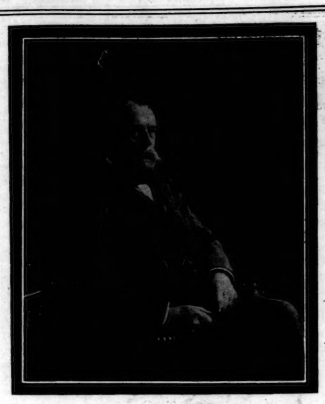
Mr. Robertson Was Wrathy.

UNLIKE some newspaper proprietors, Mr. John Ross Robertson takes the keenest interest in every line that appears in his paper. There is a legend that he once almost missed a sailing for Europe by turning back from the railroad station to ask why the paper had been scooped on a trivial item he noticed in a rival sheet. A story is told to the effect that some years ago he walked into his private office and found on his desk a copy of another evening journal with an account of a murder in "The Ward" blazoned clear across its front page. He had read The Telegram and no such item appeared in it. He glared at it for a moment and then started for the city editor's room with a hop, skip and jump. It was late of a summer afternoon and the man on office duty was the only one in sight. Mr. Robertson flung the paper before him and demanded to know the reason why the paper was asleep, declaring with warmth of language that a general cleaning out of reporters was about due. The terrified desk man gazed speechless at the paper for he in truth was the man "scooped." Suddenly his eyes lit upon the date line. It was a paper of the same month three years previous, and the janitor in cleaning up Mr. Robertson's rooms had accidentally knocked it out of some hiding place. As the chief paused for breath he found words.

"They're a little late with the story," he said. "It happened three years ago."

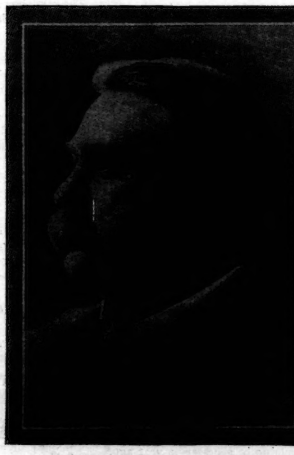
"He pointed out the date line. Mr. Robertson took a close look.

"Humph!" he remarked. "Well what I said goes anyway. The boys must wake up."



LORD MOUNT STEPHEN.

One of the few Canadians in the House of Lords. As George Stephen he won a fortune in Canadian railway building, being one of the small coterie of men who put through the Canadian Pacific Railway. George Stephen was born in Scotland and came to Canada in 1850. In 1876 he became president of the Bank of Montreal and in 1880 he became an active spirit in the corporation which built the C.P.R. In 1886 Queen Victoria created George Stephen a baronet and in 1891 he was raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Mount Stephen. In the late division of the House of Lords over the Lloyd-George Budget, Lord Mount Stephen voted against that measure, along with the large majority of members of the Upper House.



"BET-YER-A-MILLION GATES."

John W. Gates, who made his millions gambling in stocks, grains, at gambling tables, and on the race-track, recently addressed a Southern congregation upon the evils of gambling. For many years Gates has been the biggest plunger in America. In England some years ago Gates is said to have actually staked a million dollars on a horse race, which was won by the animal he backed.

THE GREATEST OF ROYAL SPORTSMEN.

King Edward shooting over his preserves at Sandringham. This photo was taken with a number of others for a Vienna exhibition. The King generally goes to the shooting field in an auto, and while on the ground rides a pony. But he also does considerable walking.

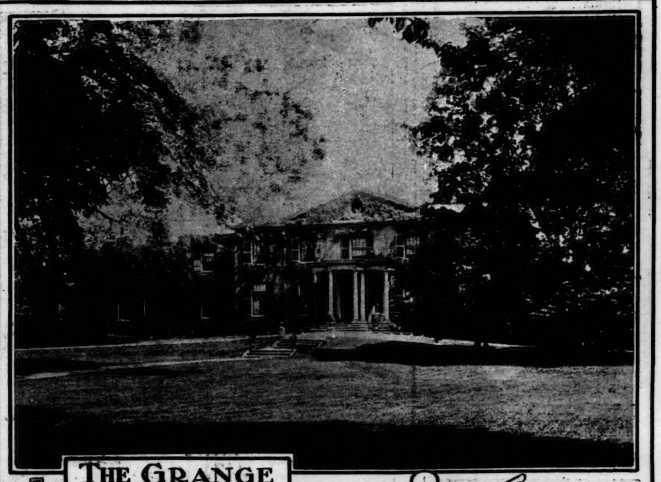
WILLIAM J. GAYNOR,

Who took office as Mayor of New York City on January 1, 1910.

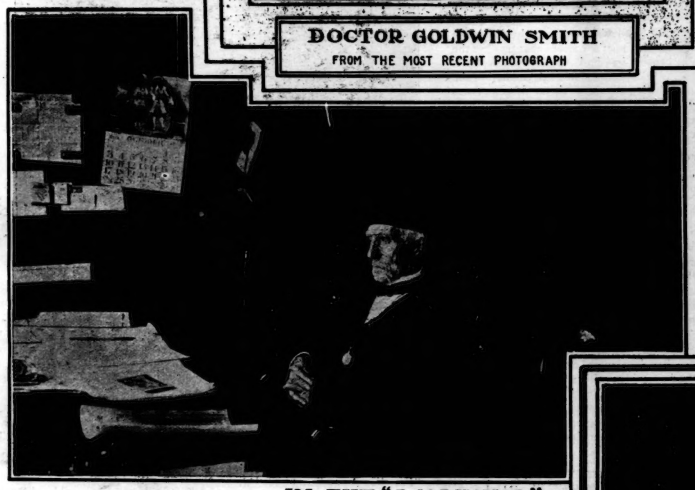
SOME NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF A GREAT JOURNALIST AND HIS HOME

THERE is very little need of excuse for an article on Goldwin Smith. That distinguished publicist—a publicist being a very superior journalist, who is a sublimated newspaperman—has arrived at the dignity of an institution in Toronto, and as a topic of conversation or newspaper notice, shares the perennial freshness of politics, religion, and Colonel Denison. Just now, however, he is particularly timely on account of his recent retirement from active journalism—that part of it, at least, which was represented by his connection with The Weekly Sun. This reservation is made, because it is understood that Professor Smith has no intention of letting his pen out to grass entirely, and also because, even if such an intention should be expressed, it would be practically impossible for so tried a veteran to keep away altogether from the field of conflict. He has merely resigned his command of a regiment. But that is no good reason why he should not do a little work as a scout or a guerilla. In fact, it is practically certain that he will—for which we are truly thankful. It is just as certain as that Mr. Roosevelt will still continue to hold decided views on the subject of large families and the habits of wild animals.

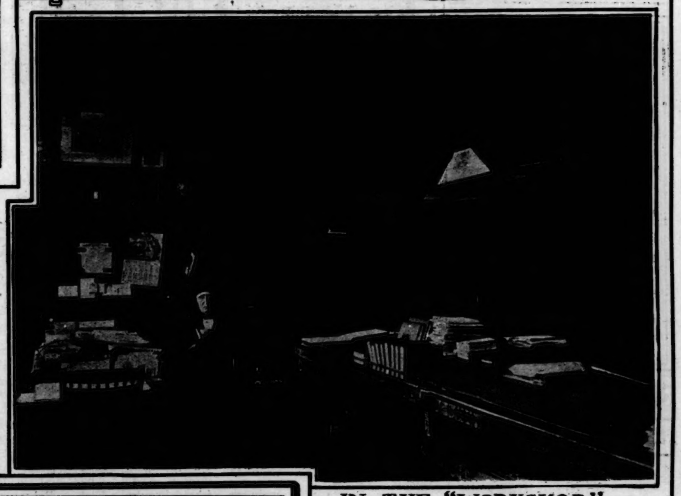
DOCTOR GOLDWIN SMITH
FROM THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH



THE GRANGE



IN THE "WORKSHOP"



IN THE "WORKSHOP"

The present photographs—nearly all of which are published for the first time—are especially interesting just now. The portrait of the Professor himself, at the present day is the latest photograph he has had taken, and is regarded by his friends as also the best. It is an admirably simple and dignified picture of the man whose features have been made familiar to the admiring eyes of two generations of Canadians. Almost equally interesting is the photographic reproduction of the oil-painting of Goldwin Smith in his early youth. It is pleasant to trace, in the face of the young man, the same expression of quiet strength, the same evidence of elevation of thought and aim which distinguish the features of Goldwin Smith as we know him. The difference between them is that between promise and fulfillment, between the energy of youth and the serenity of age, between prospect and retrospect. But the gulf between is filled with noble achievement, with great tasks bravely undertaken, and great labors nobly undergone.

"The Grange" is known to every resident of Toronto and every visitor that spends enough time within our gates to go to see it. But it is always worth picturing afresh, for it is the one most conspicuous instance in this district of a typical English manor-house, with all the mellow beauty which makes English manor-houses the finest homes in the world. The present picture gives a very striking view of the fine old house, as seen from the spacious lawn. The sight of it must give every Torontonian a thrill of pleasure to think that it will one day belong to the city as a museum of fine art.

Goldwin Smith calls his library his workshop, and anyone who has ever had the privilege of visiting him in that big airy room, filled to the ceiling with rare old tomes, bound in the elaborate fashion of the days when book-making was a leisurely art, will quite realize the aptness of the title. It is really a workshop, not a cultured lounging-place. The desks and tables littered with books and papers, the bottles of ink and pens and, lying about in all directions, the manuscripts here and there, all are evidence that one is in a place where a literary man really works. There is no suggestion of the dilettante about it. It is truly a workshop, and one regards it with a good deal of reverence when he remembers what a mighty good work has been turned out of it. The accompanying pictures give an excellent idea of the library and of its master as he appears in working hours.

William Lightfoot Visscher, author and actor, was born in Owingsville, Kentucky, 67 years ago. He served in the American Civil War, has written over a thousand poems, and has done editorial work on scores of newspapers.

A Literary Discovery.

IN the Berlin "Gegenwart" of September 25, Herr Ignaz Jezower communicates an interesting and somewhat amusing literary discovery. In D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" (edition 1807) there is a long account, professedly taken from the "travelling pocket-book" of "an anonymous gentleman," of the singing of strophes from Ariosto and Tasso by the Venetian gondoliers. The account is quoted by Hobhouse in his notes on the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" (1817) in connection with the lines:

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier.

Hobhouse, who had himself heard the gondoliers singing Tasso as they rowed, remarks upon the truth and charm of the description, "with the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant." It now turns out that the "anonymous gentleman" was no less a person than Goethe. D'Israeli must have translated the passage from Wieland's journal, the "Teutscher Merkur," where it appeared in 1799 among "Auszuge aus dem Taschenbuche des Herrn. . . ." These "Auszuge," it may be observed, were originally part of a private diary composed by Goethe in 1786 for the eye of Frau v. Stein, and published for the first time by the Goethe Gesellschaft in 1866. In spite of the fact that the description was transferred by Goethe to the first volume of the "Italienische Reise," in 1816, three subsequent German translators of "Childe Harold" have failed to recognize the original source of the passage and have laboriously translated Goethe back again from English into German! The retranslations are given by the "Gegenwart" in parallel columns with the Goethean original, and they form an interesting study in style.—London Times.

GOLDWIN SMITH IN HIS YOUTH
FROM A PAINTING WHICH HANGS IN "THE GRANGE."

The Press of Japan.

JAPANESE newspapers are now, in essential respects, like those of America and Europe. They have staffs of editors, reporters, and correspondents, and are the organs of parties and interests. They publish illustrations, and pride themselves on promptness, enterprise, and accuracy. They are, however, a new thing, comparatively speaking. The first Japanese newspaper was established in 1863, and for a long time that and its successors were small and primitive affairs. In those days the early "morning papers" were printed about noon, and the carrier took all afternoon to deliver them. Then, too, the newspaper carriers did not run off unceremoniously after throwing the paper at the door, but often stepped round to the kitchen to leave the paper and take a cup of tea.

In 1874 a certain newspaper met with such unexpected success that enough boys could not be found to deliver the greatly increased edition. To meet this emergency, all the members of the staff were put to delivering. Conspicuous among them was the treasurer, who turned out in full official uniform, with two swords, carrying two hundred copies of the paper in his sleeves for delivery!

Advertisements were deemed rather a nuisance in those days, as interrupting the strict business of the paper. Publishers declined to receive them unless they were handed in a week beforehand and paid for in advance. They have now recovered from their scruples in this respect.

Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm)—"I'm thenkin', Sir, I'll just tack yer fare; there's no sayin' what micht happen tae us."—Punch.

Islands of Ivory.

ISLANDS of ivory hidden among the Arctic ice lying north of Siberia were described in a paper read by Dr. Gath Whitley at the Victoria Institute, London, the other day.

These islands were discovered by Russian explorers at the end of the eighteenth century and have been exploited by traders in fossil ivory ever since. As recently as 1898 about 80,000 pounds of fossil ivory was offered for sale at the fair of Yakutsk.

To the earlier explorers it seemed that one islet known as Liakoff's Island was "actually composed of the bones and tusks of elephants, cemented together by icy sand. The horns of buffaloes, or rather of musk oxen, and rhinoceroses were also wonderfully abundant. The sandy shores and slopes were full of mammoths' tusks."

In 1886 a German, Dr. Bunge, explored Liakoff's Island. "The sand and gravel," said the lecturer, "were found to rest in blocks of ice and the alluvial beds were full of the bones of mammoths, rhinoceroses and musk oxen"—this after hundreds of years of visits from ivory hunters. Trawling showed that the bottom of the sea near the islands was strewn with tusks and bones.

These extraordinary discoveries are explained by the following theory: In prehistoric times Siberia enjoyed a comparatively mild climate and a great tract of country now under ice stood at a considerable level above the sea.

Vast herds of mammoths, rhinoceroses and buffaloes roamed over these plains. A great catastrophe at last overtook them. The land subsided, the sea rose and the animals congregated in great numbers on the mountain tops. Even these were at last submerged and the destruction was complete. After a time the waters subsided slowly and the islands which had formed mountains in the land rose above the sea. Why the climate changed after these upheavals is still a problem to be solved.

The Natural Bridge of Virginia overlooks the James River Valley, being on the western slope of the Blue Ridge mountains and near the centre of the State. It is situated on a picturesque plateau, 1,500 feet above sea level, on the southern part of the famous Shenandoah Valley, with grand mountain scenery on every hand. Its height is 215 feet, it is 100 feet wide, and has a span of ninety feet. It is a single block of limestone, of many shades of color, crossing over a ravine through which rushes a swift stream known as Cedar Brook. The path down into the canon follows a tumbling brook, under old arbor vitæ trees. The visitor, after threading this devious path, suddenly sees the arch towering above him, a singularly impressive spectacle. Washington, when surveyor for Lord Fairfax, visited the Natural Bridge, and carved his name on the smooth side of the archway, where it may still be seen.

Santo Domingo, according to an English mineralogist who explored it, is a geological curiosity shop, containing scattered samples of nearly every well-known mineral.

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Seats—Bell Piano Rooms, 146 Yonge St.
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Greatest of Light Opera Prima Donnas in Pixley & Luders' newest Operetta
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Your vote and influence respectfully requested for
HENRY A. ROWLAND
as Alderman 1910

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
Respectfully Solicited for
R. P. POWELL
AS ALDERMAN FOR WARD 5
1910

THE DRAMA

LOUISE GUNNING,
In "Marcelle," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

IN the midst of the universal peace and good will, which are traditionally ascribed to this present season, "The Blue Mouse" comes back to town to act as a sort of mild condiment. Everyone feels so very virtuously inclined towards everyone else just now, that a little spice is welcome if only for variety's sake. That people appreciate it, is evident from the eagerness with which they hasten to be shocked—those who haven't seen it before and found out that it is shocking only in the very mildest sense of that attractive implication. But even those who saw it last year and realized that it contained nothing to bring a blush to the sensitive cheek of the Morality Department, were glad to see it again for the sake of the rollicking fun with which it is filled.

The present company is a very capable one, and plays it even better than the excellent cast of last year's production. Mabel Barrison is particularly winsome as the little dancer, and she clothed certain unconventional lines with a roguish grace that would disarm the wrath of even Inspector Archibald. And her supporting company is excellent. Harry Conor, as the fat and impressionable president of a corporation, is irresistibly funny; and the other members of the cast play their parts with verve and snap. Altogether the show is a thoroughly entertaining one. But, of course, everyone has found that out by now.

* * *

"THE THIEF," which is playing at the Princess, is also on its second appearance in this city. The play, therefore, does not require any elaborate analysis at this late date. It is a typical work of the modern French school, and especially typical of the methods of Henri Bernstein, who has in recent years enjoyed such a vogue on the English and American stage. It is a melodramatic study in psychology, and is an admirable piece of stagecraftsmanship. It contains one very remarkable scene, that between the husband and wife, which takes up the whole of the second act. There are also several other very telling situations, and the interest of the spectator is well sustained throughout. But the motives of the piece become rather too much involved towards the end, with the result that the action is needlessly complicated and loses much of its force. This is especially apparent in the last act, which is the least satisfactory part of the play.

As for the present company, Herbert Kelcey can always be depended on to do a smooth and acceptable piece of work. He is an actor of wide experience and thorough training, and he is always pleasant to watch on the stage. But Miss Shannon is hardly a satisfactory co-star—certainly not in the present production. Her work as the burglarious wife was colorless—where it wasn't rather absurd. Miss Shannon has a very attractive stage-presence, and where there is no demand made on emotional power she is quite satisfactory. But as the emotional stress is rather high all through this play of Bernstein's, there are very many moments when she falls painfully short of the requirements of her part. This is particularly evident in the great scene in the second act, where Miss Shannon's only means of expressing her anguish is by talking very rapidly and indistinctly in a very unpleasant voice. When her husband finally accuses her of infidelity she answers by a bellow of passionate indignation, which might be very impressive if it was not so strongly suggestive of bovine emotion.

* * *

THERE is a very interesting article in a recent issue of Current Literature on "The Upward Trend of the Theatre." It points out that the theatre the world over seems to be passing to a higher stage of intellectual evolution. New York's New Theater, William Archer assures us, is only a symptom of a widespread impulse. Forbes Robertson, the greatest living English intellectual actor, proclaims the advent of the "advanced theatre" in America, in England, in Italy, in Germany and in France. The "advanced theatre," he tells us, must produce not merely a new play in point of originality, but a new theme, the idea of to-morrow, that is always unanswered yet always answerable. Of the plays recently produced in America, "The Harvest Moon," "Herod," "The Melting Pot" and Forbes Robertson's own play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," are significant embodiments of efforts in this direction. Even the very critical editor of The Dial sees a bow of promise in the skies extending from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. This rainbow, we are told, is only a sign; almost everything remains to be done, but never before have there been so many indications that the English theatre is on the point of realizing its responsibilities and of becoming the ally of education and art and morals. Says The Dial:

"Looking first at the trans-Atlantic aspect of the situation, we note that the war on the censorship goes merrily on, and that the doom or the radical transformation is in sight of a system that proscribes such dramatic masterpieces as 'The Cenci' and 'Monna Vanna,' while tolerating every form of debasing and brutalizing stage entertainment. Then there are the two new repertory theatres that are actually about to open their doors in London, one of them under the management of Mr. Herbert Trench, the other under the joint direction of Mr. Charles Frohman and Messrs. G. Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, J. M. Barrie and John Galsworthy. These two enterprises show that the public within the public, to use Mr. Archer's phrase, has at last found practical recognition, and that the serious play-writer may be encouraged to engage in dramatic composition without keeping one eye squinted toward the box-office."

Not only in New York is there a fervent response to the new idea. In Chicago the gallant enterprise of Donald Robertson has found generous support. In Dublin and Manchester and in Glasgow moderately endowed theatres have been successful. Mr. Robertson has already done two years of missionary work; his program for the present season is singularly interesting and conspicuously catholic. His English classics are to be Sheridan's "The Critic," Browning's "The Return of the Druses," Shelley's "The Cenci," and Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens." The latter two plays (we quote again from The Dial) are practically unknown to the modern stage, and Shelley's great tragedy, forbidden in the poet's native country by the censor, has had only the single (private) performance given it by the Shelley Society about fifteen years ago. Ten continental dramas, new and old, are included in this fascinating program.

Mr. Donald Robertson owes to the support of the Universities no small measure of his success. "If," remarks Mr. William Archer in McClure's. "I may venture to criticize Mr. Robertson's policy, from very imperfect knowledge, I should say that it was rather too literary, or, in other words, it attaches too much weight to the intellectual as distinct from specifically dramatic values. Of the New Theatre, it has been alleged that it is not founded upon or does not embody an idea." "Whether," this distinguished critic continues, "the founders were consciously animated by an idea with a big I, is more than I can say. But I am quite sure that their main motive is to be sought in something deeper and more trustworthy than an Idea—to wit, a widely felt instinct."

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"Marcelle."
Princess—"Detective Sparkes."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Dainty Duchess Co.

LOUISE GUNNING, who is generally considered one of the best light opera singers on the American stage, will make her first appearance as a Shubert star at the Royal Alexandra Monday night, presenting her success of the last two seasons, Pixley and Luders' "Marcelle." Although "Marcelle" is new to us, there are several indications, aside from its success in New York and other eastern cities, that it will prove an attraction. In the first place, the name of its composer suggests the many tuneful melodies of "The Prince of Pilsen," while the fact that the book is by Frank Pixley, and the comedian role in the hands of Jess Dandy, still further reminds us of that musical opera. Indeed, even in his new character, it is said, Mr. Dandy cannot refrain, during his performance of Baron von Berghof, from enquiring in the old familiar tone: "Were you ever in Zinzinati?" Then again, the play is said to have a real plot and to tell a pretty love story, with side lights of comedy and a background of the necessary show girls, ponies and medium girls. And, as is not always the case everyone in the organization knows how to sing—even the male chorus. There is a military atmosphere about this tuneful opera with its old German castle and picturesque surroundings, giving an opportunity for the display of some stunning hussar uniforms, one of them worn so gracefully by Miss Gunning herself, that the audience is sure to be grateful to the author for obliging the star to disguise herself as the young heir of the Jess Dandy baron. Miss Gunning has several songs that are said to be in the best Luder's vein, the most important being "Far, Far Away," and "The Message of the Red, Red Rose." In the supporting company are such well-known players as Henry Coote, Chas. King, Harold T. Morey, Robert O'Connor, David Bennett, Evan Baldwin, Bert Merket, George Lyman, Norma Brown, Florence Rother, Lottie Medley, Nellie King and Ray Miller.

HATTIE WILLIAMS,
In "Detective Sparkes," at the Princess next week.

* * *

"Detective Sparkes," by Michael Morton, which will be presented by Charles Frohman, at the Princess Theatre on Monday evening with Hattie Williams as the star, has a double story. All London is excited by a balloon accident, in which a woman and a man are concerned, but they cannot be identified. A unique brooch found in the wreckage is the only clue. Simultaneously, Lord Axminster is notified by Chief Morley, of the county constabulary, that his house is to be robbed of his valuable collection of miniatures, and that the famous Detective Sparkes has been sent to catch the thieves. Axminster has married an American girl, and her sister, Athol Forbes, is visiting her. They wait in vain for the arrival of Sparkes, but, after they have gone to bed, a pistol shot is heard and the miniatures are stolen. Athol says that a party of burglars attempted to strangle her; that Detective Sparkes came to her rescue and is now in pursuit of the gang. Everybody follows the trail to Birchampton, where Chief Morley declares that he never sent Lord Axminster any message and never heard of Detective Sparkes. Shrewd newspaper men suggest that whoever finds Sparkes will find the burglars and that Sparkes and the balloon men are identical. Then Athol solves the mystery. The story acts better than it reads, for in narrative the balloon incident seem superflous. Hattie Williams plays, with expert skill, a part somewhat similar to those in which she appeared in "Vivian's Papas," and "The Girl From Maxim's." She is excellently supported by Julian Royce, a newcomer from London, as Coleridge; Frank Burbeck, as Axminster; Frank Shannon, as Morley; Vira Stowe, Annie Meredith, Vida Croly Sidney, F. Owen Baxter, Edwin Nicander, and others. Hattie Williams, as the American girl, has scored the great success of her stage career, and this play comes here after its run at the Garrick Theatre, New York city.

Julian Royce, the leading man with Hattie Williams, is a comparative stranger to this country as he has not been here since his appearance some years ago with Mrs. Langtry, in "The Degenerates," but in London Mr. Royce has a firmly established reputation, having interpreted the leading roles in most of the Pinero plays. Mr. Royce's longest engagement in London was under the management of Charles Frohman, in William Gillette's role in "Secret Service"—an engagement that continued for two years and a half. He has appeared also under the management of George Alexander, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Sir Charles Wyndham, Arthur Collins, Frank Curzon, Seymour Hicks, George Edwardes, and other famous producers.

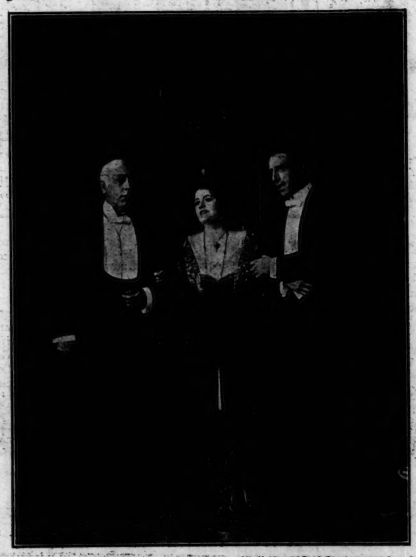
* * *

At Shea's Theatre next week the Arthur Saxon trio will head the bill. The Saxon trio were wonders of the circus world, and this is their first appearance in vaudeville. The special features on next week's bill will be Miss Ray Cox, in her original characterizations; Jack Wilson and company, presenting "An Upheaval in Darktown," and the Artois Brothers, comedy bar experts. Other acts included on the bill are Phil Staats, the unctuous comedian; Warren, Lyon and Meyers in "A Little of Everything"; the Alpine troupe, a double wire act, and the Kinetograph with all new pictures.

JESS DANDY,
In "Marcelle," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

* * *

The "Dainty Duchess Co." will provide amusement for the patrons of the Gayety Theatre next week. This organization of burlesquers is not unknown here, and its reappearance is likely to be welcomed by audiences as large as the house will accommodate. The principals in the company include Alice Brophy, Edith Hamilton, Mazie Aleene, Fannie Thatcher, Fred J. Ireland, P. W. Miles, Grace Jerge, Harry Woods and Harvey Green, who are assisted by a capable chorus in a musical extravaganza that enables them to employ, effectively, their abilities as funmakers.



FRANK BURBECK, HATTIE WILLIAMS AND JULIAN ROYCE,
In "Detective Sparkes," at the Princess next week.

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Cups and Saucers, $2.75, $3.75, $4.00.
Teapots, $6.00.
Footed Fruit Bowls,, $7.00 and $9.50.
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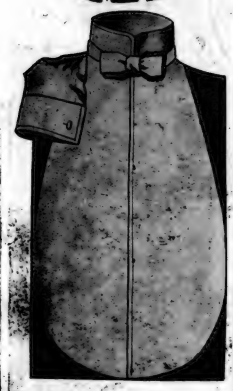

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Men's Wear

THE clothes that promote warmth are just now the subjects of consideration, and among these comes the fur waistcoat. This style, although extremely smart looking in itself and splendidly adapted to cold weather wear, has never become a general fashion, and so has kept almost entirely clear of the ready-to-wear clothing trade—a thing that certainly insures its exclusiveness. Indeed, while it is a style that is to be unqualifiedly recommended, I do not know of any shop—department, haberhashery or tailoring—at which it may be found ready made. Of course only the short-haired furs are suitable for it, especially when it is not to be worn as a distinct motoring or winter sports garment, and although sealskin is a good one, perhaps Persian lamb, of which the style shown by the accompanying illustration is made, is the best selection. As may be seen, the buttoning is under or through a fly, so that the buttons do not appear when the garment is closed, and the pockets (in this case finished at the edges with suede to prevent the fur wearing off by rubbing) are set in the lining. Any tailor or furrier can make such a waistcoat, which, when one considers that it will last for years, is not disproportionate in cost to the use to be derived from it, but a good practical idea is to use an ordinary summer waistcoat as a foundation—having the fur sewed over it, with the pockets left open and the back covered with silk or satin in quilted effect. In this way perfect fit is insured, and the extra weight of the material under the fur, if it be a light serge or flannel, is not objectionable.

A Persian lamb waistcoat, especially designed for motoring and outing wear.

A new neckwear design from London, showing an "ice" effect.

* * *

A NEW YORK sartorial observer and critic gives an interesting account of the masculine clothes that attended the dedication of the New Theatre in that city and also one of the performances. He says, with regard to the former ceremony:

I have rarely seen so many well-dressed men by day and while, in making a general statement, I should say that all were wearing either frock or morning coats, it interested me to see that practically no one under fifty had on a frock. The younger men were universally wearing morning coats. They were nearly all of them braided and while I am assured that the newer expression of the morning coat, as seen in London, is quite devoid of braid, the vogue and popularity of the braided coat in this country was clearly indicated on this Saturday afternoon. These coats were made to close with either one or two buttons, but the former fashion was most frequently seen. The trousers worn with these coats were either black with fine white stripes or very dark gray. They were rarely, if ever, made of the same material as the coat. The waistcoats, however, were usually of the same material but I noticed a few white waistcoats and some "fancy" ones. The latter were sometimes double breasted. Nearly all the waistcoats had white edgings in the opening and the scarfs were usually black or black and white. Many of these coats were made of dark gray cloth, rather than black, and the scarfs worn were almost universally four-in-hands, with either poke or wing collars. There were very few wing collars, however, in comparison. The older men, wearing frock coats, were apt to have on wing collars with very large square tabs or else the really old-fashioned poke collars in which they could bury their chins like the old chaps in portraits by the "Masters." It was interesting to note that the older the beau the more amazing the waistcoat. Mr. Morgan, for example, had on a most gorgeous affair in a curious brownish-purple effect. Across this he wore a heavy gold watch chain, much heavier than any of the younger men have been wearing for some time. I saw one young chap in a dark green frock coat and another one in a single-breasted frock of light gray. All these coats, whether of the frock or morning variety, were quite form-fitting, at least the modern ones were, and the tails of the morning coats were very narrow indeed, giving their wearers that unusually slim aspect which is so much sought after at the present time. Gray gloves or gloves of white wash leather were worn and many of the men had on gardenias. While *boutonnieres* are by no means universal, still it is pleasing to note a return, in a small degree, of this pleasing fashion. Flowers are always a joy. It is a pity that more men don't wear them.

A few days after the dedication I went to see the performance of Anthony and Cleopatra with which the new house has opened its doors to the general public. The new house at night is very brilliant, the women wearing opera gowns and the men in full evening dress. In fact, it was like a fashionable opera night, and I noticed, just as I did at the season's *premiere* at the Manhattan Opera House on the Monday before, when Massenet's "Herodiade" was sung for the first time in America, that a great many men were wearing dress coats with velvet collars. The waistcoats were to a very large extent made with V-shaped openings, although the best dressed men wore the more familiar "English" type of waistcoat, (now said to be "passing" even in London), which shows a broad expanse of shirt front. I noticed that some of the men wore but a single stud or jewel, in their shirt fronts, but the majority of men, of course, wore two pearl studs, or else the plainer mother-of-pearl buttons. I saw several black satin waistcoats with jeweled buttons or else gilt buttons, and there was one interesting coat that had the usual step-notched collar, but the collar was made of the same silk as that which covered the lapels and not of cloth in the familiar fashion. Most of the ties were rather wide and had square ends. In fact the favorite tie this year seems a little larger than those I noticed last season. There were many more plain linen shirts worn than pique ones on these occasions, but that might merely have happened so, as the pique shirt is enjoying some little vogue this season. It is rather curious that so few men wear opera hats either to the opera or to the theatre. The major portion of the sterner sex are to be seen in silk hats, and as so few men care to bother about having them checked—in fact, one feels rather lost without one's hat in the promenade, as they are apt to be worn there and not carried—it is all the more surprising. You go to the opera, take your hat with you to your seat and either hold it in your lap or put it in the rack under your chair. Almost invariably your poor hat has its "fur rubbed the wrong way," every time anyone passes you. With the opera hat this difficulty is entirely obviated and yet just now very few men seem to be wearing opera hats. Why is it? The silk hat does not seem very appropriate for indoor wear. Fashion is a strange tyrant, is she not?

New striped overcoat with shawl collar. Velvet is applied to collar, making a stepnotched effect.

* * *

IT is a common complaint among those who give any thought to the fashions in clothes for men, that in these latter days the dress of the males among humans—in entire subversion of the order among all other classes of animals—is sombre and drab-hued, while that of the women shows all the colors of the spectrum. They claim that this is not at all as it should be, and they look eagerly forward to the day when men will come to realize this mistake and will blossom out like Solomon in all his glory. And now, according to an editorial in The Gentleman's Journal, that day would seem to be very near at hand. The article in question points out that it is very significant to note the rapidity, now that it has gotten a fair start, with which the graceful fashions of the late Forties, or, perhaps, more correctly, one should say the early Fifties, are coming into favor with a certain distinguished set of men who really care about historic tradition, grace and comfort in their clothes. This is particularly true of the evening dress now being affected by these men. Not for decades have they worn their dress coats so short-waisted as at the present time. Indeed, this is true of their lounge coats as well. Their trousers are cut unusually high in the waist and their waistcoats are so extremely short that one is reminded of the old pictures. Many of these men, too, have taken to wearing knee-breeches, made of the same material as their coats, with their evening dress, and there is a revival of the old-fashioned patent leather boot with elastic sides for wear with the long trousers, when in full dress, another thing that one sees in the old pictures. Nor are these men confining their selection of fabrics to the black simplicity that has held sway for so many years, but are affecting wonderful colors. It will not be at all unusual, at certain functions this winter, to see a man wearing a coat of beautiful golden brown wine color with purple trousers, for example, or some color combination equally gorgeous. But the knee-breeches will strike the keynote of the season's mode. But these are things, you will understand, that are not at all likely to meet the public eye for many years to come. It will be a long time, doubtless, before New Yorkers see silk-stockinged swains in knicker-bockers wandering hither and thither in the *foyers* of the New Theatre and the Metropolitan Opera House. These costumes are designed for private life alone, for the great halls and home affairs where none but the very elect may hope to enter. But, nevertheless, the growing appreciation of the costumes of the early Fifties is a fact to be reckoned with. It is not at all a "popular" fact and many people will find it a hard nut to crack. But it remains a fact for all that. It is interesting at this time to be able to go on record as realizing it. There is sometimes a difference, you know, between what one actually sees and what one reads between the lines.

A garter de luxe. An elaboration of a familiar garter model, specially designed for holiday occasions. Its features are the new clasp and embroidered centerpiece.

* * *

A DRESS expert writes from Paris that black and black-and-white scarfs are not as popular as in New York, although a number of smart men wear these black scarfs. The popular colors of the moment are the darker shades of red, brown, gray, and blue and they are usually made of Irish poplin, satin or corded silk. The *crepe de chene* scarfs are conspicuous by their absence. Bow ties have never been so popular, but they are always black. While the suits and scarfs that one sees in Paris now suggest great austerity and simplicity, the same cannot be said of the shirts and underwear. One sees the most extraordinary nightshirts (they still wear them) and pajamas of colored silks of close texture with narrow satin-like stripes, of similar color to the groundwork and crossing it at regular intervals of about an inch and a half, all the garments being of the brightest hue possible to imagine. The day shirts are quite as gay, pink and blue vertical stripes predominating. A popular shirt here is a negligee, made of white Irish linen with a thin colored piping running down the centre of the front and around the edges of the cuff. *Crepe de chene* shirts are no longer worn, nor are there many shirts with double cuffs. With evening dress the smartest men are wearing plain linen bosoms, closed with either one or two studs, and the piques are less frequently seen than formerly. There is a perfect plague of yellow chamois gloves. One sees them on all sides.

* * *

The King is this season wearing a double-breasted Chesterfield of dark gray overcoating having a rather rough surface. It fastens across the front with a moderate overlap, and has three buttons up each side. The lapels are rather narrow. The length extends to the knees, and the edges are stitched wide down the front and round to about three inches from the edge. The collar is covered with velvet. There are horizontal flap pockets in the hips, and a neat welt breast pocket on the left side. The sleeves are finished with a turn-back cuff two inches deep.

* * *

THE variety of taste that exists amongst really well-dressed men in the matter of overcoats is strikingly exhibited in the styles now being worn by the leading English actors, who as a class pay ample attention to matters of dress. For general wear, Sir H. B. Tree wears a loose-fitting overcoat reaching to within ten inches of the ground; it has double-breasted fronts, a large fur collar, and flap pockets on the hips. Mr. George Alexander, who is one of the best-dressed men on the stage, has chosen the new low, rolling, silk-faced Chesterfield, but he has had the fronts made with a fly so that the buttons are out of sight, which is neater than the double-breasted fronts with two rows of buttons. It reaches just long enough to cover his undercoat, is close fitting at the waist and provided with ample fulness over the hips, and is a good example of the latest thing in smart overcoats.

* * *

The revival of breeches for evening dress wear has several enthusiastic advocates, amongst whom the King occupies the most distinguished place. They are, of course, *de rigeur* for nearly all Court functions, where their becoming character is fully recognized.

There is no doubt they are very smart garments and have many aristocratic associations, but in these democratic days these latter prove rather a hindrance to them than otherwise—at any rate, there is no sign of their return to popularity at present.

* * *

Although there are many styles of fur-lined gloves the best for ordinary town, as distinguished from driving, motoring or other special dress purposes, is that of heavy suede or unfinished deerskin lined with gray squirrel, or some other suitable fur. The illustration on this page gives an excellent idea of their appearance and they may be found at any of the haberdashery shops or department stores.

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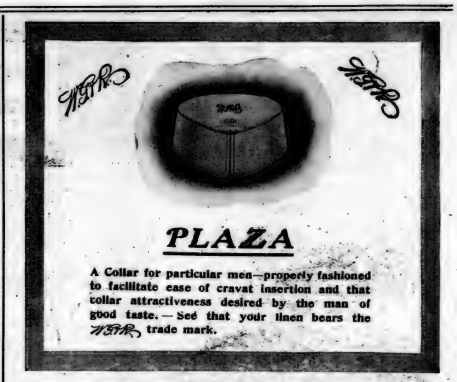
There is no foundation for the rumor that The Tuckett Company is to be prosecuted for placing "25 cent shin-plasters" in their cigarette packages.

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the house to-night, will you?" "Certainly, with pleasure. Will your wife expect me?" "No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning and I want to make her mad."—Peekskill Palladium.



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His Majesty The King of Spain.

ANECDOTAL

A MILLER noted for his keenness in money matters was in a boat trying his best to get across the stream which drove his mill. The stream was in flood and he was taken past the spot at which he wanted to land, and the boat was upset. His wife ran along the side of the stream crying for help, when she was brought up by her husband, yelling out:

"If I'm drowned, Maggie, dunnot forget flour's gone up two shillings a sack."

* * *

THE car was crowded, but all the women had seats. On the platform was a middle-aged man, apparently respectable. On a side seat was a girl in old rose, with cheeks to match. The man on the platform caught her eye for a moment, and threw a frantic kiss. The girl first smiled, then blushed furiously. He threw another, and she turned away a crimsoned face.

"That will about do for you," said the big, rawboned conductor. "Go home to your wife."

This didn't seem to worry the apparently respectable man, and, catching a glint from the girl's eyes, he threw another kiss. She turned her face to study carefully a toque hat across the car. Presently the girl rose to leave the car. The man who was trying to flirt with her also faced the sliding door. By that time all eyes were on the pair, the conductor was mad all through and a couple of passengers edged dangerously close.

The girl in old rose took the arm of the apparently respectable man, and said in a silvery voice that all could hear:

"Oh, papa, how could you!"

Then every body laughed at a joking father and a lovely daughter.

* * *

WHILE passing by an old-fashioned inn some tourists were attracted by an ancient bagpiper, who was tooting atrocious sounds through an instrument that was both dilapidated and squeaky.

"Great Jericho, Sandy!" exclaimed one in desperation. "Why don't you have your bagpipes repaired?"

The old man ceased playing and looked up in astonishment.

"Havers; mon, ye dinna understan'. If ma bagpoipes wor in good tune the inn mon winna give ma two shillings to move on."

* * *

A DURHAM farmer was traveling to London to consult a lawyer, when the fear struck him that he had left certain important papers behind. He made a hurried search in his bag.

"If I did leave those papers," he remarked, "I'm a fool!"

The search proceeded, and a moment later he said: "I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!"

Just as he was examining the last bundle of papers he exclaimed: "Well, I'll bet I'm a fool."

A man on the other side of the compartment lowered his newspaper for a moment and said, slowly and deliberately;

"Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."

* * *

THOMAS NELSON PAGE, in the smoking room, criticised trenchantly the work of a popular novelist.

"This man," declared Mr. Page, "has no idea of precision. He doesn't say what he means; he circles about his meaning, about and about it; never once hitting it off. He is like a young soldier whom a nurse told me about. She nursed the lad through a fever. On his recovery he thanked her like this:

"Thank you very much, ma'am, fer yer kindness. I sha'nt never forgit it. If ever there was a fallen angel, you're one."

* * *

EDITH, aged six, had just been informed that twin boys had been added to the family.

"That's funny," she mused. "Ethel and I both prayed for a baby brother, but we thought it was the same one."

* * *

A CERTAIN woman had a barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11 years, not to touch them.

Then one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples! Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them; we're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve. Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yes," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

DEDUCTIVE REASONING.
"Great Scott! What a rattling good time I must have had last night!"—London Bystander.

* * *

THE family festivals of one nation need explaining to the citizens of another. So it was at a recent golden wedding announced to be celebrated in an English country house where there was a French guest. The thing is not unknown in France, but it is there called a jubilee. He asked therefore what the golden wedding might mean.

"It means," said his English friend not without emotion, "that these two people have lived together, in happiness and affection, for fifty long years."

"Ah, yes," cried the alien, "I understand perfectly; and now they are to be married, er?"

* * *

MR. EDISON is still busy with his new storage battery which he claims will solve the traction question. In his experiments with these batteries Mr. Edison has had men at work for years with a patience unparalleled.

More than half a ton of reports on experiments with batteries have been made. Two of his best men had to give up the work because of its unending monotony to save themselves from a nervous breakdown.

The work was continued night and day for more than three years, and more than 9,000 experiments were made without obtaining the results which Mr. Edison wanted.

A visitor to whom this was told exclaimed: "Then all those experiments were practically wasted." "Not at all," said Mr. Edison, "I now know 9,000 things not to do."

* * *

AN English lady who visited Chicago relates how her maid, who accompanied her, quickly became imbued with the desire to become Mrs. Somebody. One morning she appeared before her mistress and, with glowing eyes, announced that she had named the day and would become a wife at the end of the week.

"Are you going back home, then?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's an American gentleman," replied the maid.

"But," remonstrated her mistress, "we've only been here a fortnight."

"That's no matter. He wants the wedding to be on Saturday."

"Well, can't you get him to postpone the marriage just a little till I get another maid?"

"Well, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you, but, you see, I don't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that."

* * *

THE budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr. Lloyd George, a particularly good one concerning a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

* * *

IT was the dreamy hour after Christmas dinner and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and, if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name each of them after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H-m," said Sophie, "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then if he doesn't pop you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."

* * *

A MAN very much intoxicated was taken to the police station.

"Why did you not bail him out?" inquired a bystander of a friend.

"Bail him out?" exclaimed the other. "Why, you couldn't pump him out!"

* * *

THERE had again been trouble in the O'Hagan household, and O'Hagan had the word of sympathy when he next met his neighbor.

"'Tis not much of a team ye make, ye and yer woife," said O'Hagan.

"An' that's where ye're wrong," said O'Hagan. "'Tis the foine team we make entirely. Me woife pitches an' Oi catches."

Mord: "Wot are they saying now, Emily?"
Emily: "'E says as there's one thing—the servants don't suspeck nothin'!"

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MUSIC

A CERTAIN distinguished specialist was called upon a week or two ago by a well known government official for treatment for a nervous ailment.

"The first thing you must do," said the physician, after an examination, "is to give up both smoking and drinking."

Whereupon the eminent official became quite peevish. "Look here, doctor," he burst out, "now you're talking just like my wife!"

MOST of the members of the musical profession have been enjoying a brief week's respite in the midst of what has been, so far, a very busy season in the musical world. With the advent of the New Year, this temporary intermission draws to a close, and once more it is a case of *revenons a nos moutons.*

The spirit of fellowship and good will which prevails in musical circles in our fair city is one to be admired. Here, where musical activity is at a very high pitch, our local professional brethren endorse and endeavor to live up to that advice of Shakespeare when he said:

"Do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and
drink as friends."

The part which our local dining-clubs, the Clef Club and the Arts and Letters, are accomplishing in helping us attain this desired end must not be overlooked. And now that the latter club has permanent quarters, the facilities along this line are strengthened. There is nothing like personal acquaintance and social intercourse to help modify the spirit of professional rivalry into that of brotherhood.

If they do not know one another personally, the members of any profession are apt to be unduly critical of one another. And then, though they should sing with the tongues of men and of angels and their critical brethren have not charity, they are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals in the ears of their professional rivals.

If there is a word which might be suggested as a motto for the musical profession, or indeed any profession the world over, at this season of the New Year, the phrase which most strongly appeals to me for such purpose is this—not rivalry, but brotherhood.

* * *

A letter from Mr. Louis B. Prout informs me of the death of his father, Professor Ebenezer Prout, Mus. Doc., one of England's greatest musicians, and perhaps the most eminent authority on the theory of music in the world.

Ebenezer Prout was born in 1835. He was chiefly self-taught, and graduated with B.A. at London University in 1854. From 1861 to 1873 he was organist of Union Chapel, Islington. He held the professorship in piano at the Chrystal Palace School of Art from 1861 to 1885. He was appointed professor of Harmony and Counterpoint ot the National Training School in 1876, and received a similar appointment at the Royal Academy of Music in 1879. From 1876 to 1890 he was conductor of the Hackney Choral Association. He edited the "Monthly Musical Record" from 1871 to 1874, and held the post of musical critic upon the "Academy" from 1874 to 1879, and a similar position upon the "Athenæum" from 1879 to 1889. In 1894, he was appointed professor of music at Dublin University, and in 1895 he received the degree of Mus. Doc., *honoris causa,* from Dublin and Edinburgh.

As a composer, Dr. Prout has a long list of works to his credit, including 4 symphonies, 3 overtures, 2 organ concertos, the cantatas, "Alfred," and "The Red Cross Knight," also chamber music, anthems, church music, etc. He was the erudite author of 9 stout volumes which treat of harmony, counterpoint, fugue, musical form, orchestration, and kindred subjects.

As a teacher, Dr. Prout was one of the most delightful of men. Although a man of profound learning, he was not weighed down with his burden of knowledge, but possessed an inexhaustible fund of spirits which found vent in jests, punning and all sorts of whimsical remarks. In teaching musical form, he used to play the 48 preludes and fugues of Bach by heart, and even when he was quite old, and his hands were wizened and stiff, his fingers could get over the keys with remarkable agility. He identified the subject of every fugue by some comically absurd words which he set to the notes; and—as one of his pupils remarked to me—"he constantly talked the greatest rigmarole of rubbish, all mixed up with rules and admonitions concerning the subject in hand, *but it helped you to remember, and you were all the time learning something.*" It was his fashion to call all his pupils, young or old, by their Christian names; and he hailed them everywhere, in school or in the street, in this manner, and his remarkable memory never played him false.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

His text-books, written in an excellent style of English, are models of lucidity; and disclose a comprehensive acquaintance with the musical literature of all ages.

* * *

Your average professional entertainer is apt to be a rather solemn individual in private life. Whether it is that his natural flow of spirits is exhausted in his professional efforts, or that he goes to the serious extreme by a reaction resulting from a wearying of his make-believe jesting, philosophy saith not. But occasionally one comes across an entertainer whose natural fund of humor seems perennially spontaneous, and I encountered such an one at a recent little holiday "shine," of one of our choirs.

Somebody conceived the inspiration of having an impromptu minstrel show. Miss Pearl O'Neil, the well-known local entertainer, happened to be of the party, and she was unanimously selected to fill the part of Mademoiselle Interlocutor. This she good-naturedly proceeded to do, and in such a mood of fun and merriment, with so many flashes of extemporaneous wit, that the applause almost literally brought down the house.

* * *

After hearing the combined recital of the National Chorus and the Celestial Boy Choir last Monday evening, no doubt is left in one's mind that Dr. Albert Ham is going to in every way excel the performance of any previous year. The excerpts from Wagner's "Parsifal" and Boito's "Mefistofele" are exceptionally taking numbers, and with the addition of the orchestra are bound to make a great success. Dr. Ham and his committee of management are to be congratulated upon their enterprise and good judgment in engaging the Toronto Symphony Orchestra for their concerts.

After the recent performance by the orchestra under Mr. Frank Welsman of the Beethoven 7 Symphony, and the difficult Wagnerian number, "Wotan's Farewell" from the "Valkyre," no doubt is left in one's mind that the Toronto organization is quite equal to any demands that may be made upon it. The special orchestral numbers announced for these performances will be suite No. 2, "Wand of Youth," by Elgar and "Finlandia" poem by Sibelius on Tuesday evening, and the Berlioz "Rakockzy March" and the Overture, "William Tell," on Wednesday evening. The principal soprano soloist is Miss Alice Nielson, one of the leading stars at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, this season, and her chief numbers will be operatic selections with orchestral accompaniments. For the soprano solo parts in Hillar's "Song of Victory," Mrs. Faskin Macdonald, of Hamilton, a lady who possesses a dramatic mezzo-soprano voice of exceptional quality, has been secured. The baritone soloist will be Mr. Frederick Weld, of New York. I learn that the subscription lists are this year much in advance of any former one, and there is no doubt that good audiences are assured.

* * *

A paper entitled "The bright side of Harmony," by Dr. Humfrey Anger, is to be read at the annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association, which is being held at Chicago this week. The paper will be read by Mr. Francis L. York, director of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, Dr. Anger's engagements preventing him from leaving the city during the vacation.

* * *

A new composition of a classical nature entitled "The Royal Sonata," the work of a Canadian, Mr. Byron C. Tapley, of St. John, N.B., has been issued by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers Association, and is being printed in England by Charles Sheard & Co., of London. It is not every day that a composition in sonata form is published in Canada or anywhere else, for that matter; the tendency among present day composers is towards a freer style such as is afforded by the tone-poem and the like.

However, I await the receipt of this work with interest, and hope to give a criticism of it in next week's issue.

Mr. Tapley graduated from the Boston Conservatory, and also studied with several distinguished musicians, among whom was the Chevalier DeKontski, who dedicated one of his compositions to his pupil.

* * *

The Toronto Conservatory of Music will re-open after the holidays, on Monday, January 3.

* * *

Miss Olive M. Belyea, graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and pupil of Dr. Albert Ham, has been appointed contralto soloist of St. James Square Presbyterian church.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

An instance of the incredible assurance and ability of Pepito Arriola, the eleven-year-old pianist who makes his American debut this season, was manifested on the occasion of his appearance in London last May. Pepito was to appear in Albert Hall with the Symphony Orchestra, and Chapman and he was to play a Liszt Concerto which he had never before performed in public. On going to the rehearsal, however, they found that the conductor was seriously ill, that no rehearsal of any kind would take place, and that the concert-master of the orchestra, not the conductor, would wield the baton at the concert itself. This was disheartening news and Pepito's mother and Impresario, Daniel Mayer, could not conceal their consternation; but the first to rally, and that quickly, was Pepito himself. He clenched his little hands and smote the table.

"I will play without a rehearsal!"

"But you have never played this concerto before," remonstrated his mother and friends.

"That doesn't matter," answered Pepito, "I know what every instrument in the orchestra has to play in this concerto and I will do it!"

The concert was a tremendous success. After being recalled a score of times and having to add numerous encores, the lights had to be put out before the audience would disperse.

* * *

Jascha Bron, the wonderfully gifted young violinist, who will make his first American tour this season, made his public debut as a violinist before he was seven years old, playing the Seventh Concerto of Rade.

At the age of six, at his urgent request, he was enrolled as a pupil of the Royal Music Conservatory at Kief, his native city, and after he had studied there for six months his teacher arranged for him to appear at one of the Conservatory concerts. Before the concert the Professor was decidedly more nervous over the outcome of his experiment than the child, and, to reassure himself, kept encouraging Jascha, telling him there was no occasion for anxiety, etc.

"I am not afraid of the opinion of the men," gravely replied the child, "only of the monkeys."

By the "monkeys" he may have meant either the critics, or those in the audience who might not be appreciative of good music.

History doesn't relate, but we do know that he received a tremendous ovation after his concerts.

* * *

Kathleen Parlow, the famous young Canadian violinist, who is to come to America in the spring as soloist with the Beecham London Symphony Orchestra, has many interesting episodes to relate regarding her brilliant career.

Born in Canada, as a child she was taken to St. Petersburg by her mother, who carefully watched over her musical destinies, to study under Leopold Auer. After she had passed the age of sixteen, her life in the northern capitol, one of the most musical cities in the world, had many exciting moments for her. Although she was there under the tutelage of an eminent professor and working hard to perfect her wonderful natural gifts, she played almost as much in public as she has since her debut.

Russian society keeps incredibly late hours. In this connection Miss Parlow tells of one particular occasion when the well known editor of the St. Petersburg "New Times," giving an evening party to celebrate his jubilee, asked her to perform at the concert which was to follow. On looking over the long programme, she found her item was timed for three o'clock. Mildly remonstrating that everybody would have left by then, she was told that 2.30 to 3.30 being the best time of the whole programme, was set apart for "star artists!"

* * *

The annual recital by Miss McCutcheon's pupils, at 95 Hayden st., Toronto, took place on Monday, Dec. 27. An interesting programme was given, Miss Jennie Jenkins, elocutionist, and Mr. David, vocalist, assisting.

One of the comic papers of Berlin prints a cartoon under the caption, "An Orchestra of the Future," which includes, besides the conventional instruments, bells of all kinds, a pavement pounder, steamwhistles, grindstones, a "thunder machine," a cannon, a dog, a cat, and near the group of drums children of various ages waiting to be spanked. The cat is made to yowl by a member of the orchestra, who brings the animal's tail in unpleasant contact with a clothes wringer, and the dog to bark by having his caudal extremity stepped upon. "All this may be expected," is said in explanation, "when we see the novelties introduced by the modern musicians."

"After all, there's only one thing absolutely certain in this world." "Indeed. What?" "That fashion will never increase the size of women's shoes, as it does their hats and sleeves."—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think that Greek has much value in modern education?"

"Certainly," answered the young man with a college hat; "the Greek alphabet enables a man to know what frat he belongs to."—Washington Star.

A lad who had just had a tooth extracted requested the privilege of taking it home with him. "I want to put some sugar in it," he said, "and watch it ache."—Tit-Bits.

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Than petals from blown roses on the grass."
—Tennyson

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"In Wildest Africa," by Peter MacQueen, F.R.G.S. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

WITHIN the past year or two several notable books on East and Central Africa have appeared to truly enlighten us regarding the strange native peoples, the marvelous recent developments, and the great potentialities of these wonderful tropical regions. Mr. MacQueen in the volume under consideration contributes a valuable addition to the records made by modern hunters and travellers concerning the country in which Livingstone, Stanley and other celebrated explorers made their most remarkable journeys of discovery. In the autumn of 1907 he left Boston, accompanied by Mr. Peter Dutkenwich, of New York, a professional photographer of wide experience, and, travelling by way of England, reached Zanzibar early in 1908. They traversed Uganda, Victoria Nyanza, the Kilimanjaro region and British East Africa, and made an ascent of the snowfields of Mount Kibo in East Central Africa, one taking notes and the other taking photographs. The result is a most interesting volume, containing over sixty unusually fine illustrations. They travelled through the country described by Winston Churchill in his absorbing book, "My African Journey"—the same country in which ex-President Roosevelt has been hunting.

Fifteen years ago this was wildest Africa indeed. The native tribes lived in nakedness and total ignorance of civilizing influences. There was no protection for the traveller. Travel itself was most difficult. Now the whole country, with the exception of German East Africa and some other foreign colonies, is under British control. Good roads have been made, the wonderful Uganda railway penetrates plain and jungle. Everywhere the strong paternal hand of old England makes for law and

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,
Author of "Jeanne of the Marshes," and a host of other thrilling tales.

order, health and progress. In Zanzibar, the East African Protectorate, Victoria Nyanza, and Uganda, native rulers are left in nominal control, and through the diplomacy which only the English exercise with strange tribes in various parts of the earth, these chiefs collect the hut taxes which are paid to the government, and superintend the road work which all the natives must perform. Indeed no British subject can read this book, written not by a Britisher, but by a fair-minded American, without feeling a thrill of pride "of your race and the work that they have to do." Writing about Entebbe, the English administrative capital of Uganda, he says:

"This part of Africa belongs to Great Britain, and from here to the Mediterranean, including Uganda, the Sudan and Egypt, the whole country is under British control. Every foot on each side of the Nile is English from Victoria Nyanza at Ripon Falls four thousand miles to the Mediterranean. The country contains some of the richest lands upon earth. Egypt has never been so rich as since British possession. The Sudan has vast territories equally fertile, and Uganda at the Nile's source is in some respects the richest of all."

Mr. MacQueen speaks in enthusiastic terms of the men who in a few years have brought about such a wonderful transformation over a great portion of a huge continent. "Here," he writes, "a handful of masterful Englishmen have taken up 'the white man's burden' and borne it under stress unutterable—when mutiny and massacre threatened, surrounded by innumerable savages in the heart of a wild continent; when multitudes were dying around them of the terrible and incurable 'sleeping sickness'; when the bubonic plague crept like a serpent . . . . to reap where the smallpox and fever

MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY,
The young Prince Edward Island author who wrote "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea."

had gathered victims. . . . . And those Englishmen, though stern and severe when necessary, are just and law-abiding in their dealing with the helpless aborigines. No one may strike a native except he be punished by a verdict of a court. . . . . It is a joy to know such men—doughty fighters, hearty, genial hosts, mighty hunters before the Lord, who, for the honor of the English name and flag, and the desire of doing the work given them to do well and faithfully, bear exile in a savage land bravely and cheerily to the end."

Twenty years ago Stanley was four months going from the coast to the lakes—one of which, the Victoria Nyanza, is as large or larger than Lake Superior. Now the distance is made in comfort in forty-eight hours over the Uganda railroad, built by the Imperial government at a cost of twenty-two million dollars. And this road, managed by the government in London, is paying for itself! Millions of dollars are also being spent in opening these countries for trade in other ways, and in stamping out the diseases peculiar to the country. The difficulties in the way of such work are almost inconceivable to Canadians. The least of these perhaps is noted in a humorous way by Mr. MacQueen. When the telegraph line was run through on the Uganda Railway route the natives stole all the copper wire for purposes of female adornment, and the rails and rivets were used to make weapons of war. In the estimation of the tribesmen it seemed as foolish for the English to leave these treasures in the open as it would seem to us if people left diamonds, pearls, and gold watches on gate posts. But this difficulty, like other much greater ones, has been largely overcome.

East and Central Africa swarm with game of all kinds. In many places they are to be seen grazing like domestic animals near the traveller's camp. Mr. MacQueen ccunted in one day 959 head of various kinds near the railway. And as Canada has a game question of her own, it may be interesting here to note the hunting laws enforced by the British government in Africa. In the East African Protectorate the game license is $250, and to hunt in Uganda a fee of $250 more is charged. If Sudan is entered yet another license of $200 must be paid. This makes the license for these three territories $700. In German East Africa the licensing is done in another way. $33.33 is charged for each elephant shot, $10 for each rhinoceros, $6.50 for each buffalo or gnu, and $1 each for smaller game. In British territory on one license the hunter may kill two elephants, two rhinoceroses, two hippopotami, two zebras, six rare antelopes and gazelles, also two of the rare Colobus monkeys and two smaller ones, two male ostriches, two marabous, two aigrets, ten common antelopes and gazelles, ten wildcats, ten jackels, ten wild pigs, two wolves, and two cheetahs. One may kill as many lions, leopards, and crocodiles as he likes without payment.

In conclusion Mr. MacQueen says: "Of all the countries I have visited, no one has made such an appeal to me as Central Africa." He is of the belief that the British possessions there will one day constitute a prosperous white man's empire. Indeed, so quickly is civilization spreading over "wildest Africa," that he urges travellers to hasten there if they desire to see the native tribes in their primal picturesqueness. Roosevelt, he says, went none too soon, for this.

* * *

"Studies in the Old Testament," by George Jackson. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto; $1.00.

Although the noise of the combat in Toronto last winter between the Rev. George Jackson, then pastor of Sherbourne street Methodist church, and the Rev. Dr. Carman, Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, has died away, echoes of the conflict still reverbrate on the hill-sides. Professor Jackson has been given a free hand in teaching according to his lights and his conscience at Victoria College, and while there has been no compromise between the literalists and those favoring intelligent criticism of the Bible, there is peace, at least on the surface, within the Methodist ranks—peace enforced by the wiser and more liberal-minded of the pastors and members of the church. As Mr. Jackson says again and again in his present volume, Bible criticism cannot be stifled; but it may be hoped that unseemly wrangling between the traditionalists and what are called the rationalists will cease. "Studies in the Old Testament" is not a book written as a result of last winter's controversy, and it is not a work that ought to provoke discussion that is not cool and constructive. It consists of half a dozen lectures delivered in 1909 at an American university, and not to divinity students. Mr. Jackson points out that it is worse than folly to ask intelligent men and women to believe absolutely, in the literal truth of the whole Bible. He reminds us that the Bible is not merely a book. It is a library, the work of many hands, the whole surviving literature, indeed, of a people during a long period. It, therefore, includes not only history,

E. V. LUCAS,
Author of "Over Bemerton's."

law, and prophesy, but poetry, legend, and myth as well. In the historical books of the Old Testament we find the writers "quoting their 'authorities' just like an ordinary historian." And in these books are fragments—quotations—of poetry, etc., that must not be confused with the main narrative of fact. For instance, Mr. Jackson notes, the old wonder about Joshua making the sun and the moon stand still is explained by the fact that it is merely a snatch of poetry from "The Book of Jashar," a collection of ballads extoling old Hebrew heroes. "Astronomy," he remarks, "has no more to do with these words than with the singing together of the morning stars, or the fighting of the stars in their courses against Sisera."

As we all know, Mr. Jackson, like all other "higher critics," cannot, for an instant, believe that the first eleven chapters of Genesis record actual phenomena. He cannot believe that David wrote any considerable number of the Psalms or that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, as there is between Abraham and Moses a gulf of time of over a thousand years. In fact, he considers the patriarchs to be very shadowy personages of whose individual existence there is no proof. But to the question, "If we cannot be sure of Abraham, how can we be sure of Christ?" he answers: "Because King Arthur is a shadowy figure, do we doubt the reality of Queen Elizabeth?"

While Mr. Jackson feels it to be the duty of Christians to learn as much as they can about the Bible, and to make known the whole truth revealed by research, he does not see how constructive criticism can in any way affect the essential divinity and authority of the great Book. In several striking ways he illustrates the folly of interpreting every book and passage in the Bible in the same way. The Book of Jonah, he observes, must be classed, not as history, but as parable. "Its author is not a recorder; he is a romancer." There is no difficulty in classifying it. "We are," says Mr. Jackson, "constantly making such classifications for ourselves. For example, the story of the terrible massacre by Indians of the garrison at Fort William Henry, during the long struggle between England and France in North America, has been told by Francis Parkman in his 'Montcalm and Wolfe,' and by Fennimore Cooper in his 'Last of the Mohicans.' The former we call history, the later an histori-

IDA. M. TARBELL,
The noted "muck-raker," whose magazine articles have made Rockefeller and other magnates quake.

cal romance. Why? There is nothing in the title-page of either book to warrant us in making such a distinction. We make it, confidently and correctly, because in each case the character of the contents reveals the class of literature to which each belongs." So with the Book of Jonah; it is imaginative. "Then," continues Mr. Jackson, "some one will ask, 'Is the Book of Jonah true?' But what do you mean by 'true'? If you mean *historically* true, the answer is: No, it is not, and it was never meant to be, and when we so read it we are misinterpreting the writer's own evident intention. But is there no kind of truth save historical truth? Is 'The Pilgrim's Progress' true? If it means, did there once live a man whose name was Christian, who dwelt in the City of Destruction, and fell in the Slough of Despond, and fought with Apollyn in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, all of which places you may find on a map?—if this is what the question means, then, of course, 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is not true; but as a symbol of the soul's experience in its quest for light and peace, it is true, eternally true."

And by properly classifying the books of the Bible, by admitting what is actual fact, what is symbolical, what is legend, infidels are, points out Mr. Jackson, at once disarmed and unable to scoff at the whole Christian church because its faith is supposed to be based on the belief of such incidents as that of Jonah and the whale. And he assures us that every part of the Bible is of religious worth in some form or another. In this connection he takes a fling at Dr. Goldwin Smith in a way that is so novel as to be refreshing. He points out flaws in the latter's essay on "The Church and the Old Testament," which he observes is "mournful reading." He also thinks that in "No Refuge But in Truth," Dr. Smith exposes himself in the light of a positively ignorant would-be censor. The old vindictive Psalms, Mr. Jackson admits, are scarcely suitable for use in churches to-day, but he says they must be properly interpreted before being contemned. He cites the rendering of the 137th Psalm—"By the Rivers of Babylon"—by the Mendelssohn choir as showing it to be "the throb of a nation's heart."

These rather rambling references to Mr. Jackson's book and the broken quotations from it do not, perhaps, do justice to the work, or give as clear an idea as could be wished of the attitude of this now rather celebrated "higher critic." Let me add then, that the volume is optimistic though critical—one to be read with profit by every serious man. And let me repeat that it is, above everything, sincere.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE,
Author of a new book on the Congo.

* * *

"Anne of Avonlea," by L. M. Montgomery. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and Wm. Briggs, Toronto; $1.50.

There are some literary critics whose reviews are more entertaining than informing, and I regard Mr. Kerfoot, of Life, as one of these. But what he says of this book strikes me as being a judgment so exact, so excellent that I make no apology—except to Mr. Kerfoot—in reproducing it as being my own opinion expressed with most admirable deftness:

"Any one who has to do with dogs knows that between their irresistible puppyhood, when humans of all ages love them, and their comradely maturity, when human grown-ups chum with them, there is an interval during which children avoid them, grown-ups lose patience with them and they would be quite neglected did not idealistic youth lead them about with a string around their necks. So, at times, with books. Last year we met 'Anne of Green Gables,' an irresistible child-woman, and loved her. Some day—who knows?—we may meet her full grown and chum with her. But 'Anne of Avonlea,' by L. M. Montgomery, is Anne betwixt and between—a book for girls."

Miss Montgomery is one of the most promising of younger Canadian writers, but "Anne of Avonlea," to tell the truth, is commonplace, if pretty. This bright Prince Edward Island girl has done much better work, and will do more. It may be added that Life's judgment of her latest work is here reproduced not only for the reason that it is a fair one smartly worded, but because it is unprejudiced—for Canadian reviewers are often accused of being prejudiced—sometimes for, sometimes against—Canadian books. HAL.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

An odd work was sold in London the other day. It was one of six copies of "Don Quixote" which were printed throughout on very thinly cut sheets of cork. They were brought from the Barcelona Press this year. The two small folio volumes weigh a little less than 16 ounces each. The binding is also of cork. This copy brought $50.

* * *

Mr. H. G. Wells, in addition to completing his scenario for his play "When the Sleeper Wakes," is writing a preface to what is called a remarkable transcript from the "Life of a Bath Chairman," a very poor man.

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The Sexton's Tale.

(*Continued from page 5.*)

flash of his sword and the reek of the blood mist?"

The seventh son of a seventh son I was, and all know what that means. Aye, well as the ghost-lassie's self could I see the bonnie fight, letting my eyes follow the line of her taper finger. My body seemed to crumple and shrink, the inward fire grew fierce and bright and steady. So near was I to the other world, for that brief spell, that Mistress Lucy came close and slipped her wee hand into mine; for the naked souls of men are friendly, and 'tis only our lumpish shroud of clay that frightens the ghosties from us.

Good hap! 'Twas a battle worth the seeing. There was a steep face of rock, set fair in the middle of the picture. Great guns belched out from the top of it, and from the higher ground above. Men shot with muskets, or struck with pike and bayonet, to keep the climbing crowd from winning up the rock face. Foremost of those who climbed was young Squire Daneholme, his sword whirling free as chaff at threshing time; and like a miracle it was to see him pass the raining bullets, the wall of pikes, to see him clamber over the top, and continue smiting, and drive the keepers of the rock before him.

"'Twas featly done!" murmured Miss Lucy, with a closer grip of my hand. "But, oh! I want him back. I want him back, Sexton! If he should fall out there, and never learn that I am waiting for him here in Marshcotes kirkyard!"

A little while longer the vision held, until young Squire and his men were returned from slaughter and pursuit, until they had spiked the heavy guns. And then the night came down between the sky and me; and when I looked again, little Mistress Lucy had gone, leaving me sore with loneliness. Well, when the news-sheet reached the Marshcotes tavern, a week after, it was big with talk of Marlborough and the victory he had won at Blenheim; and I hearkened to old Squire Heaton reading it out loud in the bar to all the folk; and I knew, well as if he had read that out, too, that it was this fight at Blenheim which Mistress Lucy and Sexton Thewlis had watched from Marshcotes kirkyard.

Aye, aye! 'Twould be a long tale, my masters, and one that might pass your patience, if I told you all that the lassie and Sexton Thewlis saw, of fight and turmoil, all through the time that followed. It made a younger man of me, for I was aye friendly to that which made against law and peace, as any whole-bodied man is like to be. I tell ye, there was news in news-sheets then, before German George came to make prayer-jugs and snivellers of us all; and taverns were rare and busy every Saturday night, when one of the gentlefolk sat himself down in the big chair by the hearth and read how battle and skirmish were won by the good Queen's lads. Yet did I—and Mistress Lucy—know more than any news-sheet of them all could tell us, for we had watched Ramillies, and Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, with many a lesser skirmish, from the old kirkyard. And this we knew—what the news-sheets began to talk of—that in all Marlborough's army there was none that bore himself so gallantly as young Squire Daneholme. Whatever was toward, we saw him aye the foremost; and he fought like one that never had a body at all to be hit with pike, or shot, or bayonet.

Well, I've seen sorry sights in plenty, and I've hearkened to some queer tales; but the queerest and the sorriest of them all, to my thinking, was the way that the little mistress watched, night in night out, yond strip of moor-framed sky which showed us the pictures. It like as it seemed to comfort the bairn to have one by that had the second-sight; so I fell to watching with her as regular as nightfall, and she grew fond, so to say, of Sexton Thewlis, and she would talk and talk of young Squire till the tears would stand that thick in my een I could scarce read the sky. For she was frightened like any mortal wench, ye see, when danger came anigh the lad; and it softened a tough heart to know that it could matter little to her whether Squire Daneholme lived or died.

Aye, but maybe it mattered, after all! For there are things, my masters, that neither ye nor me can reckon up this side of the oaken planks. Life's pity, but the night is shrewd! And the old sorrows seem to shiver in and among these dripping kirkyard grasses; and 'tis time I neared an end, lest ye delicate-nurtured Southern folk should suck up an ague from the graves.

Well, then, there came a night at last—four years it was since first I had speech of dead Mistress Heaton—when there was no picture of war or peace, to be seen in the dark moorland sky. And the lassie crept very close to my side, slipping her hand into mine.

"Sexton Thewlis," says she, "has he died out yonder, think'st thou? Sexton, tell me he is not dead! So thick they lie out there, and 'tis a far journey across sea to Marshcotes kirkyard."

"'Tis not such as he that die, lassie," says I, very quiet, for there was a life's experience in the word. "He wears what we call 'sad man's luck,' and, not having a use for his life, he cannot lose it though he tries."

"Ah, but the sky is so dumb! How many nights have we watched, Sexton, and always seen a picture—sometimes of war, sometimes of peace—but always a picture!"

"Then look ye," Mistress," says I, and she falls to shaking like a tender aspen-tree as she looks the way I point.

For there, clear as could be on our strip of murky sky, a great ship came plunging, as it were, through an angry press of waves. We could see the sails stretched tight to breaking point, and the helm churning the sea to froth, and the figure of young Squire Daneholme standing beside the steersman, with a weary, weary look in his een, and a sort of greyness over his face that never comes but once to a man.

I held my breath, and glanced at little Mistress, and felt myself go weak with pity; but it was none of Sexton Thewlis's business to tell her the meaning of yond greyness. For Death, ye see, moves alway with a grey shadow in front of him—a dullish sort of grey, such as ye see in a thunder-sky when the worst sort of storm has passed. But Mistress Lucy clapped her poor, thin hands together, like a bairn at summer play, and told me that Squire was coming back to Marshcotes; and I, being wise in my own conceit, pitied her the more, thinking that the lad's rede was all spelled out and that he would die on board that very ship—and all men know that never a man has risen to seek his mate from such wet graves as the shiftless seas can give.

The days passed, and a spell of warm weather came with the new moon. And I went about my business with a quiet sort of pleasure in seeing this little garden-place of mine look so green and trim. Then, too, Mistress Lucy was so prank-some-light of spirit when we met o' nights, that I, who was ever soft as wax in the lassie's hands, took on a cheerfulness from hers. And so the time wagged, till the last scene of all was played.

Twelve o'clock, it might be, of a rare June morning. I was planting some sprigs of ladslove round the Heaton vault—little Mistress being aye kindly toward the lovesome herb—when there came a shouting and a cheering from Marshcotes street. I finished my planting, and ran out to see what was afoot, and saw Squire Daneholme riding up the street, with a press of men and bairns about him. He wore a long-ish cloak, and under it a soldier's dress that had once shown a brave front to the world, before sea-water and fresh had had their will of it.

Well, he stopped when he reached the tavern door—yond black old tavern, masters, with its roof low-sloping to the kirkyard here. The landlord came bustling out, his ruddy face shining in the sun, and a half-cleaned pewter mug in his round, fat fist.

"Turn thy taps on, friend," says the Squire, with a great laugh. "I have come to my own again after the war, and I would have no man's throat in Marshcotes go dry to bed this night."

And then he looks sharp up toward the kirkyard and sees me standing there.

"Squire," says I, "God give ye peace, for the bravest lad in Yorkshire."

And, "Sexton," says he, with another laugh, "come thou and wet thy whistle likewise. Was I like to be killed over-sea, when I had sworn that none but old Thewlis should have the burying of me?"

So I knew then. For his laugh rang fey, and there was a hinder-speech to the forefront of his words—a sad speech and a quiet, which none of all the shouting folk could understand. They would have him go indoors with us all and set the cups a-flowing; so he steps inside, still laughing, and drinks a stoup of Hollands to the health of all good Marshcotes folk, and goes his way again, riding hard as if the fiend were tugging at his curb-rein.

The day wore on, and all save Sexton Thewlis drank boot-sole deep. But I was of a sober mind, for I could in no way shake off the thought of the grey death-mist that had hugged Squire Daneholme closer than a shroud. The sun set red and the moon rose pale, all about the kirkyard, as I walked among the lonely graves, there piped a little peewish wind from across the western moor.

On a sudden the wicket gate swung loose. I looked across and saw Squire's tall, bony figure stride over to the Heaton vault; and then he lay him down and never so much as lifted his head or moved a limb. And I was dumb-stricken, too, waiting for what would come of this. From below yonder there came a noise of revelling; but up here it was still and pensive, save for that little western breeze. A curlew shrilled from over the moor, a white owl hooted now and again from the kirk steeple, and that was all.

The moon had climbed into the topmost branches of yond thorn-bush before aught chanced to break the spell. I had rested my head in my hands and dropped into a drear marsh of thought, when I heard a cry of "Lucy, Lucy!" from the vault-stone—and looked—and saw the little Mistress fondling the Squire's face with her poor, slim hands. And then—why, my masters, 'tis not for such as ye or me to pry into these matters. I slipped away, dumb of tread, and left them to it. And when I came again, at the setting of the moon, there was Squire Daneholme laid on the vault, with the greyness gone from his face and the last sleep of all set tender as a lassie's kiss upon it.

Eh, well! 'Tis an old tale now, and thirty years have passed, and now old Squire Heaton has come to join the quiet folk. And 'twill be my turn soon. Well, I've seen Dutch William's days, and I've seen the spell of brightness that Queen Anne brought with her, and now there seems naught to look forward to at all, seeing that German George can no way be shaken from his ill-gotten throne. And maybe I lack the little Mistress, and 'tis time I was free of the loneliness—for she never came to slip her hand in mine, poor bairn, after I laid young Squire to sleep beside her.

Come, my masters! Ye are little used to this drear spot, and methinks the old tales set ye trembling. So get ye gone, for 'tis time that Sexton Thewlis picked up his tools and made for home. What say ye? Is there no sobbing cry of "Lucy, Lucy!" through the kirkyard? Well, then, is there not like to be?

The Aristocrat: "No, go away; I never give to beggars."
The Commoner: "Madam, you mistake; I am no beggar. All I ask is the simple loan of an onion."

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THE OTHER PAGE

IT'S a popular delusion shared by any number of people who ought to know better that the first day of a new year is a suitable occasion upon which to try a fall with Fate in order to see which is the stronger.

With this purpose in view, and armed with an unusual sense of self-respect, the average person makes a formal pact with himself to do in the future something different to what he has done in the past. The list of things to be found under the heading of "mistakes to be rectified" may range in importance from a determination to stop what may really be a course of grave error to limiting oneself to one cup of tea at breakfast. Nothing is too big, nothing too small, to play a part in this business of resolution-making. Swearing off is as much a custom at the New Year, as the eating of plum pudding at Christmas, and even more injurious, for it merely serves to convince the majority of people that when it comes to making up their minds they are wholly incapable of following the course of action they have laid out for themselves.

At this season of the year one takes as naturally to reform as a duck does to water, and one stays in just about as long as the other. With the coming of the New Year it's a habit to "buck up" and determine to do better. On the first day of January it's customary to gaze upon the rest of the year as a spotless page which it is a duty to keep in its gleaming purity. Hardly anyone stops to think that the year consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, any one of which will do just as well for a turning point. On January 1st, glowing with the consciousness of good intentions, man is willing to deny himself anything, and in the first enthusiasm of the moment many a smoker, to take but one instance, has thrown away his pipes and decided that the comforting weed shall be no more his solace and his cheer. Women, being more practical, but equally fond of reform, seldom burn their bridges behind them, but wait to see what the morrow will bring forth. As usual the expected happens, and good intentions scatter like snow before the sun. Enthusiasm dwindles as January grows older, and by the time it has counted two weeks, the chances are that there are as many good resolutions broken as ever were made. What's the use of playing the same old farce year after year, and solemnly assuring ourselves that we will do that which, in our secret hearts, we must know we won't do? Why not select Dominion Day as the turning point in our tender young lives? Or if July is too hot a month for resolution to thrive, there are lots of other anniversaries from which we may select, including March 17th and Labor Day. There's nothing magical about the first day of January which can make or mar our good intentions. Besides, everyone knows that just as soon as anything is forbidden it immediately begins to assume mammoth proportions until it becomes the one really desirable thing in the world. Pass an ordinance making a cold in the head a forbidden disease, and immediately the sale of pocket handkerchiefs will increase tenfold. Tell a man Scotch whisky is the best possible thing in which to pickle himself, and he will at once decide that lemonade, or something else, has a better flavor and is more suited to his constitution. Doom a man to matrimony and he will struggle to join the celibates; forbid him a wife and he will wish to become a Mormon.

It may seem strange, but it's certainly true, that if a man is forced into crime he will begin to yearn for smug respectability and a pew in church. Give him his heart's desire and he immediately loses his interest in it. In view of these fairly well established facts it seems almost logical to come to the conclusion that the only right way to manage the reform business is by deciding against reformation. It might be even worth venturing, as a mild experiment undertaken in the cause of humanity, to decide to do something nice and frivolous that one has always wanted to do, just on a chance of its resulting in a revulsion of feeling and a swift return to the very middle of the path of virtue.

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"ALL that glisters is not gold"—at least not always, but who could believe that Shakespeare's time-worn dictum could be applied correctly to the golden dinner service of a multi-millionaire's widow?

For more years than most people care to remember, Mrs. Astor was the reigning queen of New York society. For a long time she and the august Ward McAllister ruled social aspirants with a rod of iron and decreed who should and who should not be admitted into that sacred circle composing New York's Four Hundred. To eat a dinner served on Mrs. Astor's gold plate was to be indeed among the elect, the most vaulting ambition of the most aspiring Westerner could go no higher—it even satisfied the aspirations of his daughter. To be on Mrs. Astor's visiting list, and above all to be invited to sit around a dinner table in the reflected glow of Mrs. Astor's gold plate was to reach the summit of the social pinnacle.

Now it has been revealed, that in her lifetime, Mrs. Astor used plate that was not gold, but merely silver gilt, and that gold-plated knives and forks were also purchased by her. The truth has come out in the process of valuing the late Mrs. Astor's possessions, and not only has her famous dinner service proved to be vastly other than it was supposed, but her wonderful pearls have been discovered to be largely imitations, and many of her other well-known possessions to be shams. This, an expert says, is not at all unusual and that fake jewels play a large part in the collections of many well-known women. Gold plate, too, is often merely silver-gilt because eighteen carat gold would be too soft for such a purpose. According to this same expert, sham jewelry, and imitations of various sorts are widely used by "the best people," who are content to wear copies and leave the originals at home.

It seems as if no commentary were needed, but surely there is a distinct parallel to be drawn between the wearers of what they know to be imitation, and the society in which they find themselves. Whatever glitters most receives the largest share of notice. To drop into the vernacular one needs only to "make a noise like money" to be taken at a high financial valuation.

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OUIDA'S grave has been beautified. The spot where she lies in her beloved Italy, the picturesque English cemetery at the Bagni di Lucca, has been covered with a monument well designed and carried out. To the present generation the announcement will convey little of interest but to the women who were young thirty odd years ago, the very name of Ouida recalls wonderful fairy-like tales of charming ladies and chivalric guardsmen; of women whose beauty inspired heroic deeds, and of men who combined the tastes of the sybarite with the energy of Napoleon and the ability of Julius Cæsar rolled into one. It was in the late mid-Victorian period that Ouida flourished at her best, and turned out those marvellous tales of impossible happenings from amid which, even at this day, the fate of little Cigarette is still sorrowfully remembered. Nowadays, the young person has too much to occupy her to find leisure moments to spend surreptitiously dipping into Ouida's stories. If she wants to study the sordid facts of life she declines to take them with the veneer of society to make the details less displeasing. There are lots of realists nowadays who can go poor Ouida many better in the way of a plain statement of what is, but should not be. Ouida is no longer taken seriously, and it is only in the memory of the older generation that she is cherished, and there simply because she once lent a certain forbidden enjoyment to youthful days, for in her time she was regarded as furnishing rather too much seasoning for the youthful palate.

Her life was full, and her death was more or less of a tragedy in its utter desolation and loneliness. She lived beyond her day. She neglected to die before she was forgotten. Now, memory has reawakened and this monument sculptured by Professor Guiseppe Norfini, is a tribute from a few to the memory of a woman who, in her time pleased many and in her death disturbed none.

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ONCE more woman steps into the limelight in a new role—this time as a successful thief-catcher. Not long ago it happened that Detective Michael Golden was appointed to guard some premises in a small town not far from New York, and his wife, fearing he would be lonely during the long night watches, elected to go and spend some hours with him. And it's good for Detective Golden that she did, for close to midnight, on one occasion, three bold, bad, burglars broke into the building and proceeded to do all sorts of unmannerly things to Mrs. Golden's other half. Thanks to Mr. Golden's revolver, he had somewhat the best of the fracas, but the odds still looked against him, when the tables were turned by the lady who shares his name. Did she lose her head, or faint, or scream? Well not worth noticing, in spite of the theories of women's weakness advanced by the comic papers, and the man who thinks only his sex should vote. Did she fall in a heap and let "hubby" meet his foes without reinforcement? Not on your life did Mrs. Golden do any of these accepted feminine things. Instead, she picked up a heavy stick and waded right in to do all the assisting one poor woman could do in a thoroughly genuine mix-up, and all by her own little self she laid out one man with a vigorous thump on his head, and also paid more or less attention to the others. Militant methods, weren't they? Yet she got praised for employing them. It's a curious thing, isn't it, that militant methods employed by a woman on behalf of some one else are all right? It's only when she uses them to get something for herself that they become all wrong. Anyway, the burglars in this case were so badly broken up that they are at present distributed between hospital and prison, and Mr. Golden has paid tribute to his wife's prowess by admitting that without her assistance he would probably have come off second best in the encounter.

Evidently this burglar business has another side, for in New York the other day, when a couple of enterprising members of the profession successfully cracked a safe, a woman acted as their "look-out" and warned her pals of the approach of strangers. Undoubtedly women are developing in every way. No one can accuse them of standing still, although there do seem to be instances in which, like the crab, they are progressing backwards.

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ANY job has its drawbacks, but being a King or a Viceroy under certain conditions beats almost anything else in the matter of unpleasantness. An unwelcome ruler nowadays gets so many bombs thrown at him that he ought to wear chain armour and a base ball catcher's mask when he sets out to be a target for a disgruntled populace. Lord Minto, who has been the object of unwelcome attentions in India lately, might find such a costume uncomfortable during the hot weather, but an ounce of prevention goes further than a pound of cure especially when an expert pitcher shows signs of getting a ball filled with piric acid over the plate. It was bad enough for Lord Minto when people were just content to throw things, but of late it has been hinted that the Vice-Regal training table has been interfered with, and some hanger-on in the culinary department "got at." Anyway, fourteen members of the Vice-Regal household in India have been poisoned, and while the official explanation is contained in the word "ptomaine" the occurrence has made many people look wise and fear further disaster.

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A CORRESPONDENT who is evidently no friend of dogs has written to ask me what I think of women who make them into household pets, and moreover and above all, have been known to kiss their canine favorites. At the risk of being misunderstood, I can't help saying that although I have never kissed a dog, I would far rather do it than embrace some human beings I have seen kissing dogs than in kissing each other. The perfunctory embrace between two women who admit they have no regard for one another, seems a far more despicable thing than kissing a dog—although, mind, I hold no brief for the dog when it comes to caresses.

To me, dogs are the most faithful of friends, the best of companions and the most dependable of associates. I would rather trust to a dog's affection than to the gushing protests of some people. Indeed, from the dog's point of view, it is just possible that the offence that lies in a woman kissing a dog is not altogether one-sided. It is idiotic, of course, to call a dog silly names, but it is an insult to his intelligence to address him in "baby talk." As for kissing a dog—well, we must all remember that "tastes differ," as the old lady said when she embraced her cow. It is comforting to remember that when a silly woman is busy kissing her dog, she is keeping out of some other form of trouble, and that a dog has always been willing to suffer instead of his master. Really, my advice would be for every man with a foolish wife to keep a black and tan, or some other canine trifle, about the house. It should save him a lot of annoyance.

Goldsmith, it may be remembered, once put in verse the tragedy of a man and a dog and—"the dog it was that died."

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"KNOCKING" is the most congenial as well as the most popular of pastimes. Only in one place can man expect to escape from it, and that is on his tombstone. Even then he isn't safe if he hasn't made his will to suit his widow. Knocking is carried on in every known language, and the chances are that the game was first started in the Garden of Eden when Adam and Eve got to criticising each other's home-made costumes; and has been carried on ever since. There are mighty few people who aren't members of the International Knockers' Club, whether they know it or not, and it's dollars to doughnuts no association ever had as large a membership, with so small a waiting list.

The world has got hold of the wrong idea of knocking, and confuses scandal-mongers and traducers in general with the purely legitimate occupation of using one's friends as material for interesting conversation. It's better to be the subject of an epigram than an epitaph, and the man must indeed have a grievance that is too deep-seated for good companionship to remove it, if he objects to being used as he in his time has used many another. The knocker of knocking knows nothing of the gentle art he condemns. Once he understands that underlying it is the principle of the sacrifice of the individual for the general good, perhaps he will be willing to allow the precept to be put in practice at his expense.

The really artistic knocker is a prince of entertainers and a conversationalist of undisputed charm. What savor would there be in ordinary discourse were it forbidden to hold one's neighbor up for painless vivisection? Were spiteful remarks taboo, the art of conversation would speedily die and gesticulation might take the place of speech. That in itself might be a blessing, but it would be so thoroughly disguised that no one would vote in its favor were a plebiscite taken. Everyone must admit that it would be dull to the point of extinction for the poor suburbanite who was forbidden the luxury of discussing the "goings on" of the "Lady across the Way," or the domestic affairs of that "Woman next Door," as it would be to the Club man deprived of the luxury of making observations on the world as he sees it pass before the club window.

If knocking went out of fashion, there would be no more conversation; unless of the deadly dull variety—no more memoirs save those too uninteresting to read. Even religious belief would be tampered with for it would no longer be the thing to discuss the foibles of his Satanic Majesty himself, while etiquette would insist that the reputation of Nero should have no more blots thrown upon its already jet black surface. Knocking must be general or else it must be stopped. It would be manifestly unfair to select a few historic or semi-historic personages for airy and irreverent discussion for we would have to take them at the valuation of their contemporaries. Besides working out on the same plan, we would have to leave our reputations in the hands of those who come after us, and they are bound to mete out less justice than those who share our weaknesses and know from personal experience just what one is up against.

Small talk, like small change, is necessary if one is to get through the day successfully, and without knocking, the supply of the former wouldn't be anything like big enough to equal the demands made upon it.

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THE sentimental young person who yearns to inspire a burning affection in the heart of her beloved had best beware. A more frigid love is slightly more desirable if one takes the point of view of a young widow, now unfortunately no more, who was so dearly loved by a would-be suitor that he determined to let the whole world know of his devotion. In order to accomplish this he called on the lady one evening recently with two companions, and with their assistance bound her hand and foot, soaked her clothing in gasoline, and then lighted her as if she had been a cigarette. It might be added by way of explanation that the lady had rejected his suit and that he himself, to judge from his name, was a Mexican. Undoubtedly a less fiery affection would have suited the widow quite as well, and would have certainly been more comfortable even had it been less picturesque. Romance is all right in its way, but when combined with roasting, it certainly leaves something to be desired. Better far be satisfied with the sturdy regard of a practical youth whose idea of devotion runs in the direction of theatre tickets and chocolates. Heroines are all very nice to read about, but being one might be uncomfortable. And as for marrying a hero, why, any man who makes his way against the difficulties that beset his path, and fights a good fight wherever he finds himself, is just as much a hero, even though he wear "reach me downs," and a paper collar, as any gentle knight of Arthur's Court.

MADAME.

LADY BORDEN.

The wife of Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, is one of the most popular of Ottawa hostesses, and possesses a large circle of friends.

TORONTO SOCIETY

A QUIET wedding took place at Holy Trinity church, Winnipeg, on Wednesday evening, December 15, at seven o'clock, when Miss Margaret Maud Fawcett was married to Mr. Thomas Seymour Coppinger, of Morden. The ceremony was performed by the Venerable Archdeacon Fortin. Mr. Robert Hamilton, Mayor of Emerson, cousin of the bride, gave her away. The bride was gowned in ivory silk crepe over taffeta, with Irish lace trimmings, and was attended by Miss Alice MacDermid, of Winnipeg, and the groom by his brother, Mr. Harold Coppinger, of Treherne, Man. After the ceremony, the wedding party drove to the Royal Alexandra, where refreshments were served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Coppinger left on the 10.30 train for the south. Mrs. Coppinger is a niece of the late Charles C. Kyle, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brydges, of Winnipeg, are this week in town on a holiday visit and are being entertained by their appreciative Toronto friends everywhere. They are stopping at the King Edward.

The influx of a number of attractive visitors in town this week has added greatly to the gaiety of various circles, and luncheons, dinners and teas have been going on in a perfect whirl once Christmas was over. Dances every night, sometimes two or three, and impromptu entertainments, theatre parties and gay little suppers at hotel, restaurant or home, have been the order of day and night. One scarcely ever remembers so bright a Yuletide and New Year's week. Apart from the festivities for not-outs, there have been so many for brides, visitors and just "oorsels," that I am afraid I shall forget to chronicle the half of them.

AN ENGLISH BRIDE.

The Marchioness of Anglesey, whose marriage to Mr. John Gilliat, son of the late Mr. Howard Gilliat, of Hovington Hall, Warwickshire, has aroused much interest in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Morden were in town last week, *en route* from Palm Beach to Huntsville, where they spent Christmas with the Mordens, *pere et mere*, They went down to New York for New Year's eve, the greatest of all days and nights in Gotham, and had some friends for supper in the New Astor Cafe, the most wildly expensive and besieged spot in New York on the dying day of 1909. New Year's eve is a time never to be forgotten by those who pass it in the hilarity, crazy stunts, and general feasting and diamond displaying of the millionaires and their ambitious imitators.

Mr. W. C. Muir spent Christmas in Toronto, and returned to New York last Sunday night. Mr. Herbert Kingston was up from Ottawa for Christmas with his people. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cameron also came up from the Capital for a Christmas visit to Mr. Irving Cameron, 307 Sherbourne Street. Mr. Clifford Brown spent Christmas with his people here, and has gone to New York for the New Year.

Mr. Crosthwaite arrived from Winnipeg on a Christmas visit to Mr. and Mrs. Mann on December 30, and joined his wife and three fine children in celebrating Christmas at Fallingbrook. Mr. and Mrs. Brydges and Mr. and Mrs. Crosthwaite were among the guests at the dance at Benvenuto on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews and Miss Ina Matthews are going on a trip to the Mediterranean in a few days.

On Monday evening high Christmas carnival was held at the home of Mr. Cecil Gibson, in St. Alban street, where Mrs. Gibson received some half-hundred young folks, debutants, and "not-outs," garbed in any quaint or fascinating costume their fancy suggested, who were bidden to dance and sup and make merry amid holly and mistletoe and Christmas greens, glowing rosy lights, and flaming scarlet poinsettia blooms, to their heart's content. Mrs. John Wright and Mrs. Strachan Johnston, Professor and Mrs. Lang, Miss Lottie Phillips, Colonel Stimson, and one or two others were friends who dropped in to enjoy the gay scene, and Miss Rosamond Boultbee, Miss Violet Lee, Miss Lulu Crowther, and Mr. Stuart Greer came on from the Brouse dance about supper-time. Among the handsome costumes was Miss Marjory Haskins, Zingara, in which the brilliant beauty of this fine girl shone at its best. Miss Marion Gibson, the dainty little daughter of the house, was in white with gold embroidered bolero, a little art treasure in chiffons picked up abroad by the late Countess D'Ajaeuxo, her aunt. As the "Merry Widow," she suited to a "T" her brother Alec, who was very smart indeed as the Prince. Miss Phyllis Moffatt had another "little bit of all right" in her Hollandish costume, direct from the land o' dykes and idealized cow-culture. Her fair hair and pretty eyes suited it very well. Miss Marion Bath was in Oriental garb, a little figure strayed from some latticed harem, very childish and dainty in her soft white silk costume and tiny red slippers and fez. Little Miss Wright, daughter of Mr. Harry Wright, was exactly suited with her smart pale blue peasant gown and white cap. Miss Wishart was an Albanian girl, with red jupe and red velvet cap. Miss McLeod was an Italian peasant girl, dancing with a gorgeous cavalier in velvet and satin. Mr. Bob Davidson could give a South Sea cannibal points in facial make-up, and was truly terrifying in mien. Mr. Gzowski was a sufficiently funny clown, and besides these few mentioned, there were many others whose identity was thoroughly disguised. At eleven o'clock the supper appeared in the modern magical manner, all ready on quartette tables, and the young folks' gay chatter, jeering comments on each other's get-up, soft voiced flattery for some particular favorite, the popping of musical bon-bons, and the subsequent bedlam of whistles, mouth-organs, and such infantile instruments, had a truly Yuletide tone. The wide, old-fashioned rooms were fine for the dance, and it was certainly an "awfully lovely party."

Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer entertained at dinner on Monday evening, and among the guests were General and Mrs. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison, and the Home-Davidson wedding party. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houston, of Ottawa, are spending the holidays at Glenedyth.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Mara announce the engagement of their second daughter, Miss Suzanne Mara, and Mr. Lewis Saurin McMurray, son of Mrs. James T. McMurray. Both the young people are very highly esteemed in Toronto, and it is hoped they will permanently reside here after their marriage which will not take place before the end of next summer, according to present plans.

Mr. Herbert Tappan spent Christmas with his wife's people in Chestnut Park road, where Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Matthew had two or three friends for dinner to join the family party on Christmas night.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxtone-Graham and Mr. Hixie were in town this week from Scotland, and old friends entertained them with holiday cheer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisk, of Montreal, spent Christmas in town, the guests of Mr. Beardmore at Chudleigh. Mrs. Fisk assisted her brother in kindly hospitalities at the "Good Wishes" dance last night at Chudleigh.

Mrs. Vincent Greene is at Montreux (not Montreal, as the printers located her last week). She writes glowing accounts of gay doings in Switzerland, and I hope the unprecedented warm wave which changed snow and ice into rushing water has not completely spoiled her enjoyment of the usually splendid outdoor sports.

Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Sydney Greene sent their Christmas greetings from Paris to their Toronto friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Magann are going abroad directly. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee and Miss Violet Lee are going to Italy in the spring.

The brides-elect and their friends are entertaining and being entertained every day. Miss Gret Haney's marriage next Thursday, Miss Helen Davidson's on next Wednesday, and Miss Elsie Sankey's on the twelfth are the events which are responsible for many pleasant functions. Major Home and his brother Captain Home arrived in town last week, with two officers, Captain Cole and Captain Moncrieff, who will be of the bridal party next Wednesday. Major and Mrs. Bickford are also of Colonel and Mrs. Davidson's house party, and they all saw to it that Christmas was a record-breaker for jolly and delightful fun. Some of the young friends of the bride-elect "surprised" the house party one evening last week and had a happy time.

The home circle at the residence of Major Michie was saddened on Christmas Eve by the passing away of the aged mother, who had been very ill and frail for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cantlie and their little son had been down from Winnipeg for some days, so that Mrs. Cantlie saw something of her mother before her decease. Miss Ephie Michie is with her sister, Mrs. Stuart, at Mission City, B.C.—too far to get home in time, when her mother's condition became alarming. All who knew the pretty old lady, whose nature was as sweet as her face, are deeply sympathetic with her children in their bereavement.

Canon Cayley and his daughters are at Preston Springs.

Dr. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Fisher and party are at the Welland, St. Catharines, and will return at the beginning of the New Year.

The first dance at Government House since His Honor and Mrs. Gibson began their occupancy, took place on Wednesday evening, when a very bright gathering of the young set enjoyed four hours of dancing with perfect floor and music and so many partners that there was always a row of male wallflowers decorating the conservatory or solacing themselves in the smoking room. Although some of the girls were on their third night's dancing, they kept it up with unabated vigor until one-fifteen, when with three cheers and "God Save the King" the dance ended. The vagaries of the electric lights upstairs, which went out just as the ladies were prinking before going down to be received, were the occasion of a good deal of fun, but numberless candelabra with wax candles were immediately on hand, and presently the current came on again and all was lovely once more. His Honor and Mrs. Gibson received in the east drawing room, Mrs. Gibson wearing a rich black evening gown with deep V-shaped guimpe of white, and a lovely cluster of mauve orchids; jet ornaments and chain completed the toilette. The greeting given by this experienced hostess was quietly cordial, and during the evening His Honor and Mrs. Gibson moved about among their young guests with a watchful eye that no one should be neglected. Mr. Hope Gibson, in his blue facings, Miss Gibson and Miss Meta in white frocks, the elder wearing satin-striped chiffon and the younger white *crepe de soie* lightly touched with black, Major Macdonald and Captain Young were a busy house party, all looking after their friends unceasingly. The orchestra played just inside the conservatory at the west door, a much preferable arrangement to the old platform in the ballroom, and every dance was encored several times. A buffet with refreshments in the dining room was served all the evening, and supper came on about half-past eleven. There were a few married couples, but most of the guests were young folks. Among the former were Major and Mrs. Layborn, Captain and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Captain and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood of Hamilton. Mrs. Eastwood is perhaps the handsomest of Senator W. Gibson's attractive daughters, and looked stunning in white satin and pearl bugle stole-bertha, with a very smart coiffure ornament. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hammond, the lady in the smartest gown of golden brown satin with gold trimmings; Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone Aylesworth, Mrs. C. W. Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, the latter in white satin; Professor and Mrs. Lang, the lady in white satin; Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland. A few of the young folks were Miss Grace Mackenzie of Benvenuto, in a dream of a gown, and her guest, Miss Pearson, in black, with smart jet ornaments; Miss Kay in pale pink, Miss B. Cawthra, Miss Jessie Johnstone, Miss Jean Alexander, Miss Ina Matthews in pale pink, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer in pink, and Miss Julia Cayley in pale blue, Miss Gysey Grasett, Miss Garrow, Miss Fellowes, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock in deep blue, Miss Charlotte Gooderham in pale blue, Miss Elsie Sankey in rich peach satin, Miss Marguerite Baines in pink satin, Miss Darling in black with gold trimmings, Miss Heron, Miss Alberta Greening in a very smart gown, Miss Muriel Jarvis in pale blue, Miss Hilda Cayley, Miss Soudon, Miss Ethel Gooderham, Miss Violet Lee in pink satin, Miss Hazel Kemp looking very lovely in white, Miss Phyllis Moffat in pink with roses, Miss Marjory Machray, Miss Elsie Cotton in black sparkling with jet, Miss Phyllis Hendrie in deep pink, Miss Reaume in salmon pink, Miss Scott in white, and Miss Madge Davidson in deep pink, Miss Patti Warren, who returned from a visit East last week, in white lace with quaint white sashes of embroidered crepe; Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Marie Macdonell, Miss Lottie Phillips in pale blue, Miss Sankey in green with paillettes, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Monica Morrison, Misses Melfort Boulton, Miss Adele Horman, Miss Gladys Francis in white satin, Miss Jessie Webber and Miss Helen Adams, Miss Braithwaite and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Miss Dorothy Walker in white satin, Miss Adelaide Moss in white satin, Miss Mary Jarvis and Miss Lockhart Gordon, Miss Norah Gwynne in pale pink, Miss Muriel Bruce in white crepe, Miss Hope Morgan, Mr. Ferry of Hamilton, Mr. Greening, Mr. Neale, Mr. Kenneth Macdougall, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Messrs. Law, Mr. Watson of Hamilton, Mr. Glass, Mr. Harold Suydam, Mr. Chrysler, Mr. Keith MacDougall, Major Shanley, Mr. Burton Holland, Mr. M. Rathbun, Dr. Wright, Dr. Dickson, Dr. Burson, Mr. Harry MacMillan, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. George and Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Colonel Stimson, Mr. Fellowes, Mr. Allan Taylor, Mr. Wiley, Mr. Stanley Kerr. Mr. Gerald Larkin, Mr. Harold Brooke, and many others, among them several R.M.C. men in scarlet, the party numbering about three hundred. Beautiful flowers and Christmas decoration in the dining room added to the bright effect.

"Beautiful Benvenuto," as its friends love to call Mr. Mackenzie's home on the hill, was the scene of a very smart dance on Tuesday evening, given in honor of Miss Pearson, now a resident of England, but formerly from the Eastern States, who is staying at Benvenuto. The Yule-tide decorations enhanced the charm of the elegant home, and the dance, supper and sitting-out places were the best that could be imagined. Mrs. Mackenzie, in a quiet gown of black over cloth of silver, introduced her fair guest to the friends who came to receive her pleasant welcome, and everyone was charmed with Miss Pearson, who is remarkably bright and pretty, and looked a picture in her pink gown with touches of silver. The Misses Ethel, Bertha and Grace Mackenzie were the prettiest and most graceful of assistant hostesses, and as everyone knew each other, and appreciated the many unique attractions of the dance, things went with great verve until a very late hour. Supper was very daintily served at small tables about twelve.

Mrs. Gordon Crean will hold her postnuptial receptions at her sister, Mrs. Dunbar's home, 97 Roxborough street west, next Monday and Tuesday afternoons.

Dr. W. Dean Slater has returned from New York, and is spending the Christmas holidays with his parents in Bellevue avenue.

The programmes are out for the Trinity Lenten Lectures, and the subjects are varied enough to suit every taste. Modern Movements is their attractive and suggestive title. The first lecture, February 12, by the Vice-Provost, is on "Problems of the Pacific Coast."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Munday will celebrate their golden wedding day next Tuesday by an afternoon and evening reception at 97 Bond street, Oshawa.

Mr. A. F. White, Mr. James Henderson, and Mr. Dick Sanderson, a trio of jolly bachelors who have delightful quarters at 599 Sherbourne street, gave a tea on the Saturday before Christmas, which was greatly enjoyed by the ladies and gentlemen lucky enough to be on their invitation list.

The death of Mrs. William Christie, of 29 Queen's Park, after a very protracted illness, occurred on Tuesday. Mrs. Christie had a large connection and many descendants, so that her decease throws a number of families into mourning.

Mrs. W. C. Matthews, of Chestnut Park road, was called south on Thursday on account of the illness of her sister, and may be out of town for some months.

HON. CHARLOTTE KNOLLYS.

Daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir W. T. Knollys, K.C.B., Miss Knollys, is Bed Chamber Woman to the Queen and one of Her Majesty's most devoted friends.

A Priceless Ring.

THE Musee Guimet in Paris (says The London Globe) has just acquired a priceless treasure, provided that it will bear investigation better than did the notorious tiara of the Louvre a few years ago. M. Guimet, whose name the museum bears, is an antiquarian and a voluminous writer on antiquities. He seems quite satisfied that he has added to his collection a ring of the time of Rameses II., who flourished about 1,300 years before our era.

The ring was acquired from a family of Grenoble in whose possession it had been for long years, and the former owners produced documents which satisfied M. Guimet as to the authenticity of his acquisition. The ring bears hieroglyphic inscriptions showing that it graced the hand of Nefritarimeri Mout, one of the wives of the once powerful monarch of Egypt.

The ring is of thick gold carrying a cornelian stone rectangular, large and flat. The stone is enclosed in gold, and the ring itself is ornamented with a fillet of gold. The stone tells the story in hieroglyphics said to represent the King and Nefritarimeri. The perfection of the entaillure is considered a proof of the genuineness of the ring, for the modern engraver seldom succeeds with that sureness of cut which is the wonder and admiration of all who are familiar with the engraving of the ancients.

The ring, we are further told, although gracing the hand of a court beauty of Egypt in the depths of past ages, would not be much sought after by a fashionable lady to-day.

The French Woman's Suffrage Society has obtained a petition, signed by 3,000 men, all voters, claiming the vote for women. The petition has been placed in the office of the Parliament, but the Commissioners of Petitions in Paris, it appears, are not very advanced *feministes*. However, as these Commissioners are only elected for one month at a time, it is hoped that the next lot will be more propitious—or, if not those, the next following. As the document was tied up with green ribbon the secretary general murmured, "the color of hope!"

At Lullingstone Castle, near Dartford, England, the home of Sir William Dyke, there is a carefully observed custom that whenever the heir marries, he and his bride must place a coin in a curious, old leather bag in which have been deposited the offerings of brides and grooms for many generations. The tradition goes that on no account must the coins be counted or ill-luck will overtake the newly married pair.

SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE NAWAB OF RAMPUR.

Miss Dolly Parnell, an English musical comedy actress, was recently married to the Sahibzada Nasir Ali Khan. She is twenty-four years of age and is of mixed English and Irish parentage. Her husband, who is a naturalized Englishman, is two years her senior, and an Oxford graduate, has resided in England for fourteen years. The wedding took place in the Registrar's office in Marylebone Road, London. Just prior to her wedding Miss Parnell has appeared in "My Darling," and before that in "When Knights Were Bold" and "The Girls of Gottenberg." She has now retired from the stage. She received £20,000 worth of jewels from her husband as a wedding present.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, DEC. 30, 1909.

FAMILY parties and reunions of friends have been the order of the last few days. Mrs. George D. Hall, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hays, is here, from Boston, with her little son, spending the holiday season with her parents and sisters. Mr. Hall came up with her. Mrs. Harold Robertson, now of Boston, who was popular Miss Polly Burnett, is staying over the New Year with her sister, Mrs. J. J. M. Pangman. Mr. James McShane (Harbor Master of the port of Montreal) and Mrs. McShane have their daughters with their families from "the States"—Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Tracy and children, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Buckley, of Albany, and two children—visiting them. Mrs. Norman Wilson, of Rockland, has been staying for a week or two with her parents, Senator and Mrs. Mackay. Mrs. James Dunbar, of Quebec, divided her Yule-tide visit in Montreal between her son, Lieut.-Col. Dunbar, and her daughter, Mrs. H. Campbell Oswald. Miss Beatrice Weir, Judge Weir's elder daughter, is home for the holidays from the University of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Paul G. Stanley came down from Toronto, and have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tooke for the festive season. Mrs. S. H. Lever (who was a Miss Gault) has arrived from New York to visit her relatives here. Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Mackenzie and their two young daughters came from Winnipeg to be with Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell, Mrs. Mackenzie's father and mother, for Christmas and the New Year. Mrs. A. C. Clark has had her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Copeland, from St. Catharines, Ont., staying with her for a week or two. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wotherspoon came down from Port Hope last week to visit Mrs. Wotherspoon, senior, who has also had Miss Mildred Macpherson, Mr. Stuart Wotherspoon's *fiancee*, visiting her. Mrs. Paton, of Sherbrooke, has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Holt, since last week. Mrs. Tessier, of Rimouski (formerly Miss Yvonnne Lacoste) is with Sir Alexandre and Lady Lacoste over the New Year. Dr. Fraser Gurd arrived from New Orleans to have the last week of the year at home. Miss May Armstrong, daughter of Mr. L. O. Armstrong of the C.P.R. Colonization department, has arrived home from a long visit in Winnipeg, and her sister, Mrs. Botterell, has taken the long trip from the West to visit her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tomlinson, of Sherbrooke, spent part of the holiday season in Montreal with their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Fred Tooke.

The marriage of Miss Juliette Le Blanc to Mr. Carlos A. Costa, of Paris and of Buenos Ayres, is to take place shortly. Miss Le Blanc, who is a daughter of the Hon. P. E. Le Blanc, former Speaker in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, has just returned from Europe, and it was while she was abroad that the engagement was announced. The date of the marriage has not been fixed, but Mr. Costa has arrived from Paris, and is staying at the Place Viger until the wedding.

Other engagements, and the numerous duties of the season, kept many—even among lovers of art—away from the private view of the Learmont bequest pictures at the Art Gallery the other evening, but those who were not able to go then are looking forward to visiting the galleries with their new acquisition as soon as they can make the time. The exhibition is an important event in the art annals of Montreal. The collection, which is the joint bequest of the late Mr. Learmont and his sister, includes oil paintings, water-colors, and etchings, china and pottery, and a number of valuable books on art. The pictures have been hung in the Green Gallery, and will remain there except when the gallery is needed for special exhibitions. They are to be known as the William John and Agnes Learmont collection. The late Mr. Learmont and his sister, who lived together, and with whom a love of art was one of their many interests in common, began the collection nineteen years ago. It includes fine examples of the older and the modern Dutch painters, notable among the former being a sepia by Rembrandt. Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, are represented, and other artists whose names may be mentioned to show the scope and value of the collection are Sir Peter Lely, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir E. J. Pointer, John Constable, Israels, Turner, and Millet. Mr. J. B Learmont, as executor for his brother and sister, formally handed over the collection to the president of the Art Association, Dr. F. J. Shepherd, who, with his daughter, received on the occasion of the private view.

Not only the family and personal friends of Mr. Herbert B. Ames, M.P., for Montreal, but his constituents a'so, have been following anxiously the cable reports of his condition since it was learned that he was seriously ill with typhoid fever in the hospital at Port Said. Mr. Ames, whose name is associated with ideals of reform and good government, has been in Sydney, Australia, attending the conference to discuss preferential trade within the Empire, and was on his return journey home by way of the Suez Canal and Europe when he was taken down with typhoid, and had to be conveyed from the steamer to the hospital at Port Said.

Several luncheon and dinner parties have been given in honor of two of the girls who are to be brides after the New Year. Miss Jessie Newman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Newman, and Dr. Fraser Gurd, son of Dr. D. F. Gurd, are to be married quietly on January 4; and on January 6, Mr. Douglas Gurd, another son of Dr. Gurd, is to be married to Miss Mabel Hodgson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Hodgson. Dr. Fraser Gurd, who took an active part in the fight against tuberculosis here, has been working for the last year or two in New Orleans, and will take his bride south after their marriage.

The Earl Grey Skating Club has opened for the winter, with an interest that promises a successful season The constitution of the club requires that all members shall be good skaters before joining, the object being to promote fancy skating and really expert performance on the ice. The club-rooms at the Victoria Rink have been re-decorated in crimson and green, and look very attractive to the skaters coming in off the ice for a cup of tea or cocoa. There is a perfectly informal "tea" on Monday afternoons, and the club also skates on Thursday nights. Mrs. Henry Joseph is president, and Mrs. Hugh Walkem is convener of the tea committee.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Bessie Gordon, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. D. Gordon, to Mr. Thomas Victor Anderson, of the Royal Canadian Engineers. Miss Gordon has not been much in Montreal since her debut, but was a favorite in Kingston, where Colonel Gordon has been stationed until recently. The bridegroom-elect is at Halifax.

Miss Mitchell, Peel street, whose niece, Miss Dorothy Vaughan, was one of Miss Durant's bridesmaids, gave a luncheon for the bride and groom, and their attendants, on Monday. Miss Newman entertained at luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Mabel Hodgson. Miss Marion Thompson was the hostess at a delightful dinner party of ten guests in Miss Newman's honor, and Mrs. Peter Laing had a luncheon for the three girls, Miss Durant, Miss Newman, and Miss Hodgson.

Mrs. Henry Joseph entertained charmingly at dinner one evening recently, when covers were laid for twelve. Carnations and narcissi were arranged in a mingling of scarlet and white on the table. Mrs. William Prentice had a luncheon party of ten guests on Thursday in honor of Miss Weir, who is here with her brother from Scotland. Mrs. Edwin Hanson entertained some young people at dinner on the Tuesday night before New Year's.

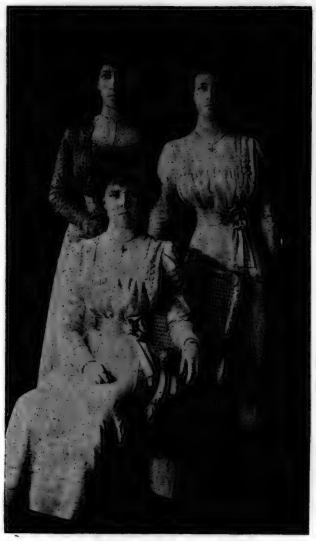
The marriage of Miss Eva Duclos, the youngest daughter of the Rev. R. P. Duclos, to Mr. Arthur Middleton Hope, took place quietly on Tuesday afternoon, Dec 28, at the French Protestant church of La Croix, of which Mr. Duclos is pastor. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Johnston of the American Presbyterian church, and the "Wedding March" was played by Miss Young, a friend of the bride. Miss Alice Taylor was bridesmaid, and Mr. Edouard Coulin groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Hope left from the church for their wedding trip, and will return to take up their residence with Mr. Duclos.

While the Yule-tide has brought to many good cheer and the gladness of family reunion, others are passing it in mourning. Mrs. E. S. Sharpe, who was a daughter of the late James Linton, and a sister of Miss Ida Linton, has been ill since her husband's death two months ago, and passed away on December 23. Mrs. W. H. Clarendon Mussen is the only child. Judge Dunlop and his family have the sympathy of many friends in the death of Mrs. Dunlop, which took place on December 23. One daughter, Mrs. Cummings, lives in Calgary. Mrs. W. C. Hodgson, who lost her mother a couple of weeks ago, has received word of the death in Senegal, Africa, of her brother, Paul, Vicomte Joleaud de St. Maurice.

Word has been received by friends of Dr. Bovey in Montreal, that he has resigned the rectorship of the Imperial College of Technology in London, to which he went from McGill University. Dr. Bovey's health has not been satisfactory for some time, and although he returned to his duties in the autumn, he has been compelled to leave and take a rest. Dr. and Mrs. Bovey and one of their daughters are leaving London, and will motor through France to the South, where they will spend three months on the Riviera.

An extremely pretty wedding in the last week of the year was that of Miss Marion Durant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Durant, to Mr. Norman Reeves Van der Veer, of New York, which was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, Sherbrooke street west, on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. The Rev. J. Macpherson Almond, of Trinity church, officiated. The drawing room was very attractive, with palms and greenery near the archway, and a profusion of pink and white flowers, principally azaleas. An orchestra played the "Lohengrin" wedding music as the bride, escorted by her father and attended by three bridesmaids, came down the wide stairs and joined the bridegroom under an arch of white and green in the bay window of the drawing room. Mr. John Stapler, of New York, accompanied the groom as best man. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white satin made with a tunic over-dress, and yoke and sleeves of point lace. Her veil was of point lace, and had been worn by her mother and grandmother as brides, and she carried a lovely bouquet of white orchids and lily of the valley. The maid of honor, Miss Ethel Hardcastle, of New York, and the bridesmaids, Miss Dorothy Vaughan and Miss Muriel Davis, wore white crepe charmeuse gowns with embroidered chiffon tunic overdress, differentiated in the toilette of the maid of honor by gold embroidery. All wore gold hair ornaments and carried violets. The bride gave the maid of honor a pearl brooch, and the bridesmaids pearl and amethyst brooches. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond pendant, and for souvenirs to the best man and ushers he chose scarf-pins of the bride's birth-stone, topaz. About seventy-five guests were present, and a reception was held after the ceremony. The bride's mother wore a handsome gown of gray chiffon velvet with silver trimming, and Mrs. Vander Veer, who with Mr. Vander Veer, came up from New York for their son's wedding, was gowned in white lace. Leaving on the wedding trip, the bride wore a copper colored suit, her big beaver turban being trimmed with a black aigrette.

Large dinner parties not described in the society columns, but vastly enjoyed by the guests, have been those given by the various philanthropic and charitable organizations. Montreal, so everybody says who has made acquaintance with social conditions here, is one of the most charitable cities in the world. This disposition on the part of so many of its citizens, men and women, is particularly in evidence during Yule-tide, and no poor family or needy individual is allowed to go without a Christmas dinner, if the need is discovered. While every effort is made to see that no one of the class which hesitates to make a need known is overlooked, care is also taken to prevent such cases as one found out two or three years ago, where a family of the class that readily make their need known, secured nine Christmas and New Year turkeys. This year twelve hundred homeless or out-of-work men received free dinners, and more than two thousand well-filled hampers and baskets were sent to families in their own homes. The various missions had bountiful spreads for all who came hungry to their doors. Christmas trees and entertainments were provided for the children in all the institutions, and for hundreds who belong in homes that never have Christmas trees or even stockings filled by Santa. Nearly all the churches dispensed Yule-tide cheer to the poor in their parishes. B. E.



THREE ENGLISH PRINCESSES.

The Princess Royal is very devoted to her two daughters, the Princesses of Fife, and these gifted young granddaughters of the King have led a very secluded life, for the Princess Royal, and her husband, the Duke of Fife, are not fond of Court ceremonies and prefer a simple home existence. The elder of the daughters of the Princess Royal made her appearance at the first Court held by their Majesties last year, and her sister, Princess Maud, will probably be formally launched in Society this season. The health of their mother is much better than it has been and she will be able to chaperon her daughters on some occasions. Both of the young princesses are said to be very accomplished, their education having been carefully supervised by their parents.

LADY VIOLET BRASSEY AND HER SONS.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Campbell Brassey, Lady Violet is the daughter of the Duke of Richmond, her marriage in 1894 having caused a great deal of interest. Mr. Brassey is a nephew of Lord Brassey.

Troubles of Ministers.

THE matter of parish visitation is one that troubles the clergy of all denominations. In some churches, capacity on the part of the man in the pulpit for fraternization with the people in the pews is more highly prized than in others. Many church-goers are willing to sacrifice the social call on the part of the pastor, providing that he gives them good live entertainment in the pulpit. Others want a man, even though his pulpit abilities are mediocre, who is a welcome figure in the home. Of course the pastor is expected to drop around at times of sickness and death, and is then a welcome and consolatory figure if he has any of the priestly gifts whatever. The problem, however, which faces the man in the pulpit is that of the casual visit, the business of just dropping in to have a cup of tea or exchange the time of day—in an easy and pleasant manner. He is obliged to simulate an interest in small talk when his mind is on weightier things, and if he shows an absent-minded disposition, the parishioner is offended. At the same time, he is always in doubt as to whether he is welcome or not, and is obsessed by a fear that he has dropped in at the wrong time—when the fair hostess had a cake in the oven or was getting ready to go out. At other times it is quite obvious that the lady he has called upon has been caught unawares, and he is obliged to wait while she makes her toilet. In large churches, where the rector or minister has a curate or assistant, the latter has to do the calling while his chief devotes himself to the more serious duties of the parish, and the beginner in the clergy gets thoroughly broken in in the cardinal virtue of patience.

The rector of a large suburban parish, whose gifts as an organizer are famous, recently took the bull by the horns. It had reached his ears that while his untiring services were admitted, there were some who cavilled because he did not pay social calls with sufficient frequency.

"I am told that I am a poor parish visitor," he said to his assembled congregation. "I admit it. I am not the most patient man in the world, and I object to standing on the doorstep for ten minutes before I am admitted to the house. I also object to sitting in the parlor for half an hour before some one comes to talk to me. I think this congregation will agree with me that I can be of more service to them in other ways."

That ended complaints of the kind.

Of course, much depends on the man. There are some priestly old clergymen before whom a housewife can sit down in her third best gown and not feel embarrassed. But a good scheme would be for a minister to announce his visitation days from the pulpit on the previous Sunday.

It isn't any breach of confidence to tell this story, for the occurrence took place in a crowded car, much to the amusement of everyone in it. The hour was early and the car was filled with shoppers anxious to obey the mandate that all good people make their purchases early in the day. In about the centre of the long, red plush seat were two pretty girls who were quite old enough to have known better than to discuss their private affairs in public. For a time there was a good deal of discussion between them, the elder one evidently urging upon her companion something which was not altogether to her taste. "I tell you I won't," the younger one suddenly burst forth in her vehemence, thumping her umbrella down upon the toes of the inoffensive old gentleman next her. "I tell you I just won't. That old book she sent me last Christmas was marked down to nineteen cents, I saw some myself just like it in the shops, and she's getting more than she deserves if I pay twenty-five cents for hers." Everyone smiled, and the two girls looked uncomfortable and talked in lower tones, but after all it's in much the same spirit that lots of us give our Christmas presents, only we're frank enough to admit it.

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DRESS

What the Motorist Needs.

MOTORING is a boon to women as it has given them another outlet for their ingenuity in the matter of concocting charming things to wear. Time was when motor dress was synonymous with everything that was objectionable and ugly, but that has been largely changed, for as might be expected when lovely woman decides upon something she wishes to do, it will not be long before she is suitably equipped for doing it.

Naturally, the chief thing of importance for the motoring woman is the motor coat, and this has run through many changes since a golf cape or a waterproof first did duty as a wrap when a spin was in order. The motor coat of to-day is as varied in description as Joseph's coat seems to have been in color, and it is also usually well designed and serviceable. The favorite form is the ulster or modified ulster, and the best tailors are turning out many of these, each more or less designed to meet the individual tastes of some particular customer. Fur coats always retain their popularity for motoring and many beautiful examples are to be seen.

As most motorists have learned, the junction of the coat collar and the veil is a favorite spot for the cold air to creep in. With a view to preventing this the combined coat and hood has been designed with great success. While not in use the hood lies on the back of the coat or can, if desired, be detached. One model of soft brown cloth is carried out in the ulster design, with long skirts that button close to the feet. The garment, which is liberally supplied with pockets, is double-breasted, and fastens at the left side, or can be buttoned back. The sleeves, which are cut in one with the coat are quite full, and button at the wrist with a close fitting cuff. This coat is designed to be lined with fur if wished, or a heavy quilted silk lining may take its place.

A NEW MOTOR HAT.
This pretty design in the way of motor hats is made, in the present instance, of mole colored felt, bound with a stitched band of silk and caught up with a double ornament of cord and gold galloon. The long chiffon scarf is of the same shade as the hat and is hemstitched in a deeper shade.

A novel motor hood consists of a small, round hat which comes in any desired color, and to which is attached a fur motor hood which is worn underneath and comes down snugly under the chin. The effect is quite as warm as the biggest sort of ear muffs and the effect much prettier. If desired the hood may be made of silk and lined with fur.

Among the newest things designed for wear by the fair motorist are padded silk petticoats and while they may sound rather heavy and uncomfortable they are really very useful when well designed. The newest ones, which come in all shades, fit perfectly over the hips and are without padding until within five inches of the knees, and are finished with knife pleated frills. For petticoat-wear many women motorists prefer underskirts of suede which are finished with silk flounces.

Many small comforts are being constantly designed with a view to make the motor trip more comfortable and specially built trunks may be had which are not only light and easily moved, but are finished with a rubber rim rendering them air and water tight. Dressing bags and dressing cases are also specially made with a view to lightness and luxury combined.

Furs, of course, play an important part in the outfit of the motorist but leather is a close favorite even in midwinter, and among the new things turned out to add to her comfort are kilted leather necklets which tightly encircle the neck and fasten at one side. There are also small scarves of leather, in many of the new shades, and these are lined with silk and have fringed ends, to match the leather muffs which are much used just now. Fur lined over-boots are among the necessary things in the wardrobe of the woman motorist. These are something like an ordinary overshoe and fasten with a buckle in front.

Veils come in a surprising variety and in almost every possible shade. The double motor veils are a great comfort in cold weather. For town wear most women prefer to be seen in hats, but for the country trip the motor hood is generally selected.

FOR MOTORING WEAR.
This charming motor bonnet of fluffy beaver is particularly becoming, and may be carried out in all shades to match the wraps with which it is worn. The drapery and long ends are of satin ribbon, the whole making a most attractive setting for a pretty face.

For the Girl Who Skates.

WINTER sport, being of so many sorts, naturally makes a certain demand upon the wardrobe, and the girl who would look smart while skating must have a specially designed costume, or at least one which will fill the requirements of warmth and comfort and still look smart. The same thing holds true of tobogganing and every other form of out-door exercise which is associated with wintry days.

With a view to providing the skater with a costume in which she looks her best, many pretty designs have been turned out, one of the smartest intended for wear in an indoor ice rink being of taupe colored velvet. The trim skirt which reaches just to the ankles, is close fitting about the hips and just wide enough at the foot to allow of a pretty swing of draperies as the wearer turns. The upper part of the costume is of velvet in an attractive Russian tunic design, the skirts of the coat being long enough to reach almost to the knee. At the waist the tunic is caught in by a velvet belt, while revers of taupe satin and cuffs of the same add an individual touch to the garment. To accompany this costume is a swathed turban of velvet, fitting closely to the head, and finished at the side with a large bunch of white aigrettes.

It is the exceptional girl who chooses white for her skating costume, but a very pretty costume seen recently at a roller skating rink in Paris was built of white homespun. It was made in princess effect and was lined with heavy white silk. The skirt was kilted below the knee, but the upper part fitted snugly, the only decoration being a band of plucked otter which outlined the skirt. A tippet and muff of the same fur were also worn, and a smart little cap of fur relieved by a bunch of white ospreys formed a fitting finish to the costume.

VOGUE.

FOR WINTER SPORTS WEAR.
This costume, designed for wear in Switzerland, where winter sports prove so delightful, is almost equally well fitted for a similar purpose in Canada, and shows what originality may be looked for even in out-of-door garments. It is made of black pony skin, which will not tear, get wet, stain or crumple, and will keep the wearer warm as well as dry. The fur is soft and pliable as chamois, and is so well dressed by the furriers that it looks like fine caracul. The short skirt is gored around the hips and fastens on the left side with tabs of black braid, through which run threads of crimson and gold—and large buttons of crimson enamel rimmed with gold. The coat is semi-fitting and cut in Russian style, closing in the same manner as the skirt. The belt, which is made of the same braid used on the skirt, passes through slits in the front, leaving it straight and loose. The top of the coat is cut square and edged with braid, the opening being filled with a vest and collar band of Armenian embroidery. The toque designed for wear with this costume is of black fox with a crimson aigrette held in place by a gold ornament.

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Night Gowns

$1.25—High or V neck, tucked yoke, open front, embroidery and lace trimmed; also low neck Slip-over Gowns, three-quarter sleeves, embroidery and ribbon in neck and sleeves or lace beading run with ribbons; very dainty and pretty styles.

$1.50—Nainsook Gown, trimmed with embroidery and embroidery beading with ribbon, round neck, three-quarter sleeves or V neck, slip-over style, lace insertion on neck and sleeves, one inch ribbon under insertion or plain lawn folds with ribbon and three-quarter-inch insertion at neck and sleeves.

$1.75—Nainsook Gown, square neck, handsome insertions back and front, broad band at elbow, pretty colored ribbons or pretty little round Swiss embroidery yokes, three-quarter sleeves embroidery trimmed.

$2.00—Five lovely styles in embroidery and lace trimmed, round, square or high neck, three-quarter or long sleeves, especially pretty designs.

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"Sir, I wish to make your daughter my wife!" The old man hesitated. "Hadn't you better see her mother first?" he asked, gently, after thinking a moment. "I've seen her mother, and it doesn't make any difference—I'm willing to take the chances!" exclaimed the youth, with all the ardor of honest love.—Puck.

"I was nearly killed yesterday." "What happened?" "I was having tea in the garden when an air ship passed over with one of those didn't-know-you-were-underneath fools in it!"—St. Louis Republic.

Mrs. Henpeck—Who were the three wise men, Job? Mr. Henpeck—Bachelors.—Life.

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, Dec. 18, 1909.

CHRISTMAS and the General Election monopolize the attention of the public, but as this will appear on New Year's day, perhaps news of the election or of New Year festivities is more interesting than such facts as relate to Christmas.

I may mention, however, that any number of firms in London are giving holidays to their employees from Thursday night to Wednesday morning. You see Boxing day, the day after Christmas, and in this case celebrated on Monday, is a close holiday, a bank holiday, and one of the most festive days of the year. So Saturday and Monday are holidays, and the benevolent employers do not see why their clerks should work on Christmas eve, and they certainly require the day after Boxing day to brace up for work again, so there are five clear days holiday. It is chiefly in the city, among the wholesale houses that such long holidays are given; in the retail trades most of the places are only closed from Friday evening to Tuesday morning.

It seems odd to people from Canada that New Year's day is not a public holiday here, as it is in Scotland. The shops are all open, and the January sales begin, and it is like an ordinary business day. On New Year's eve, however, there are jollifications. The great crowd of people who like to celebrate the New Year, and are not spending a guinea for a supper at one of the big hotels, go down to St. Paul's Cathedral to wait for the bells to announce that a new year had commenced. Then there is cheering and shouting and horn-blowing, and strangers shake hands, and all the bells in the city add to the clamour.

The fashionable folk, and would-be-fashionables who can pay the price asked, go to the Savoy or some of the other hotels for the New Year festivities. Tables for supper were booked months ago, and from time to time announcements have been made of what each hotel or restaurant had to offer its patrons. Novelties in the way of decoration, and original ways of announcing the death of the Old and the birth of the New Year, are studied by the managers. A splendid supper is provided, and the rooms ring with "Auld Lang Syne."

* * *

ONE of the pitiful features of the season is that even a greater number of wretchedly poor people are about than usual. Under the pretence of offering matches and boot laces for sale they appeal to the shopping public for help. The blind man who occupies a "pitch" on Victoria street has a dog that wins many pennies. For the Christmas season he has a comfortable new red cloth coat on which is embroidered "For my Poor Blind Master." Certain forlorn people occupy the same spots day after day, week after week, month after month

In one short passage which runs from a big thoroughfare to an underground station, a distance which one traverses in less than two minutes, there are three people asking for alms. One is a respectably dressed woman who offers matches for sale (and would be much surprised if anyone took the box after giving a penny); another a one-legged pavement artist, who has a partner to relieve him at times, and the third, a consumptive Jew who sits in an invalid chair and offers boot-laces and collar buttons for sale.

In Paris, as many of you know, New Year's day is the one day of the year when beggars have a right to beg. If you are at all sensitive it is well not to walk about the streets on the "Jour de l'An," for the sights to be seen are too distressing to be easily forgotten.

* * *

NO engagements can be made for January with any comfort, because every woman you know is canvassing. Each morning with your early tea come circulars, notices of meetings, or appeals from various places for assistance in asking people for votes. If you are weak-minded and really interested, you will find you have promised to do much more than you have time for, and end by pleasing nobody. This is a state of affairs with which all weakly-obliging people will sympathize, regardless of elections.

Meetings are being held to instruct lady canvassers, besides the classes—taught by a competent instructor—training women to speak at public meetings, coaching them on proper arguments against Socialism and for Tariff Reform, and encouraging them to answer "hecklers." Each woman has to speak as if she were addressing a meeting, and some of the audience represent the rough element and ask awkward questions.

At the meetings for lady canvassers they are given tips on how to treat Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith and the little Smiths, as important as the political views of your pet candidate. They are also instructed very carefully in laws regarding election offences. One lecturer graciously explained, to the relief of the audience, that kissing the children was not, and could not be regarded as a corrupt practice or an illegal practice, as it did not come under the head of bribery, treating, or undue influence.

Many of the enthusiasts need to be reminded that hiring a carriage to take voters to the polls is illegal, and also that giving *anything* is illegal. There is a sad tale regarding the unseating of a Liberal M. P., whose downfall was brought about, among other things, by a lady giving a man whom she canvassed, some rosettes of the Liberal colors for his friends.

* * *

CANADIANS will sympathize deeply with Lord and Lady Aberdeen in the untimely death of their youngest son, the Hon. Ian Archibald Gordon, as the result of a motor accident. The newspaper reports were encouraging for a time, and there seemed to be hopes that he would recover from his terrible injuries. Additional pathos is to be found in the fact that he was engaged to Miss Violet Asquith, who was with him when he died. It is understood that the attachment of these two young people culminated in an engagement after the accident, for it was announced at the same time as his death. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith were with Miss Asquith at Winchester to be near Mr. Gordon, and his daughter's distress was such that Mr. Asquith was unable to leave her to attend a Cabinet meeting. Lord and Lady Pentland were also at Winchester with the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who went to Winchester when the accident happened. There will be a memorial service on Monday in the beautiful Temple church with which all visitors to London are familiar.

M. E. MACL. M.

LORD BUTE'S SISTER.

Lady Margaret MacRae, whose marriage took place recently, is the only sister of the Marquis of Bute, and her wedding to Captain Colin MacRae was of great interest not only in Scotland, but also in England. At the death of the late Marquis, his widow, Lady Bute, accompanied by Lady Margaret Crichton-Stewart, as she then was, travelled to Palestine to bury his heart on the Mount of Olives. Lady Margaret is devoted to yachting, is an experienced motorist, and an excellent horsewoman. She is said to have an old-world charm of manner, and to be quite out of touch with modern aims and ideas.

Farming for Englishwomen.

IN some circles in England, it is believed, that, if any Bill is eventually brought in to facilitate small ownerships in land, women will largely take to agriculture. In certain parts of England, notably "Wessex," they have always been successful farmers. Mr. Thomas Hardy's Bathsheba is a type of the South-country woman with a nice eye for a sheep or a pig and a fine discrimination in mangel-wurzels. Already they make highly intelligent gardeners, and not a few are ready to sow and reap, to plant and lop on their own small domain. Not that, at first, it would be the farmer's daughter who would join with alacrity the ranks of the agriculturist. The first pioneers would probably come from Kensington and Hampstead—regions sacred to the "cultured" spinster with aspirations beyond the usual prescribed feminine routine. These might settle, marry, and produce a race of sturdy yeowomen content to remain in the country. Co-operation such as practised in Denmark—and latterly in Ireland—would enable them to compete successfully with foreign produce. This is looked forward to as a happy solution of the superfluous woman question in this vast field for the utilization of feminine energy.

A Woman of the Sea.

Nowadays, when all sorts of careers are opening up for women, it is not surprising to find that some of them are taking to the sea as a means of livelihood. For many years women have been interested in sailing and yachting, and more than one has passed the necessary examinations which entitle her to command a ship.

Of all the women of the day, none is more devoted to nautical affairs than is Princess Waldemar of Denmark, who is not only an Admiral and privileged to wear the uniform of one, but has a thorough knowledge of everything pertaining to ships and shipping. Her passion for the sea is most unusual, and she has turned it to such good advantage that she could take full command of a battleship. It is said that her interest is so keen that she has actually organized and successfully controls one of the biggest shipping companies in Denmark. She is so proud of her accomplishment in nautical matters that she has had a large anchor tattooed on her arm, to remind her friends of her connection with the Danish Navy. The anchor is plainly seen when she appears in evening dress.

Possibly her fondness for the sea is due to the fact that her husband, Prince Waldemar, is commodore of the Danish Navy, while her son is attending the naval academy in order to fit himself for a career afloat.

Denmark is quite a small country and does not require a large fleet. So this patriotic woman made up her mind to devote her attention to building up the nation's merchant marine. Using the influence of the royal circle, she consulted great financiers, bankers, business men and those prominent in shipping circles. These kings of industry instructed her in the methods of forming a stock company and of securing capital, besides giving her advice on the starting and maintaining of a gigantic steamship line. Every morning she is present in her private office, and with the assistance of a staff of shipping experts, controls an important steamship line.

Miss Ida Allison, who belongs to the Cherokee tribe, has been instrumental in restoring to the Indians of Oklahoma a tract of land about 400,000 acres in extent which the U. S. Government had appropriated in 1907. By her legal victory in her fight for the Indians she has had 1,500 members of five civilized tribes restored to the rolls.

Of all the famous stones, the Orloff diamond is one of the best known. Stolen from the eye of an Indian idol it came into possession of Catherine of Russia to whom it was given by Count Orloff. She placed it in the Imperial sceptre of Russia where it still remains.

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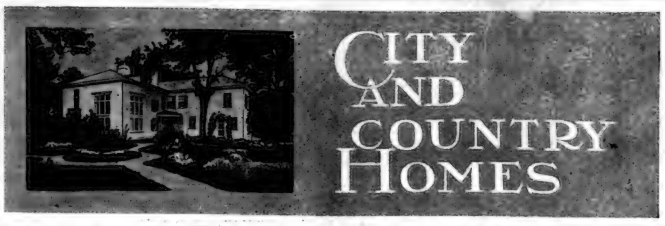

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

Glimpses of Some Cosy Toronto Homes.

IN the beautiful residential district referred to by Toronto people generally as "The Hill," are many most attractive homes. One of these is here illustrated—the residence of Mr. Frank Wickson, of the firm of Wickson & Gregg, architects. It is on Forest Hill road, the first street west of Avenue road. This house is of modern English design. The walls are of red brick with white mortar joints. The roof is covered with slate and has what are technically termed corbelled eaves. The gable arrangement is very attractive. At each end of the house is a massive chimney of peculiar treatment. Over the entrance is a straight roof, and the verandah is railed in with a solid low brick wall. The window treatment is very effective. All the woodwork outside is painted white. Inside, to the left of the hallway, is a large living room with beamed ceiling and an excellent brick fireplace. This room occupies practically the whole of the left-hand portion of the lower floor of the house, and opens on a verandah at the rear. This verandah is also accessible from the dining room at the back of the house, with which the hallway leads directly. The portion of this floor to the right of the hall is devoted entirely to the service department, the kitchen being at the front. The upper floor has a large hall, three bedrooms with built-in wardrobes, a linen closet and bathroom.

The home of Mr. W. S. Niles, Yonge street, Toronto, also illustrated, is an attractive house of the gambrel-roof type, designed by Messrs. Chadwick & Beckett. It stands back from the street line about thirty feet, with a brick garden wall in front. It has a distinct individuality, and indeed would be marked among a hundred houses for its character, although quite a little place. The walls are of red brick, the shingle-work is stained a soft shade of green, and the woodwork is painted white. Off the entrance hall are living room and dining room. The living room has a beamed ceiling and a brick fireplace with built-in seats. The walls are grey in tone, panelled with strips of wood, and finished at the top with a stenciled border on a white background. The woodwork is stained brown. The windows of this room are great aids in effecting a cosy, home-like atmosphere. In the dining room also the high window is a most attractive feature. This room opens on a large verandah at the rear and connects with the kitchen, which can also be reached from the entrance hall. Upstairs are three large bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

The third house illustrated—that of Mr. C. B. Niles, Rosedale road, Toronto—is entirely different in design from the residence of Mr. W. S. Niles, just described. It was planned by the same architects, and is modern English in character. The walls are built of red brick and white mortar, the trimmings being of limestone, and the roof of slate. Trees and a hedge in front prevent the house from having a "bare" appearance. The main hallway is beamed and panelled in oak, and the openings to the various rooms on the ground floor are so arranged as to afford a vista effect. To the right and left of the hall at the front are living and reception rooms. In the former is a large grey-toned Roman brick mantel with a hammered brass hood. Over the mantel is an antique panel with figures in bas relief. The oblong windows are excellent. In the dining room the walls have highly-panelled wainscotting, above which is a decorated border. The ceiling is beamed, but not too heavily. At the rear of this room is a large verandah looking out on a handsome lawn. On the second floor the rooms are *en suite*. There are four bedrooms and two bathrooms, and the third floor has additional bedrooms and a large front room suitable for billiards.

The furnishings of the interiors of all these houses are worth careful study.

HOME OF MR. FRANK WICKSON, FOREST HILL ROAD, TORONTO.
An attractive and interesting house designed in Modern English style.

The Small House of To-day.

THE last few years have seen great improvements, architecturally, in the designing and finishing of the small and inexpensive house. Previously, but little architectural effort was expended upon such houses, and it was rarely that a building costing less than $3,000 showed any individuality in the design or in the arrangement of its interior. And, where there was some addi-

LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. FRANK WICKSON.
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The first woman minister to preach in Hungary, is Frau Julia Vargha, who gave her first sermon in Klausenberg, and is described as an eloquent and gifted speaker. She is the daughter of the Reformed Evangelical Bishop Carl Sasz, who is also well known in Hungary as a poet and teacher.

Teacher—"How many make a million, Johnny?" Johnny—"Not many."

CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

tional money to be invested, it more often led to the introduction of distorted jig-saw grilles and unlovely and inappropriate ornamentation, so-called, of the exterior and interior woodwork than to an improved floor plan or the use of better materials for the interior finish.

Fortunately, to-day, this is changed. The small house has grown in favor. Clever architects and good designers have given time and thought to the arrangement of floor plans and the style of the exteriors. The ordinary five- or six-room cottage has now developed, in many

HOME OF MR. W. S. NILES, YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
A beautiful little gambrel-roofed house with a character all its own.

parts of the country, into the small house which is really and sincerely good—both from the standpoint of its architectural meaning and in the additional comfort and convenience of living it provides for its occupants. The types of these houses (says Margaret Greenleaf, in The House Beautiful) are as many and varied as the localities which produce them, and as the requirements of the individuals for whom they are planned. It is, in fact, the individual note which the designers have struck which makes for the improvement they evidence.

Concrete and cement are to-day decided factors in the construction of both large and small houses. Where the design is along quaint and sturdy lines, or shows the restriction and simplicity of the so-called Craftsman style of architecture, this material is particularly effective.

Often the use of local materials is found to give most satisfactory results. Common field stones, for instance, may be utilized for foundation and supporting columns for the little house which is to be set among the trees, and will serve to bring it in touch with the surrounding landscape.

The picturesque quality of the English cottage is also felt in some of the modern homes on this continent, and where casement windows, sunken doorways, and projecting eaves are consistent with the general design, they give much of charm to the little house in which they are introduced.

The bungalow, and other one-story houses suggestive of that type, seem to provide more living space, and convenience for the housekeeper, than almost any other of equal cost.

To be justly entitled to be termed a bungalow, a house should possess some, at least, of the important characteristics of the style; as, for instance, the long and nearly unbroken roof line, which includes the veranda under the main roof, is very typical. The entrance is usually into a living-room; but when the house is built for all-the-year-round purposes, or where climatic conditions demand it, a small vestibule may be added.

The bungalow proper is, of course, a product of tropical countries; but, where it has been adapted to our climate and needs, it fills completely the living requirements of many people who desire a small one-story house. In the design and detail of this type of house, there should be always an emphasized simplicity, and the unaffected use of what may be termed common materials. Such construction makes for artistic effects, besides giving the opportunity of building cheaply. For here wood stained to the natural tone which weather, exposure, or time would induce should be used for the interior finish, the simple lines of the standing woodwork lending themselves readily to such treatment.

The exterior body of the house may be of shingle, or a combination of shingle, or siding left in the rough, and coated with a stain which will give tone and richness of color to the wood. The roof also is of shingle, in the Americanized version of the bungalow, and most often the shingles are stained in a contrasting color to that used for the body of the house. Where the house is built of concrete or cement, the roof may be of red tiling.

The bungalow, then, may be regarded as largely responsible for the decided improvement in comfort, convenience and design which is evidenced to-day in the small house; as many of the types now built, while in no wise related to the bungalow, embody some of its good points, and have, as well, a picturesque quality of their own.

To the man of small means who is about to build, it is a matter of much interest to know that in the selection of the wood for the interior treatment of his house lies an excellent opportunity to save money, and that in so doing he will not jeojardize the durability of construction, or the artistic value of his plan; for it is possible to use the cheapest woods with good effects, if these are properly treated.

In the time recently past, there seemed but two modes of treatment for the standing woodwork in the inexpensive house. Both methods were equally successful in disguising the often beautiful grain of the wood. Either this was painted with poor quality of badly toned paint,

HOME OF MR. C. B. NILES, ROSEDALE ROAD.
A tasteful house which affords an interesting comparison in design with the home of Mr. W. S. Niles.

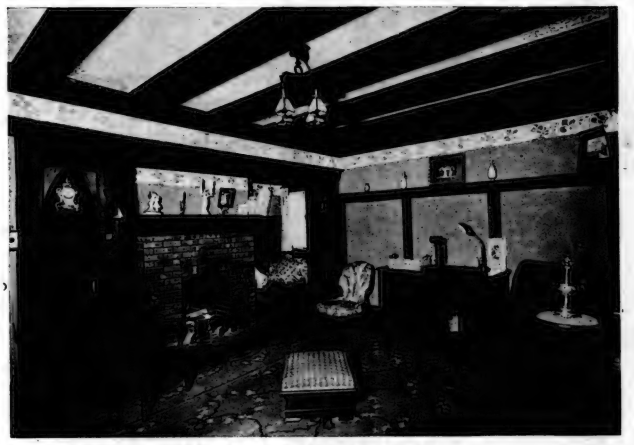
or covered with highly glazed colored varnish, which gave a bad imitation of red mahogany or golden oak.

To-day the effort is to provide such effects as would, under certain conditions, be natural to the particular wood under consideration. With few exceptions, the weathered gray, browns, and soft moss-green stains show well on most woods, and, when treated with a dull finish quite without gloss, the much desired "natural effect" is secured. If a mahogany stain is to be used, there are several of the cheaper woods on which the effect is good. Whitewood, poplar, basswood, and white pine, all take this stain well; and the grain showing attractively under the varnish is not antagonistic to the idea of real mahogany, and thus the rich, deep tones of old mahogany (which can be reproduced so well by stains) do not seem incongruous. But if this were used on such woods as chestnut or ash, where the grain is very pronounced, the effect is unnatural.

There is one important point to keep well in mind in planning the interior finish and color scheme for the small house in which the rooms open well together. This is to have the floors finished in the same way in all rooms, and where possible, the same ceiling color used throughout. This adds much to the apparent spaciousness of the rooms, and, where possible, the same color should be used for the standing woodwork, treating all rooms as a whole rather than individually.

There are stains producing various shades of brown, green, and grey which when they are used upon the standing woodwork of the entire floor of the house provide a delightful restful effect. For instance, if the hall is less well lighted than the adjoining rooms the stain used upon its standing woodwork should be a shade of light dull brown. The adjoining living-room of southern exposure could show a very dark brown stain, and the dining-room wainscot be so treated as to resemble English oak in tone. All of these shades melt one into the other harmoniously.

The selection of color for the side walls is of equal importance and should be considered in connection with the stain for the woodwork, and also the relative effect of the adjoining rooms must be kept in mind. Frequently houses of the bungalow and Craftsman type have the walls finished in rough plaster, that is, sanded, and showing a toothed surface which takes the color—either water-color wash, or oil paint—attractively. Wall colors are now made ready mixed to apply, and a very wide selection of shades is offered, some of which are very good.



LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. W. S. NILES.
The ceiling here is good, and the stenciled border on the walls just below the beams is excellent. The fireplace is unusually attractive. Opposite to it is a row of high leaded windows.

LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. C. B. NILES.
An appropriately appointed room. The large mantel is of grey Roman brick, with a hammered brass hood over the fireplace.

A New Way to Force Chinese Lilies.

ABOUT the commonest bulb found in the house in the fall is the Chinese Lily. It is used by the hundreds of thousands throughout the land, and gives great satisfaction because of its easy cultivation. All that is necessary to do is to put a bulb in water, and in a few weeks a flower appears. Of course, the better the quality of the bulb, the better the character of the flowers. It is just here that many people make a mistake. While any sort of bulbs will flower, it is always best to pay a good price and get the best there is in the market. The bargain counters are overloaded with bulbs, but the prices at which they are offered should be enough to arouse suspicion. E. U. Wood, writing in Suburban Life, throws this new light on the development of Chinese lilies:—

I have tried a new method of growing these lilies, which was suggested by a missionary who had spent nine years in Japan. The treatment suggested by her was followed with great success, and my resulting blooms far surpassed those of other years.

I bought the best bulbs the market afforded, and grew these in glass vases such as are used for hyacinths.

The bulbs were first peeled. That is, the outer skin was removed, beginning at the nose of the bulb and peeling toward the root. The top of the bulb was then cut off about a half-inch, according to the raggedness of the top. Incisions from the nose of the bulb to the bottom were made in the side. These cuts were about one-quarter of an inch deep; cutting a little deeper did no harm.

The bulbs were then placed in the glasses, which were well filled with water, in which were placed a few lumps of charcoal. The water was just high enough to reach the bottom of the bulb. Over the bulbs and about half way down the glass was wrapped blue paper tightly tied about the neck of the glass. The glasses were stored in a dark closet for two weeks before being brought to the light.

I have tried this operation for two years, and found it so satisfactory that I shall never grow these bulbs in any other way. The resulting flowers have been large, and the number of spikes greater per bulb than I have seen as the result of any other treatment. Nothing can be expected from inferior bulbs, and it is because of this that I have insisted so strongly in the beginning of this article that first-class stock should be purchased.

DINING ROOM, HOME OF MR. W. S. NILES.
A view taken from the spacious verandah in the rear. The high window is particularly pleasing.

DINING ROOM, HOME OF MR. C. B. NILES.
A very handsome interior. The wainscoting and border make a rich effect. The furniture is very well chosen.

The Words of the Widow

After New Year's day most men are converted to the theory that second thoughts are best.

* * *

Constancy is a quality which we greatly admire in others.

* * *

A resolution to be good is something like a brandy chocolate, uninteresting until it is broken.

* * *

Love is a good deal like small change—often much worn or counterfeit.

* * *

Women are taught to look up to men; if all were on the same level masculine failings would be too apparent.

* * *

It's better to break a dozen resolutions than make oneself uncomfortable keeping one.

* * *

The wise are seldom indiscreet; they aren't young enough to take a chance for the chance's sake.

* * *

Trying to keep a good resolution is a test of the determination one hasn't got.

* * *

Being good is too lonely a job for the average man.

* * *

Swearing off for a time, is the cocktail which gives zest to the minor sins one commits during the rest of the year.

* * *

Some men love women, but all men love themselves.

C. C. M.

Combe Abbey and Its Beauties

COMBE ABBEY, the Warwickshire seat of the Earl of Craven, is one of the many historic homes in the Midlands which abound in tradition and around which time has woven many curious stories. Closely associated with Combe is the memory of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia; and her famous collection of pictures is still one of its features. Some of the Ladies Craven have also played an interesting part in their time. The present LadyCraven was Miss Cornelia Bradley Martin of New York.

Through the centuries since it was first erected Combe has undergone many architectural changes and become a combination of varying styles, but each part considered separately is worthy of study, and regarded as a whole it presents a most picturesque appearance. The house itself has been described as "but an incident in a garden of Eden." The older plan of the gardens has been considerably changed with the succeeding years, but the big sheet of water, and older plantations, make a delightful setting for the more recently contrived canals, terraces, parterres and garden architecture. The moat-like water out of which the south side of the house now rises, and which is spanned by a mediæval-looking bridge, was inspired by old French chateaux; but after a westward curve it assumes the form of a dignified Dutch canal facing the centre of the Palladian front and forming an important feature of the new geometric gardens.

Some of the garden statues are old, but the general array of vases and urns are new. Where the grounds to the north take on a wilder and more informal character, paths wind through stretches of sward and masses of shrubs. There, may be found a rotunda backed by trees, and roofed pergola-fashion with open timbers, but with antique Italian columns in front, and within a delightful marble fountain belonging to the same place and period. The flower gardens are particularly fine and well laid out.

It was at Combe that Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, spent some years of her life, and it is owing to this fact that Lord Craven, long ago, considered it the most fitting of his homes to contain the portraits and memorials of herself and her family. The tradition that Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia died at Combe Abbey does not seem well founded, but the oak room now known as the "brocatelle" room, in that mansion, is nevertheless asserted by some to have been the scene of her death. The bed in this room is a very excellent example of Jacobean style, and there is a possibility that the Queen did use it while staying there. There are many portraits of the Queen at Combe, especially in the Bohemian room.

Combe abounds in splendid tapestries and fine armour, one of the finest sets of the former being at present in the corridor in the newer part of the house, and representing Dutch scenes in the manner of Teniers.

In Lady Craven's room there is a beautiful mantel-piece of the school of Robert Adam, and the mahogany doors are of the same period. The fine plaster and frieze ceiling have the date 1694 introduced in a ribboned scroll. In the Brown Parlor, a feature is the mantel-piece, which is apparently an early nineteenth century addition to its Charles II. surroundings.

Although Combe is still the property of the male descendants from the Lord Mayor Craven who helped establish the fortunes of the family, yet during the eighteenth century the succession was seldom from father to son. The Earl whose devotion to the Queen of Bohemia, was so steadfast died a nonagenarian, and his earldom died with him though it was revived later. The barony, however, went to a cousin who became second Lord Craven and owner of Combe and other estates. His sons were succeeded by a cousin and when the fifth Lord Craven died it was a nephew to whom the title passed. This owner of Combe married Elizabeth, the fourth daughter of the Earl of Berkley, one of the most famous of all the Ladies Craven. She was a beautiful and clever woman, facts which she does not fail to mention in her "memoirs." She was renowned for her wit as well as her good looks and in 1780 her play "The Miniature Picture," was brought out at Drury Lane. Subsequently, Lady Craven and her husband failed to agree and the former, taking her youngest child with her, travelled on the Continent, settling down at the Court of Anspach. She became the "adopted sister" of the Margrave, a nephew of Frederick the Great, and on the death of the Margravine and of Lord Craven, they were married in 1791. The Margrave gave up his principality and went to England with his wife.

Her eldest son, the seventh Lord Craven married a beauty connected with the drama, Louisa Brunton, and the mantel-piece in the Brown Parlor is probably of her introduction. It was at a much later date and long after her son had succeeded his father that the most extensive changes were made at Combe, by William Eden Nesfield. This young architect spent much time abroad and the result is very evident at Combe. The history of the place, its gradual evolution, its architectural value and its sentimental charm, as representing the varying phases of the native Renaissance spirit, made no appeal to him. He was convinced that he was acting laudably in sweeping it away and replacing it with a great building of his own. Nesfield was a very clever man and his work at Combe shows much thought and cleverness. Taken by itself and without reference to the rest of the house and to what it has replaced, the east front of Combe Abbey is a building of considerable merit. Each portion taken by itself possesses good qualities but the whole is lacking in distinction, and is unconvincing in style. But whatever may be regretted at Combe, it is easily forgotten in the fine Palladian decorations, the splendid furnishings of many styles and periods and the remarkable collection of pictures, all tending to make it a collector's paradise.

THE MOAT AND BRIDGE AT COMBE ABBEY.

THE COLLECTION OF PICTURES IN THE BOHEMIAN ROOM AT COMBE.

THE "OLD PANTRY" AT COMBE, NOW USED AS A SITTING ROOM.

THE CELEBRATED "BROCATELLE" ROOM AT COMBE.

Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, who is so well known as a writer has developed a great interest in the blind and in order to help the sufferers from blindness in her own country has established an institute for them at Bucharest. It is known as the "Home of Light," and while the people are paid for their work, the institution itself is supported by private subscriptions.

Not Long Ago

An Official Blunder.

A CANADIAN peeress—there aren't so many that the identification of this one should prove difficult—tells an amusing little story illustrative of the fact that in spite of Canada's size and importance it is not as well understood in England as it might be, even in circles where it seems a bounden duty to know something of "Our Dominions beyond the Sea."

Having a Canadian girl as her guest, a Montrealer to be exact, she appealed to the proper authority for permission to take her young visitor to some well-known gathering—the Royal enclosure at Ascot, if memory is to be relied upon. To her surprise and indignation, for she is very Canadian in sentiment in spite of a long residence in England, she received a reply from the office of the proper Court official stating that it was customary for Americans to seek the desired privilege through their Ambassador, and consequently that Miss ——, of Montreal, would have to make application through the United States Embassy.

Being wise as well as patriotic, the girl's hostess suppressed her indignation and wrote a nice little letter in reply, explaining just where in North America the city of Montreal was situated. The desired card came by return mail, and needless to say it was not sent owing to the intervention of a foreign Ambassador.

Prayer Was Needed.

IN a small village there lived a maiden lady of some means, whose chief diversion was the entertainment of travelling preachers. Generally speaking, this was a good thing for the preachers, for her small household was well managed, and her cooking was a treat. One Saturday afternoon, when the days were growing short and chilly, a preacher arrived, was shown to the guest chamber, took tea and went out to call on some friends. As the village kept early hours he should have returned by half past eight or nine at the latest; so when the clock crept on to ten, and no preacher, the good lady was alarmed. Calling to her servant maid she said:

"Sarah, I cannot think why the preacher should be so late; the poor man will be perished with cold. Get the warming pan, and warm his bed—thoroughly, mind you."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sarah, and departed on her errand of mercy.

Sarah loaded the warming pan, and carried it to the guest chamber without troubling to get a light. Twitching back the clothes from the foot of the bed, she thrust in the hot pan, result: shrieks and cries of anguish from the preacher. He had returned at a perfectly conventional hour, and being fatigued had retired without even saying good night. An evangelist who told this story at a revival meeting not long ago allowed the sinners—and saints—to enjoy their laugh, and then remarked impressively.

"You see, my friends, the unfortunate result of going to rest without family prayer."

Mother's Advice.

A KINDLY disposed woman and her husband read recently about the loneliness of strangers in a large city and resolved to do their part towards making some one feel at home. At the church they attended there was a young girl, who had been there several Sundays alone, and who looked very desolate. The following Sunday the woman said to her husband, "I am going to invite that girl home to dinner."

The husband agreed, so immediately after the service he followed his wife to the door to wait for the girl. While waiting, they chatted with those whom they knew, for it was not a large church, and all the regular attendants were acquainted. When the girl would have passed they stopped her and enquired kindly about her; and finding that she was a stranger and lived in a boarding house, the lady introduced her to her husband and several others who were near, and then invited her to go home with her for dinner.

The girl looked her up and down carefully, and evidently not feeling quite satisfied with the dress of her would-be hostess, she said, "My mother warned me to be very careful with whom I associated while in the city," and she walked out with the dignity of one who feels she has done a worthy deed.

Since then the interest of the kindly disposed woman and her husband in cases of loneliness has not been quite as pronounced as it was once.

In all civilized countries there is a minimum age limit for matrimony, but Russia is said to be the only country at the present time to prohibit marriage on the ground of senility.

THE COUNTESS OF KERRY.

Lord Lansdowne's daughter-in-law, and the wife of Lord Kerry, his heir, is one of the most charming of women and is deservedly popular wherever she may find herself. She is the daughter of Mr. E. S. Hope, C.B. Her husband represents a Derbyshire constituency in the House and is also a London County Councillor.

The One Thing Lacking

By GRACE E. DENISON

MEHITABLE SIMONS was an old maid who, as she sometimes was known to remark, had no one to blame but herself for her condition.

"What Hitty Simons means when she says that," her friends were wont to remark, "she knows best herself, but it reads two ways!"

Certainly Miss Simons was not either in face, form or temper in the least attractive. A sour melancholy generally overspread her large-featured and rather quaint countenance, her hands were knobby and large-boned, her figure flat and angular, and her hair lank and abominably dressed, a few well-worn hairpins holding its strands in a misshapen lump high up on her skull and a few wisps of ragged ends fringing her hard bony brow. She sang aggressive hymns in a broken hum as she trailed about her cottage, and if a kindly neighbor came to pass the time of day she was apt to reject companionship with an superior air of patronage, or send the caller away laughing at some extraordinary saying or violent opinion, into which she had entrapped the solitary spinster.

No pets, animal or bird, shared the cottage with Miss Mehitable. No flowers stood blooming on her window sills, as is the cheery way of flowers in villages. There was just Miss Mehitable Simons all alone. By dint of outliving all her kith and kin, after exasperating them for a couple or three-score years, she had fallen heir to the cottage, the bit of land, the cow in the shed, and the nag in the stable, and many a bit of lace, damask, silver and old furniture which would have warmed the heart of a connoisseur.

Once a kindly inquisitive neighbor had asked: "And when you go, Mehitable, who'll have the place?"

Miss Hitty had turned upon her questioner so baleful and resentful a look of scorn that she hastily said good-bye, and hurried on her way.

On Sundays and on Wednesday evenings Miss Hitty went to church, and made all the responses and sang all the hymns in the same cold, wooden way she did everything else. She gave infinitesimal sums to charity, but refused to do any church work. One woman in the village there was who regarded her doubtfully, in a puzzled way, haunted by the memory of how, when a little child lay dying, Miss Hitty had come and held him and walked with him, and soothed his moans until the little eyes glazed and the pulses stilled, and after had gently straightened and bathed and clad the white limbs for the grave, and declining tea or a sip of whisky and water with expression of scorn, had stalked off to her lonely cottage again, and next day seemed to forget all about her vigil. That woman, mother of that child, listened to her neighbors calling Mehitable a sour, hard, cantankerous old maid, and murmured:

"Well, somehow, I don't know!"

It happened that year, that Cy Brunkurst came home from the mines, and by chance met Miss Mehitable Simons as she went to prayer meeting. Cy had been sitting in the bar of the tavern all day, and several old friends had treated him to a liquor known coloquially as "tangle foot," so that his gait might have been steadier and his breath sweeter when he met the old school fellow who was head of her class, and sometimes helped him over a *pons asinorum* in those days of half a century ago.

"Hello, Hitty," said he genially, holding out a huge paw. "Glad to see you again! Going to prayer meeting? Say, I've a good mind to come along, just for old time's sake."

He shook the bony digits reluctantly extended to him, and ranged alongside, falling into step as naturally as if no forty years of prancing had intervened.

"Say, you do look natural!" he continued admiringly. "Just the same neat, smart, proper sort of girl! 'Member how you used to jaw me when I'd call for you and not have clean nails? Seems only yesterday! Say Hitty, you're the first real natural person I've seen. This one's got fat, and t'other's got white headed, but you, you're just the same old superior chin in the air sort of a girl you were! My, but I'm glad I met you! If I hadn't I'd have been off to-morrow, up to the city, and blow in every cent I've made, I s'pose!" And he gave a rich laugh, a devil-may-care chuckle, then, as they reached the church, he said quietly: "Any reason why I couldn't sit beside you?"

Miss Mehitable bowed silently, which Cy evidently accepted as permission, and they went in together. He opened a hymn-book and smiled as he pointed out a date written on the fly-leaf, it was 1862. Again she bowed silently, but there was a nervous compression of her lips that may have smothered a new-born smile. As the hymn began, she sang mechanically, woodenly, as usual, holding one leaf of the ancient hymn-book he offered, although she knew the hymn by heart. Presently, he joined in, their voices blended, though the rich baritone seemed to catch up and envelope the thin soprano. People looked at the two, wondering, but no one smiled.

"Just like him, Cy Brunkurst always was an impudent limb," the old timers thought. In the prayers he lolled beside Miss Hitty, who knelt on a prim, hard little hassock, and when she said "Amen" in a voice like a watchman's rattle, he echoed the word in a tone like a Bourdon great organ stop. As they sang and prayed together, Miss Hitty felt queer waves of genial glow flooding her soul, she breathed unevenly, and once she sang very false, and caught the book nervously and stopped altogether.

For ten years she had sat or knelt or stood quite alone in her little two-seated pew, and her voice had been hard and wooden, and her tone as true as could be. Now her later Amens were almost tremulous, and she sang false! Once, also, when she essayed to rise from her knees, and her foot was asleep, a great hand was slipped firmly under her elbow and she felt herself leaning on instead of rejecting its strength. During the address, the moments seemed to fly, and before it was over, she had begun to feel the amused eyes of her neighbors upon her. A pink flush came up her neck to her ears, a flush of embarrassment and faint annoyance, and she hid her face for the parting prayer, with a feeling of relief. No one ever dared accost Mehitable Simons on the way from church; she always wrapped herself in a superior holiness and stalked out unhindered. To-night she even hurried a little, but Cy Brunkurst was at her side, and put his hand out to help her down the slippery steps and took it away again only to say in quite a masterful way:

"You take my arm, Hitty, the walk is awful slippy." As they soberly picked their way he continued: "Gee, but it's natural in the old church. I missed the old parson. He hadn't much use for me. Say, Hitty, do you remember the day I stole his early harvest apples, and you opened your gate for me to hide? You always were my friend, and it's no wonder I feel glad to see you again. Well, here's the gate, same old button holding it, and the old cottage has the same homey, cosy look. Say, Hitty, have you got the stuffed duck in the glass case yet? But, of course, you have. You always were careful over everything. Do you remember how you said I'd never be good for anything, 'cause I couldn't save up? Well, now, I want to tell you I learned to save after that. I have five thousand good simoleuns in the savings bank this minute, waiting for a good investment, but it was just you saying that, that started me. Well, good-night, Hitty!" And he closed the gate but fumbled with the button.

"You may come in if you want to!" blurted out Miss Hitty; "it's only eight o'clock, and I always sit up till ten."

The gate swung back with surprising celerity, and Cy Brunkurst followed her to the door. He admired the old brass knocker, recalling the days when he could just tip it with the ends of his fingers and standing on tip-toes, and she smiled faintly as he laid his broad hand on it and gave a double rap. Some of the old-time aroma seemed to cling in the air he breathed, and while he waited in the porch till she lit the oil lamp in the sitting room, he kept calling out, did she 'member this and that, until she gave a little nervous laugh as she turned up the lamp, and said:

"Of course, I remember! Do you think you own all the memory around?"

So they sat down on either side of the base burner coal-stove, and gradually Miss Hitty questioned him of his past, the past of two-score years, the great gap since they were youngsters in school together, and she chid him for not cleaning his nails! Then suddenly some memory came to both at once, and she started up crying: "I believe I have some snows left yet!" And they went together to the little cellar and took a flat basket from a hook on the beam, and there were "snows," half a dozen, in good shape for immediate consumption.

As they peeled and ate the apples, no one who knew Miss Hitty, no one, at least, but the mother who had lost her baby, would have recognized her. She laughed, she had a little gleam in her eyes, and a slight flush on her sallow, thin cheeks. And how Cy Brunkurst talked and talked of strange places and queer adventures, and every now and then he would pause and look at Miss Hitty with admiring satisfaction and cry: "Oh, say, Hitty, you've not changed one mite!"

At half-past nine (and no mistake, for there was a tall grandfather's clock that he remembered never had lost five minutes in five months) Cy Brunkurst rose to his feet.

"Well, all good things must end!" he sighed. "Time for your beauty sleep, Hitty!"

Miss Mehitable rocked slowly.

"Yes, it's getting on," she agreed, glancing around at the clock. "And I haven't asked half the questions I meant to, but I will say, Cy, I'm glad you took to heart what I used to tell you, and learned to save."

Cy Brunkurst drummed his fingers on the table. "Well, I've got no one to save for. I'm all alone in the world now," he said slowly.

"So am I," echoed Mehitable, leaning back in her rocker with a sigh. He sat down and drew his chair nearer to her, a determined, grim look on his face.

"Hitty," he began, in very throaty tones, "it may seem like I'm jumping down your throat, but—well—say, Hitty, do you think you and I could get along comfortable, if we got married?"

A very beautiful look came over Miss Hitty's gaunt face (beautiful, I said) a soft downcast yielding look, that transfigured it, a faint smile that softened her mouth and drew up its corners in a quaint curve. She looked into the glowing coals, and after quite a long contemplation of them, she looked straight up into Cy Brunkurst's waiting eyes.

"We might," she said slowly, "if you think it would be a good thing for you!"

"Good! Why, Hitty, ever since you used to scold me about my nails, the very thought of you has done me good. It's whether it would suit you, my dear, whether you'd take the trouble to steer me along your way; whether—"

She held out her hand.

"It's ten o'clock, Cy," she said quaintly. "Good night! I guess if you can row, I can steer. It used to be the way we got along a good while ago!"

I have drawn Miss Mehitable Simons with a faithful pen, as I knew her first, because no one on earth would ever recognize her who has known her for the last five years as Mrs. Cy Brunkurst. And Cy has kept his part of the contract so well, that Hitty finds it's only summer day's play to do the steering of their lifeboat. While their sudden marriage was a seven days' wonder to the whole community, the subsequent development of Hitty's hidden nature, a nature starving for affectionate comradeship, is no less a daily marvel to everyone but that mother who lost the little child, and she smiles and thinks she understands, and I think she does too!

A POPULAR AMERICAN.

Lady Paget, who was Miss Minnie Stevens, daughter of the well-known Mrs. Paran Stevens, was among the American girls presented at the Court of St. James a number of years ago, and her marriage to the then Captain Arthur Paget of the Scots Guards, son of the late Lord Alfred Paget, took place soon afterwards. Ever since her position has been of the most brilliant. Lady Paget has always been known as a most successful hostess, and her little dinners are famous, King Edward often being present. It was she who, in the dark days of the war in South Africa, organized "The Masque of Peace and War" at the Haymarket Theatre, London, by which £7,000 was raised, and she also did much good work in connection with the hospital ship Maine.

MME. MARIETTE WOLFF.

An important witness in the Steinheil case was Mme. Mariette Wolff, who was Mme. Steinheil's servant. It was she who said at the trial that "when one is a servant one ought to see all and say nothing." Since the trial Mme. Wolff has been employed as a bill-poster in Paris.

A MUCH DISCUSSED FRENCHWOMAN.

Mme. Steinheil, who left her native land immediately after the close of the sensational trial in which she was acquitted of the charge of murdering her husband and her mother, is now in England. At the auction of the furniture of the Steinheil house the crowd was so eager to see the things offered for sale that many women fainted in the crush.

The principal source of the world's clove supply is Zanzibar, and the neighboring island of Pemba, East Africa. A ten-year-old plantation should produce twenty pounds of cloves to the tree. Trees of twenty years frequently produce upward of one hundred pounds each. Besides the buds, the stems are gathered and form an article of commerce, commanding one-fifth the price of cloves and having about the same percentage of strength. To this is due the fact that ground cloves can be bought at a lower price than the whole cloves.

Old Friends and New

The following little poem by Theodosia Garrison is republished by request:

Never Again.

I WILL sing with you, I will jest with you,
I will dance with you down the year;
But trudge a day on a dreary way?
Never again, my dear!

I will feast with you when lights flare high
And the hall is warm with cheer;
But share a crust in a garret's dust?
Never again, my dear!

I will laugh with you while lips may laugh,
And jest while your ears may hear;
But take your wo and your tears? Ah, no—
Never again, my dear!

For the gold of the heart is given once—
Yes, once, and but once, I fear;
And a true love slain comes back to reign
Never again, my dear!

The Merry Holidays.

THESE are the days when the old King dies,
King Year with his locks so white;
But there's never a tear in his sparkling eyes,
Nor a break in his voice to-night.
He has run his race and has reached the goal—
He was all that a King should be—
And he laughs at death and with merry soul,
"He calls for his pipe, and he calls for his bowl,
And he calls for his fiddlers three."

Life.

A CRUST of bread and a corner to sleep in.
A minute to smile and an hour to weep in,
A pint of joy to a peck of trouble
And never a laugh but the moans come double;
And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,
With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us;
And the joys seem sweeter when cares come after,
And the moan is the finest of foils for laughter;
And that is life!

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Goodby.

GIVE us, old year, before you go,
A dash of sun and a drift of snow;
A whiff of spring and a glimpse of fall,
Give us a draught of the seasons all.

We've travelled a merry round with you,
We've seen you tried and we've found you true,
So give us a pledge before you go—
A dash of sun and a drift of snow.

Winter Song.

SING a song of winter—
Air so crisp and clear!
Sunshine in the distance
And joy bells ringing near!
Snowflakes lightly falling
To warm the buds asleep.
Then a thaw and next a tramp
Through mud that's two feet deep!

Sing a song of winter
When the frost is white
And the tonsilitis germ
Seeks you day and night!
When the wind is sighing
Sadly through the trees;
"Your furnace isn't working,
And the water pipes will freeze!"

Sing a song of winter—
Sing it any way;
You've got to have your troubles,
There are debts that life must pay,
So set 'em to a jingle
As you laugh at fate perverse,
Sing a song of winter
And be glad it isn't worse!

—Washington Star.

A Beautiful Countess.

LADY LYTTON, wife of Lord Lytton, visited Canada some years ago shortly before her marriage, and while here was the guest of the Countess of Minto at Government House, Ottawa. The Countess, who is very pretty and charming, was Miss Pamela Plowden, daughter of the late Sir Trevor Chichele Plowden. Lord and Lady Lytton take much interest in the district in which their country place, Knebworth House, so long occupied by Lord Strathcona, is situated, and quite recently they opened a series of new creameries at Knebworth which, it is said, will supply milk rendered absolutely pure by certain scientific processes. Lady Lytton has two children, Viscount Knebworth and Lady Margaret Bulwer-Lytton.

Bell PLAYER-PIANO

The Autonola

is the modern instrument for the home. Anyone can play it. It is at the same time one that can be used by the musician as a Piano of the highest order.

Investigate the merits of the Autonola. It is perfect in construction, simple to operate and durable.

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146 Yonge St.

Factories: Guelph, Ont., and London, Eng.

Opinions on American Women.

THIS bit of brisk comment is from The San Francisco Argonaut:

Miss Marie Corelli's opinion of American women as expressed by her in a recent speech comes contemporaneously with some other opinions upon the same delightful subject, but of a different purport. There was a time when we were over fond of saying pleasant things about ourselves, and when we had a certain difficulty in securing the applause of foreigners. But now *nous avons change tout cela.* The brickbats are thrown by ourselves at ourselves, while the nosegays come from across the water.

Miss Corelli has no reputation as a false flatterer. Indeed, she affects a certain style of brusque candor that scorns even the most innocent of pleasant insincerities. If she does not always say what she means—only the most unpleasant people do that—she at least means what she says. And so we may take an undiscounted satisfaction from her declaration that every social function of any importance that is held in England is graced and enlivened by the presence of some brilliant American woman. Even the gilded youth of Great Britain who is supposed to fall prostrate at the feet of the American heiress is attracted less by her money than by her personality.

The American woman, said Miss Corelli, was never quite like other women. She had the same emotions as Mother Eve, but her response to them was of a different kind. She was always original, always unusual. Without the tradition of those who had felt the heel of a Roman conqueror before the advent of Christianity, she had been suddenly and miraculously born like Venus from the foam of the sea. She was the offspring of a new country, teeming with an impetuous rush of new ideas. As such she was always fascinating and always interesting. Never could a charge of dullness be laid at her doors.

Miss Corelli said some other things to the same effect, all of them calculated to make us purr and arch our backs with pleasure. But there is another side to the shield, and it is presented to us by American women themselves.

And then Miss Corelli had something to say about Mr. Taft, who, it seems, has confessed that "I find whenever I differ from my wife and go on my own course I have to come back and admit that she was right from the beginning." What more can the suffragette want, asks Miss Corelli. Is it not clear as daylight that Mrs. Taft is President of the greatest republic ever seen, and that she allows herself to be accompanied by Mr. Taft? What can a mere vote amount to in the presence of such exaltation as this?

The Duchesse de Chaulnes and the Countess di Frasso are both American women who have married respectively French and Italian husbands. The Duchesse de Chaulnes was Miss Theodora Shonts, who was left a widow within a few weeks of her marriage. Both these ladies have severe things to say about the American woman, who, in her capacity of mother, is so far inferior to the mothers of France and Italy. The American mother, we are told, spends her time in fondling poodle dogs and hands over her children to servants. The French and Italian mother devotes herself to her family and supervises personally every domestic detail. It is a severe indictment, and we feel that we are smitten in the house of our friends.

Count Hickoff—Ze weather is so queer over here. I must get my overcoat out. The Heiress—How lucky. Count Hickoff—In what way? The Heiress—That you haven't lost the ticket.—Chicago Daily News.

TORONTO SOCIETY

MR. STANLEY SETON THOMPSON is greatly enjoying his stay in Havana, Cuba, and did not forget Toronto friends at Christmas, as many pretty views of his new home testified.

News of the death of Mr. Tom Lownsbrough (which occurred after a brief attack of pneumonia, in New York, last Thursday) was received with real regret by his Toronto friends, who have not forgotten his jovial and kindly personality though it is a good many years since he lived in Toronto. To his widow and children heartiest sympathy goes.

Mrs. Hartney, of Roxboro' street west, gave a young folks' dance on Monday evening for her son and daughter, Harold and Kathleen. Mrs. Lewis Brophy, a recent bride, assisted in receiving the guests. The usual glowing Christmas decorations gave a timely touch to the festive scene, and the young people, numbering about a hundred, had a jolly evening. The supper table was decorated with deep red roses set in silver vases.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. James had a family party for dinner on Christmas day.

Miss Austin, of Spadina, and her brother Albert are spending the week-end in Cobourg with Miss Muriel Dick. Muriel and David, handsome sister and brother and sworn friends, were in town just before the vacation, walking testimonials to the salubrity of Cobourg, their new home.

Next Wednesday, the fine new home of Mr. and Mrs. Miller Lash will be the scene of one of the timely young people's parties, which are all the rage in this vacation. It is impossible to even mention casually the dozens of such affairs now en train.

Mr. Bruce Riordan, who was spending Christmas with his parents, was taken ill on Monday night with an attack of appendicitis, and was operated on by Dr. Herbert Bruce next day in Grace Hospital. His illness was a great disappointment to friends who had expected to meet him at Government House on Wednesday.

HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON.

At the Picture Tableaux Bazaar held recently in London, Mrs. Crichton, who is a great friend of the young Queen of Spain, appeared as one of the "Ladies Waldegrave" in Reynolds' celebrated picture. She is the daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Walter Rodolph Trefusis, and is a daughter-in-law of Lord Erne. Through her mother, Lady Mary Trefusis, she is a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch. When her marriage took place, her most prized gifts included a diamond and ruby pendant from Queen Victoria Eugenie.

Mrs. Titus Robinson gave a tea on Monday for the debut of her daughter, Daisy, at her home in Bedford road. The decorations, both of drawing-rooms and tea-table, were in Christmas red.

Mrs. Fred Morse, of Winnipeg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harton Walker, at her new home, 12 Edgar avenue, Rosedale. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Morse will receive next Monday, and next Friday night Mrs. Walker will give a dance for the friends of her two "not-outs," Dorothy and Evelyn. Miss Madeline Walker got home for Christmas after a long sojourn to the far west and in Winnipeg.

Lady Kirkpatrick, who is now living in London, does not forget her Toronto friends, and dainty personal cards from her were welcomed in several Christmas mails. Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick is now with his regiment in Wynberg, S.A.

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross are going to Nassau on January 9th.

Mrs. Machell is giving a dance next Thursday for the friends of her young sons, who were such splendid stewards at the charity ball last November. The spacious rooms of the Machell home will make a house dance particularly enjoyable.

Mrs. George A. Cox (Amy Sterling) will receive for the first time since her marriage on next Tuesday afternoon at her residence in Sherbourne street.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee had her children and grandchildren at a family Christmas dinner in the private dining-room of the Alexandra. The table was beautiful with Christmas red and candelabra of red candles; and covers were laid for twelve, including Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee and Miss Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lee and their two children, and Mr. Arthur Lee. After a tempting repast, the party adjourned to Mrs. Lee's dainty suite, where some music and plenty of fun over the Christmas gifts followed. The news of Mrs. Michie's death and the consequent absence of Major Michie, son-in-law of Mrs. Lee, cast the only shadow on the happy party.

Dr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Rankin, of Chicago, are spending the vacation with Mrs. Rankin's mother, Mrs. Bennett, of South Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, of Tannenheim, had a family party and a few intimate friends for dinner on Christmas Day. The table was very bright and bonnie with a central Christmas tree and a tiny "treelet" on each of the corners of the plentifully-provided board. On Tuesday, Mrs. Heintzman was the presiding spirit at the Christmas tree given to her particular proteges, the boys and girls of that excellent charity, the Dovercourt Orphans' Home.

Mrs. Walter H. Allworth, of Montreal, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, of 68 St. Mary street, and will receive with Mrs. Hamilton on the first and second Wednesdays in January.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Cruthers, of Oakville, have left this week on a trip to the West Indies and South America. They will be accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Hall, of Fort Qu'Appelle.

A large theatre party and supper afterwards at McConkey's was given on Monday night for the Spohn-Haney wedding party, with the bride-elect as guest of honor. In common with many other after-the-play-reunions, this one was thrown very late on account of the detention by storm of the company playing in the Alexandra Theatre. It was one of the merriest of the merry season's parties.

Mrs. Sanford Evans' visit home was the *raison d'etre* of a very pleasant tea given by her mother, Mrs. Gurney, in the stately mansion in Walmer road on Tuesday. There was a great gathering of old friends of Mrs. Evans, who as Irene Gurney was queen of her set a few years ago. Mrs. Gurney and Mrs. Evans received together, the former in silver grey and the latter in heavy white lace. Mrs. Evans is now an enthusiastic Winnipegger, and looks as if the West agreed with her perfectly. An orchestra played in the sun-parlor. In the dining-room, Miss Gladys Gurney, Miss Flavelle, Miss Carlyle, Miss Fudger and others waited on the guests, and the tea-table was gay with deep red roses. Although there were a good number of ladies, there was no crowding, the great rooms and hall being good for hundreds more if necessary. A visitor in town, Mrs. W. Grant, Mordens, was looking very attractive in a neat cloth costume and black-plumed hat. Others were Mrs. Flavelle, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Davies, Miss Connie Hodgetts, Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Taylor, Mrs. George Gale, Miss Davies, Mrs. and Miss Brush, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Cleeve Hall, Mrs. Samuel, Mrs. Boyce Thompson, the Misses Carty, the Misses Matthews, and Miss Mara.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Glass are entertaining a house party of twenty for their daughter Dorothy's wedding to Mr. Kerr to-day. A couple of very charming women from New York are among their guests, and their fine young son, a giant of six-foot-four, is a very popular assistant host. Yesterday, Mrs. and Miss Eva Glass, grandmother and aunt of the bride-elect of to-day, had a few friends for tea at the Alexandra to meet the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Glass, who will remain in town over Sunday, I believe.

Mrs Gibbs Wellington and Miss Wellington have left for Cincinnati to visit relatives, and will not receive until the second week of February.

Miss Marjorie Brouse gave a young people's dance on Monday night, at which the pretty girls and jolly men who form our *jeunesse* doree were largely represented. The young hostess was in white, relieved with pale pink velvet, and a *snood* of the same tint in her fair hair. Her grandmother and aunt, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, assisted in hospitalities, and a few of the guests were Miss Elsie Cotton, Miss Boultbee, Miss Ireland, Miss Armour, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Miss Fellowes, the Misses Crowther, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Heron, Miss Adele Boulton, Miss Braithwaite, Miss Holland, Miss Adams, Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Blackstock, Miss Johnstone, the Misses Reid, Miss Dunlop, Miss Keefer, Miss Gwynne, Miss Robertson, Miss Delamere, Miss W. Cross, Miss Machray, Miss Campbell Macdonald, Miss Rathbun, Miss N Mackenzie, Miss Burton, Miss Robertson, Miss Boyd, Miss V. Edwards, Miss Grasett, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. Stuart Greer, Mr. Eric Armour, Mr. S. Jones, Mr. Finncane, Mr. Mackelcan, Mr. Chrysler, Mr. Coulson, Messrs. Rathbun, Mr. Fellowes, Colonel Stimson, and the Messrs. Heron.

Mrs. Trees gave a dance for the friends of her young people on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Eaton and the Principal and Faculty of the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, North street, will celebrate the third anniversary of the opening of the school by a reception next Friday evening at half-past eight

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Maynard and Miss Georgina Hayes, of Buffalo, spent the Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Fleming at Sevenoaks, Castle Frank Crescent, Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ince are in their new home in Dunvegan road.

McQUARRIES LIMITED

Holding a Great SPECIAL CLEARING SALE of Women's Suits, Coats, Cloaks, Waists, Skirts, Underskirts, Neckwear and other things—

HALF PRICE and LESS

282 McQUARRIES YONGE STREET 282

Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths

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contain many dazzling specimens of Jeweled handicraft. To specialize would be next to impossible. There is so much scope and newness throughout for the gift-buyer with "the hundreds" that it necessitates an acceptance of our invitation to come and see.

"RARE GEM" CREATIONS, where the DIAMOND, PEARL, RUBY, OLIVINE, SAPPHIRE and EMERALD rival each other in jealous splendor, are here for the gem-lover to admire and to favor. A willing and capable staff are at your service.

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MAKE YOUR FACE AND HANDS BEAUTIFUL

You can have a fine, clear complexion and always make your face and hands beautiful and attractive, by keeping the pores open with soap and water, and the skin smooth and soft in texture, by using

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

This preparation also imparts a white clearness to the skin that is most desirable. A perfect cure for chapped hands and lips, and all skin blemishes.

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IMPORTANT

Are you considering placing Insurance on your Life before the year closes? If so

DO NOT DO SO

Before examining the Annual Cash Dividend Policies issued by THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES. The Strongest in the World.

The Equitable Life only issue New York State Standard Policies endorsed by the Legislature. These provide for the payment of Cash Dividends, declared each and every year of the policy under all plans issued by the Equitable. Even a Twenty-year Term Policy costing only $12.50 per $1,000 will realize a handsome dividend each year.

The Equitable has on deposit in Canada for the protection of its Canadian policy holders over $8,500,000.

Over EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS PAID IN DIVIDENDS TO POLICYHOLDERS during 1908.

In the United States and Canada the Society has for many years paid, on the average, 97 per cent. of its death claims within one day after the receipt of proofs of death. Here is the record for last five years:—

1904 ..... 96 per cent.
1905 ..... 98 per cent.
1906 ..... 97 per cent.
1907 ..... 97 per cent.
1908 ..... 97 per cent.

Write, telephone, or call at the Office of the Equitable Life, 24 King Street West, Toronto, for further information re Policies and Annual Dividends paid.

G. T. GILLESPIE, Gen. Agent for Ontario

Holidays Column

"THERE'S nothing one can't buy, if one has only money enough!" said a jovial man over his last glass of wine. Everyone laughed but one woman, who was evidently much inclined to contradict. Their eyes met, and he took up the challenge. "You think not?" he said sneeringly. "Remember, I don't limit the price!" She looked him full in the eye. "You couldn't, with any amount, buy back the dignity, the ideals, the simple respect for yourself that you had when I first knew you," she said softly, but her quiet voice went into every ear, and there was nothing but one muttered oath to gainsay it. She says she couldn't help herself, and we were glad that she was able to do it, somehow.

People must be unusually high-strung about Christmas-time, if one may believe all the tales of tragedy of conflicting wills which are printed. One man shoots his wife because she prefers spending Christmas with her mother, then shoots himself, for no stated reason. A second husband refusing to tell his curious spouse what is in a mysterious package, a thing always *de rigueur* at Christmas time, was exasperated by her into abusing her personally and was subsequently shot by her brother in consequence. These are terrible instances, but there are very funny ones also. A certain laboring man had been given a fine turkey by his employer as a Christmas gift. All the day before Christmas he kept his anxious helpmate on thorns because, wishing to surprise her with his gift, he refused money to purchase a goose for family dinner. On Christmas morning, she found the turkey tied to her chair at breakfast, and sulkily prepared it for the meal. When the family gathered at table, she watched the children being served, and when they were each provided with a drumstick, the good man began to cut a nice piece for his lowering *vis-a-vis*. She would none of it, and continued a surly mien and an exasperating monologue as she ate her bread and vegetables. Finally the laboring man lost patience, and opening the window, pitched turkey and platter out into the snow. Then he returned to finish his meal, to a trio of wails from wife and children. He gave the foregoing details to a good soul, to account for his subsequent condition, when about dark he was found quite oblivious of the location of his own particular fireside, and exceedingly loth to arrive there! However, on being assisted home, the good soul soon caught sight of the slightly dismantled bird, reposing on two halves of a broken dish, about which wife and bairns were gathered with good appetites. Somehow, the day ended in peace and pleasantness, and the wife admiringly recited to the good soul, how masterful and naughty her man had been, and what a pity it was about the dish. Something had cleared the air and the party soon made that turkey look like after Christmas.

Anyone passing through the City on Christmas night had a rare walk. The virgin snow, heaped on every side, piled on every branch, and coating every inch of cornice, doorsill and fence paling, the soft mild half-veiled moon, the dark mysterious sky, how beautiful it all was, at ten o' the clock! And my word! the things one saw through windows, the Christmas trees, the leaping flames in wide hearths, the bounding children, the floating dancers. The open doors, whence streamed Yule red radiance, the gay Good-nights as tired feasters and junketters came bundling out into motors and cabs, often as much parcel as person, sometimes, in very juvenile cases, more! Toronto was gay and jovial within and pure and white without that lovely night, and through the park, down the avenue, home to the cosy parlor (looking as it did, like a tiny departmental store!) was a progress never to be forgotten, a Christmas night when all good things seemed possible.

The minor chord was struck! More than one happy gathering took its pleasure pensively. Three generations gathered about the festive board, mayhap, but over them brooded the shadow of Azrael's wing, for a dear gentle face lay white, and weak fingers, which had tied up some of the gay little ribbons about Christmas gifts for some of them were folded quickly in the clasp that tells of labor finished in this life. The gentle, pretty old lady, whom all had loved, though neither kith nor kin, had gone in time for a Christmas where the blessed may spend it, let us hope she yet knew how we lowered our voices when we spoke of her, so kind and good and sweet, with her smiling blue eyes and pink cheeks, how we wished her Happy Christmas with a tightening of the heart strings, and a sense of loss! Yes, the minor chord was often struck that day.

There were funny moments too, when "herself" and the proper young man from New York went slumming in search of the little wee old Irish grannie whose Christmas is a pleasant care laid on us. This wee Kerry person generally inhabits "in rare" of some place or other, in impossible locations, and it was in small unhappy corners we sought her. Her peripatetic tendencies add a fresh zest to Christmas Eve, one never knows where she'll have got to next, and somehow one never really arouses to the necessity of running her to earth, until after dinner on Christmas Eve, when darkness covers confusion and ill success, and saucy remarks from other ladies residing "in rare," who disown her acquaintance. It was in a pretentious dwelling however looking straight out on the street, as much "in front" as anything you could name, that we at last located the wee little Kerry grand-mother. She was "kaping the house, and mindin' the baby," while the heads of the domicile did their Christmas shopping. The grandchildren were sound in their bed, three of them, for whom she labors, begs and starves. And the paper money in the small fingers clutching the baby and the torrent of loving gratitude and the blessings of heaven rained on "herself." The proper young man, capped by a certain awful prayer that they might have Many A Happy Christmas and babies galore! At which the door was slammed, the young man started and faith! I think he's going yet!

LADY GAY.

"Remember, son," said Uncle Eben, "you mus' have judgment as well as enthusiasm. Good intentions is responsible foh some o' de worst singin' in de choir.—Washington Star.

Him—"You're the only girl I ever loved!" Her—"That's interesting but immaterial. What I want to know is, am I the only girl you're ever going to love?"—Chicago Leader.

Store Opens 8 a.m. Closes 5.30 p.m.

The Housefurnishing Club Opens To-Day

Great News for Those Whose Necessities Will Not Wait Upon Their Convenience

OUR Housefurnishing Club means, in other words, that 500 members may have the privilege of a charge account from now until January 31st in the following departments of this store:—

Carpet Department **Furniture Department**
Curtain Department **Picture Department**
(Wall Papers, too, if you wish)

No advance is made upon the prices you would pay for the goods you buy as a cash customer, and absolutely nothing is charged for the club privilege.

Payments are to be spread over the next few months, according to agreement with our Club office. Club members have the additional privilege, in common with cash customers, of having any work, such as curtain making, carpet laying or furniture re-covering done free as per our offer outlined below.

The Club Office is on the Ground Floor, James Street. Talk the Club's plan over to-morrow in person.

FREE FROM NOW UNTIL JANUARY 31st

Carpets Made, Laid and Lined Free.
Linoleums and Oilcloths Laid and Lined Free.
Portiere Curtains Measured, Made and Hung Free.
Sash Curtains Made Free.
Window Shades Made and Hung Free.
Furniture Re-Covered Free.

NOW while we make this very liberal offer, open until January 31, it is upon condition that orders do not pile up so that the work can not all be completed by that date. As soon as we have sufficient work in hand to occupy our staff's full time until the end of January, we will close the offer. So we advise those who know from former occasions how satisfactory it is to have work done in this store upon these terms, to come to us at once and arrange matters now.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED TORONTO

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED TORONTO

Marriage in Portugal.

MARRIAGE, is certainly the most important event in the life of the Portuguese woman, and what is more, in the early days of courtship it is attended with some romance, for there is less of business and more of romance in the ways of the Portuguese lover. This is how the Portuguese cavalier conducts his affaires de cœur: If he sees in the street a pretty girl with whom he would like to become acquainted, he follows her. He follows her in the face of all difficulties—chaperons and duennas—right to her very door, and he notes the address.

Next day he comes again, and if the young lady approves of him she will most certainly be on the lookout, but sometimes hard fate, an angry guardian or a stern parent prevents her, and then the gallant youth is kept waiting.

So if during a ramble through Portugal you should notice a young man loitering at the corner of the street or gazing intently at a house, says a recent writer, you must not imagine that he is meditating a burglary or anything so desperate, but know that he is merely a harmless and amorous youth gazing at the windows of his lady love.

Be sure if there is a way she will not keep him waiting long, for the Portuguese girl is a past master in the art of intrigue.

Soon she leans over the balcony and smiles at him, and the happy youth, thus encouraged, ties a note, in which he declares his undying passion, to the cord which the fair lady has dropped from the balcony. The next day the young man, buoyed with hope, comes again, but this time he is bolder, for he rings at the door.

If the inquiries which the lady's parents will doubtless have made prove satisfactory, he is admitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady and her family, and then should he please and the lady's father be prepared to give the necessary dot, the wedding bells will end this little romance.

Once married the death knell of romance and all else is often sounded for the Portuguese bride. Married often when yet a child she has the cares of wifehood and motherhood thrust upon her. For, unlike her sisters of France, marriage does not spell her emancipation, her freedom from the chaperon. The bride of today has no more freedom than the maiden of yesterday. Without husband or chaperon she may not walk abroad. A jealous husband will often keep her as closely guarded as though she had taken the veil.

The lives, therefore, of the Portuguese women are often as devoid of interest as those of the women in the Far East. Certainly among the rising generation there is a growing unrest, a yearning for culture, a vague idea that there is a world somewhere beyond Portugal, but the lives of many are often as hedged in as their own back gardens.

In fact to many their house and family, their kinlar, or orange grove, represents their whole world—the only world they know. It is no unusual thing to find a Portuguese woman who has been willingly incarcerated for several years. One lady of my acquaintance told me she had not been beyond the garden for four years.

"And you are not bored?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "You do not want to go out?"

"If I should go out," she replied in her pretty broken English, "I rest not till I am returned; for who knows what may happen in my absence?

"Go out," she continued with a shrug of her plump shoulders, "for what for should I go out? Here I have my children, my husband, my home: what more can I want?"

What indeed?

To the onlooker the life of the average Portuguese woman is dull, deadly dull. She cannot throw herself into house-keeping as a German would because the Portuguese menage is such a very simple affair it could not possibly occupy much time or thought. Moreover, it is not in her nature to become a really good hausfrau.

Books are often sealed for her. Less than an onlooker at life, the world's happenings can hardly be supposed to absorb her interest. Of society, save for the visits of a few relatives, she has none.

There are two things which save her life from deadly monotony, her religion and the balcony. In almost every house in Portugal there is one room which is set apart as a chapel, and here, before the altar, the Portuguese woman daily spends several hours in prayer and meditation.

About the balcony a whole book might be written. To lean over it the women arrange their hair and dress themselves just as elaborately as though to pay a visit. Hours a day they waste in this manner, until finally their shoulders become bowed with much leaning. Dull, indeed, would be the life of the Portuguese woman but for the balcony.

THE MINISTER AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Mr. Lloyd-George, unlike Mr. Asquith and some of the other members of the Cabinet, has allowed the wily suffragette on some occasions to approach quite closely to him. Quite recently, when this snap-shot was taken, he was walking past some of the Government offices with his son, when he was approached by two determined ladies who were anxious to know his views. He told his somewhat persistent interviewers that he was heart and soul with them, but that one man could do nothing. When a London police inspector tried to separate Mr. Lloyd-George and his fair companions, the Minister assured him that he was not being annoyed and refused to have the ladies requested to "move on."

A DUCK hunter who recently returned from the Eastern coast tells a story typical of the hardy men who live there. On one of the islands near where he went lived a man who acted as postman for the few scattering houses on the island, and who would row to the mainland every day and bring back the mail, for which he received 50 cents.

One morning during a terrible storm the hunter saw the postman pull over; several times during the trip the boat was nearly swamped, and the man in danger of his life.

"Why in the world did you make that trip?" asked the hunter, "surely not for the 50 cents?"

"Well, you see," replied the postman, "if I miss a trip I have to write a confounded long letter to Ottawa explaining why, and so I thought I had rather pull the boat."

"I got my wife through advertising." "Then you'll admit advertising pays?" "I'll admit that it brings results."—Mail Order Journal.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, December 25, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Moray Anderson, a daughter.

GATES—At 30 Rathnally avenue, Toronto, on Sunday, December 26th, the wife of E. D. Gates, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

JACKSON—PEERS—At Toronto, on December 25, 1909, Herbert Williamson Jackson to Miss Annie Peers.

TOBIN—McKAY—At Leduc, Alta., on December 25, 1909, Caroline D. McKay to Stanley G. Tobin.

DEATHS.

BURNETT—At Toronto, December 28, 1909, Alexander Burnett, in his 79th year.

CHRISTIE—At Toronto, December 28, 1909, Mary Jane McMullen, wife of the late William Christie, in her 79th year.

INGLEHART—At Palermo, Ont., December 27, 1909, Peter James Inglehart.

THOMAS—At Toronto, December 28, 1909, George Frederick Thomas, in his 46th year.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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Synopsis:—On the morning of January 15th, 1907, Henry Holford, proprietor of a garage in Chiswick, a suburb of London, receives a visit from a mysterious neighbor, Kershaw Kirk, who shows a singular interest in a new German tire. He invites Holford to visit him that evening, when he tells his guest that he needs assistance, as he is suspected of the murder of Professor Ernest Greer, a famous chemist, in his laboratory in Regent's Park, London. The Professor had been found stabbed to death and his face burned with some corrosive substance. The two men go to the house where the murder was committed, and there find that the Professor's only daughter has also been murdered in a somewhat similar fashion. Holford and Kirk go to the laboratory where the body of the murdered chemist lies and carefully search for a clue. Kirk acts rather suspiciously. They go back to his house, and there he receives a mysterious telephone message, which fills him with dread and arouses Holford's suspicions. Holford is convinced that Kirk knows more than he has told him. Finally he goes to the house of the murdered chemist and there finds Kirk making a careful study of finger-prints as a clue to the murderer. Kirk suggests Greer was killed by someone trying to steal his papers. He forbids Holford to notify the police. When he leaves Holford, the latter follows him surreptitiously. Kirk goes to a poor section of London and enters a miserable tenement. Holford waits outside and is startled by a woman's scream: "You've—killed me—just as you killed—my dear father!" Holford follows an old woman who leaves the house, and then in the fog can't get back. He goes to Professor Greer's residence and finds a young man trying to get in. The man says he saw lights in the house, but adds that it cannot be Antonio, as he saw him taking boat for Calais.

Kershaw Kirk.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FRESH TURN IN AFFAIRS.

HERE was the whole affair in danger of being exposed to the police and public by this young man's encounter with the Professor's servant! If it were exposed, then I should be compelled to give some account of myself. It would certainly be difficult to convince the police that I had no knowledge of the Professor's death.

"Well," I remarked, "that Antonio should be leaving Calais seems somewhat curious, but perhaps it may have only been somebody resembling him.

"Of course, I'm not quite sure," the young man replied; "but is it not curious that Miss Greer and the servants are all out? The Professor is always so very careful of his experiments and the contents of his laboratory that the house is never left untenanted."

"I've called quite by chance and upon business," I explained. "I'm a motor-car engineer, and I live in Chiswick. My name is Holford."

"Mine's Langton—Leonard Langton," he answered. Then, after a second's hesitation, he added, "Ethelwynn is to become my wife. That's why I'm surprised that she hasn't kept the appointment I made."

I was silent. What if I told him of the girl's mysterious death? What would he say? How would he act?

He seemed a smart, active, well-set-up fellow, quick, energetic, with a pair of merry grey eyes and a good-natured smile. Indeed, I took to him from the first. Yet how dare I divulge a word of what I knew?

"The only thing is to wait," I suggested.

"But if the Professor is in Scotland, as you say, why have you called this evening?" he asked with some little suspicion. I thought.

For the moment I was nonplussed.

"I wondered whether he had returned," was my rather lame reply. "I simply called on the offchance of seeing him."

"Was your business of a pressing nature?" he asked, still wondering, I think, whether I might not have some connection with thieves who might be within. Perhaps he now suspected me of being an accomplice, set to watch outside. My hesitation when he suggested calling the police had no doubt aroused his suspicion. Besides, I suppose my agitation had caused him some surprise, for I was in deadly fear lest the police should be called, and should enter there.

The dead girl's lover was a man of strongly marked character, that I could see. When once he learned the truth I should surely be suspected of having secret knowledge of the crime!

"Well?" he asked, as we still stood before the closed door, "what shall we do?"

"Wait," I again suggested, "the Professor is evidently still away. He may have sent Antonio across to the Continent upon some business."

"If so, then there are undoubtedly thieves within. Since I have been waiting here the light in the small drawing-room overlooking the Park has been extinguished—put out, no doubt, immediately I rang. No," he went on, "we must call the police. Will you go and get a constable—or shall I?"

"You go," I said, in a blank voice. "I—I'll wait here."

I saw that the game was up. His suspicions were aroused, and he intended to take immediate action.

"There's sure to be a policeman along at Clarence Gate," he said; "I've often noticed a man on point-duty there. But," he added, suddenly facing me and looking straight into my eyes, for the street-lamp shone brightly upon the spot where we were standing, "tell me, Mr. Holford, have you told me the actual truth?"

"The truth!" I echoed. "Why, of course I have! Here is my card," and I gave him one from my cigarette-case, wherein I always carried them.

He read it eagerly, and in exchange gave me one of his, laughing as he said:

"I feared, perhaps, that you might be in association with the men inside. Forgive me for suspecting you, won't you?"

"Of course. I knew you doubted me," I answered, smiling. "I'll remain here until you return, though, to be frank, I don't see very much cause for alarm."

"I do. There's a mystery here—one which we must fathom. Keep watch. I'll be back in a few moments."

And he left the steps and, turning to the left, disappeared round the corner.

I stood outside the door, my ears strained to catch the slightest sound. The young man's presence there was indeed an unfortunate contretemps.

In the silence I could hear my own heart thumping. Of a sudden, however, I thought I could detect a sound of movement within. I listened attentively. Yes, I was not mistaken, someone was actually in the hall! What if it were the unknown assassin, returned to the scene of his crime?

My heart-beats quickened. The dead girl's lover had not been mistaken. The lights had been put out when the person or persons inside were disturbed by his ring. In a few moments he would be there with the police, and the crime would be properly investigated. But what account could I myself give of the reason of my call? If I were suspected, the police might enquire into my movements during the past few days and gain knowledge of my visits there!

My position was growing to one of great seriousness. Every moment increased my peril.

Across the narrow road rose the great blank wall of a mews, while in the room on the first floor above where showed the high, dark window stretching across nearly the whole frontage of the house, lay huddled I knew, the body of the dead Professor.

I was still listening, full of wonder as to who might be lurking in that house of death, when, of a sudden, I heard the latch touched, and slowly and silently the big door opened.

I drew back, prepared for a fight, but next second a cry of amazement escaped my lips when I saw in the darkness of the cautiously-opened door a man's face—the thin, sallow, frightened face of Kerkshaw Kirk.

"It's I, Holford!" he gasped. "I must get away. Langton must not see me. Remember you must not breathe a single word of your knowledge of myself! Success now depends entirely upon your silence. I will wire an appointment with you to-morrow. Be careful, or you yourself may now be suspected."

"But why not tell the police?" I demanded, barring his way.

"Police be hanged!" he cried impatiently. "Have I not already told you? I have no time to argue. Langton must not see me. He—he must know nothing of me. A word from you would mean loss incalculable, and all hope of eludicating the mystery would instantly be at an end. Which way did young Langton go?"

"Towards Clarence Gate," I replied almost mechanically, for his sudden appearance there had startled me.

"Good!" he cried; "then I'll go in the opposite direction. Be silent, Holford, and rely upon me. Whatever you may discover, do not betray any surprise. In this affair you will probably meet with a good deal that will surprise you—as it has already surprised me."

"Where's Antonio?" I demanded.

"Gone."

"Abroad?"

"I—well, how can I tell? He's left here. That's all I know," replied this mysterious man very lamely.

I sniffed in suspicion.

"Do, I beg of you, tell me more of this affair, Mr. Kirk." I urged, speaking quickly. "If you are really my friend, if you really wish me to assist you, why not instruct me how to act? If you will tell me the truth, I will keep a still tongue."

"You will be more silent if you remain in ignorance," was his response. "Listen! I must get away," and before I could prevent him he had closed the door quietly behind him. I noticed that he was attired in clothes quite different from his usual habit. Indeed, he was smartly dressed, wearing a black overcoat with a velvet collar, and well-ironed silk hat.

"Stay and face Langton," I urged. "Take him into your confidence. Surely no good can be served by this elusiveness."

"You don't know what you're saying, man!" he cried. "Let me pass. I've been listening to all you told the young man. Your story was quite a feasible one. Keep it up, and affect entire ignorance of me. It is the only way if we are to place our hand upon poor Greer's assassin."

"The proper course for me to pursue, Mr. Kirk, is to——"

"Footsteps! I must go!" he cried hoarsely, in a voice which plainly betrayed his intense agitation and anxiety not to come face to face with the dead girl's lover. "I'll try and see you to-morrow or next day. Remain in patience till you hear from me. Good-bye."

And the next instant he ran lightly down the steps and sped away to the left, out of sight. All this had happened within three minutes.

Scarce had he disappeared, when Langton, accompanied by two constables, turned the corner, and found me on guard at the door. I felt bewildered. Kirk's sudden appearance at the door of that house of mystery had taken me so aback that I had scarcely yet recovered. Did not his admission that the faithful Antonio had left bear out Langton's story of having seen the fellow passing through the buffet at Cailais station?

The young man had, I saw, been explaining his suspicions to the constables on their way to the house. I was glad that there was only a blank wall opposite, otherwise my action in allowing Kirk to leave the place might easily have been observed and misconstrued.

What, I wondered, was the reason of my strange friend being in there alone? Why had the lights been so suddenly extinguished when Langton had rung the bell? That he feared Langton was evident.

Why?

Within myself I resolved to put some guarded questions and ascertain, if possible, what Ethelwynn's lover knew of this man who had so ingeniously drawn me into that maelstrom of doubt and grim tragedy.

The two constables were instantly on the alert. They examined the lock of the front door, conversing in low whispers, then, after a brief consultation, one of the pair left hurriedly, in order to place a guard upon the front of the premises, overlooking the garden, which divided the crescent from the park.

Presently he returned, accompanied by a brown-bearded sergeant, who recognised Langton as having been witness in a motor-car accident in Cumberland Terrace a couple of months before.

The sergeant pressed the button of the electric bell for a long time, and though we waited anxiously there was, of course, no response.

"I'm certain somebody is within," declared Langton excitedly; "I saw the light quite distinctly."

"Very well, sir, if you're certain," replied the sergeant gruffly, "we'll have to force an entry. But remember, if you're mistaken, it will be a trifle awkward. The owner might come upon you for damage."

"I'll stand the racket of all that," declared the young man readily. "There are thieves in here, I'm certain."

"It may be only a maid who has a visitor, and who believes her master, or young mistress, has returned," I suggested, full of apprehension at the alarming discovery which must be made as soon as the police entered and searched the place.

"Then all the worse for her, sir," answered one of the constables grimly.

And again they banged at the door and continued ringing. All, however, was silence and darkness.

What would they have thought had they known that I had allowed the mysterious Kirk, who had been lurking there, to escape?

Had I acted foolishly in doing so? I was forced to the conclusion that I had.

While sergeant and constables were in counsel as to what course should be adopted, an inspector, who had been warned by the constable on guard at the front, arrived, and was told Langton's story.

"This is Professor Greer's," he remarked; "I think we'd better force an entry, sergeant. That basement window down there looks easy of access," and he pointed to a window of the back-kitchen.

"Yes," replied the bearded man addressed, as a constable shone his lantern down upon it, "we could break the glass and turn back the catch. There are no bars there."

This course was quickly adopted. The inspector, taking one of the men's truncheons, tapped the glass lightly until he had cracked it, and then pulled the pieces forward till he could insert his hand and release the catch.

The window thus opened, the two constables, truncheons in hand and lights turned on, crept into the window and disappeared, while we stood waiting anxiously without, our ears strained in listening.

A few moments later, one of the men threw open the front door, and together we entered the dark and silent house of mystery.

I stood back, passing into the wide hall last of all. There was now no hiding the grim, astounding truth from police and public.

I held my breath, awaiting the sensation that must be caused by the discovery.

As I anticipated, a discovery was made very quickly.

But, strangely enough, it was not at all what I had looked for. It only added further mystery to the altogether inscrutable problem.

CHAPTER IX.

I DISCOVER SOMETHING.

On the light being switched on in the dining-room, I held my breath, expecting that Langton would there find the body of the girl he loved.

It had, however, been removed.

The yellow cushion was still there, flung upon the leather couch where the unfortunate girl had lain, but there was no sign of any tragedy having been enacted.

Strangely enough, however a bright fire burned in the grate, while upon the table were the remains of a repast—dinner, no doubt—of which three persons had partaken. Dessert had been finished, and the three coffee-cups had been drained, while about the room was a strong odour of cigars.

Who had been entertained there by Kirk?

The set table did not, of course, strike any of my companions as at all unusual, and so they passed across to the morning-room on the opposite side of the hall, one of the constables remaining at the foot of the stairs in order to prevent the escape of any persons who might be secreted in the house.

In the dining-room I loitered, for I had noticed in the grate a quantity of burnt paper. Therefore, when I was alone, I stooped, and snatched up a few half-consumed scraps—leaves of a manuscript-book they appeared to be. But at the moment, having no time to examine them, I crushed them into the pocket of my jacket, and followed the quartet on their tour of investigation.

Every nook and corner, behind chairs, in cupboards, everywhere they searched, expecting to discover somebody secreted. But they, of course, found the house untenanted.

In the smaller drawing-room, where the clean-shaven young man had noticed the light, there was a fire burning and an odor of cigars, showing that some man or men had been in the room. What consultation, I wondered, had taken place there?

The large drawing-room—the room

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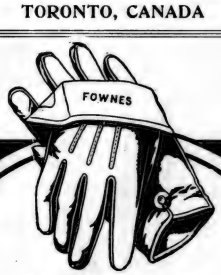

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1906	97 per cent.
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from whence the Professor had signalled—was cold and cheerless, while in the study nothing had apparently been disarranged.

"I think, sir," remarked the inspector to young Langton, "that you must have been mistaken. I don't see any evidence of the presence of thieves here. The master is away, and the servants are all out for this evening. That's all."

"But I'm quite certain there was a light when I first rang," declared Langton.

"Then if anyone was here, he or she must still be here," replied the officer with a slightly incredulous smile, while at the same moment I recollected that as dinner had been served in the dining-room, there must also have been servants there during that evening.

"Is there no other door—no back door?" I queried.

"No," replied Langton promptly; "both front and back doors are in Sussex Place. The door leading to the park was bricked up by the Professor, as he was always afraid that undesirable people might enter and steal the secrets of his experiments. There are two locked doors leading to the laboratory, of which he always keeps the keys. I'll show you them in a moment." And he led the way across the landing from the study to the boudoir.

Here I noticed that the drawers of Ethelwynn's little rosewood escritoire stood open, and that upon the table was a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends; letters, fancy needlework, and other things, as though a hasty search had been made among the dead girl's affects. To me it appeared that whoever had been making the investigation had been disturbed in the act and had escaped.

The police noticed it, while Langton exclaimed:

"Look! Ethelwynn is usually so very tidy! Somebody has, no doubt, been turning over her treasures. For what reason?" and he halted before the open door leading to the passage to the laboratory. "Look!"

Inspector, sergeant, and the constable all looked, but saw nothing unusual. The door stood open—that was all.

"Don't you see!" cried the young man excitedly. "This door—the door which Professor Greer always keeps fastened—has been burst open. Somebody has been here! I was not mistaken after all!"

And he made his way along the passage, opening the second door and entering the darkness of the great lofty room. The constable followed with his lamp, while I held behind, knowing that in a few seconds the ghastly truth must be discovered.

Langton quickly found the switch, and the place was flooded with light.

At the same moment a strong and pungent smell of some acid greeted our nostrils, causing us to catch our breath. It was due, we noticed, to a bottle of some liquid which had been knocked off the table nearest us, and lay smashed upon the tiled floor.

Full of fear and trembling, I glanced to the corner in which I had seen the Professor's huddled-up body; but my heart gave a quick bound of joy. It was not there!

Already evidences of the double tragedy had been removed. Was it for that reason, in order to remove them, that Kershaw Kirk had been there?

"Why!" exclaimed Langton. "Look! the furnace is alight. The Professor certainly cannot be in Scotland!"

I glanced to the left where he had indicated, and saw that the good-sized brick furnace built in the right-hand wall, in which, by means of a great electric fan, the Professor could generate, by forced draught, the intense heat he sometimes required for his experiments, was aglow. A fierce fire had evidently been burning there, but it was now slowly dying out. The warmth of the laboratory and of the brickwork of the furnace showed that the draught fan must have been used.

"I wonder what the Professor has been doing to-day?" remarked the inspector, examining the place with considerable curiosity.

"I wonder rather what intruders have been doing here!" exclaimed Langton. "You forget that both doors have been forced."

The inspector stood gazing round the place in silent wonder.

"Well," he exclaimed at last, "I don't see the slightest evidence of burglars here, sir."

"They may be hidden upstairs," suggested the young man. "Remember there are many people very anxious to obtain knowledge of the Professor's discoveries. That is why he is always so careful to keep these doors locked. His daughter, Ethelwynn, is the only person he ever allows in here. He and she even carry in the coal for the furnace, the servants being excluded."

"But thieves would hardly light up the furnace!" said the officer.

"Unless they wished to destroy something in the fire," responded the other.

That suggestion held me aghast. Upon me, like a flash, came the astounding suspicion that that furnace might have been lit for the purpose of destroying the evidence of the mysterious crime. I remembered Kirk's curious and guarded response when I had referred to the burial of the body.

Was this, then, the reason why I had found him alone in the house?

I stood staggered by the suggestion.

I was near the furnace—nearer than the others.

Then, when I found speech again, I said:

"If there are intruders in this place, they could not have escaped; they must certainly be upstairs. I agree with Mr. Langton that it is certainly very curious that these doors should have been forced."

"How did you know that the Professor is in Scotland?" he inquired of me eagerly.

In an instant I had a ready reply.

"Antonio told me so when I called on Monday."

"Did he say when his master would be back?" asked the inspector.

"He said he expected him to return last night, as he had an engagement to go with his daughter to a ball."

"Then he may have returned and gone to the dance," remarked the officer. "He may also have lost his keys and been compelled to break open the doors—quite a likely circumstance. Three persons dined downstairs to-night. He and his daughter and a friend probably dined and afterwards went out; while the servants, knowing they would not return before midnight, may have followed them out to spend the evening. That at least is my theory at the present."

"That certainly seems to be the most logical conclusion, inspector," I remarked.

"We must search the upper premises before I accept it," exclaimed Langton, who, I could see, was still very suspicious that something unusual had happened. The meeting with Antonio in the buffet at Calais had caused him to doubt, and most naturally so.

My eager eyes were fixed upon the glowing furnace, the large, square, iron door of which was still red-hot, though the heat was now decreasing. At the side was a large air-shaft, in which were fitted electric fans, while on the wall were three switches by which a strong forced draught could be obtained.

Before the furnace door was a portion of the tiled floor railed off, to prevent the cinders from being trodden about, and in there I saw a quantity of ashes. At the side were several large crucibles, one of which, still gripped by the iron tongs or holders, contained some metal which looked like steel.

Carelessly I made a tour of the place, passing the corner where had lain the Professor's body. I saw that all traces of blood had been carefully removed from the tiles. No one would suspect that any tragedy had occurred there.

Was this Kirks work? Had the man who had such a contempt for the police—whom he denounced as red-taped blunderers—succeeded in removing all trace of the crime?

If so, was not that sufficient proof of his own guilt? Was he not fooling me when, all the time, he was the actual assassin?

Every fresh fact as presented in that house that night increased rather than elucidated the mystery.

I longed to take the dead girl's lover into my confidence and tell him, there and then, all I knew, just as I have told you; but I hesitated. Had I not given my word of honour to be silent? And, moreover, like a confounded fool, I had allowed Kirk to escape!

So now, more than ever, were my lips sealed. I was bound hand and foot.

In a few moments the four men passed out of the laboratory, while I, as I had done below, remained behind for a moment.

I stood before the furnace peering into the ashes.

I saw there something which they had overlooked, or, if they had seen it, it could convey nothing to them.

Among those grey ashes lay a black thorn overcoat button!

This I snatched up and transferred to my pocket.

Had that bottle of acid been purposely smashed in order to dispel any unpleasant odour arising from the furnace?

I longed to throw myself upon my knees and examine those ashes, but alas! I dare not.

So I was compelled to follow my companions, rigid and speechless.

(To be Continued.)

They Grow Better.

"OH, beautiful are little girls,
And goodly to the sight."
So John G. Saxe wrote years ago,
And John G. Saxe was right.

Quite beautiful are little girls,
And pleasing to the view;
Their rosy cheeks and clustering curls
I like to see—don't you?

Yes, beautiful are little girls,
And yet the dullest prig
Will wilingly agree with me,
They're prettier when they're big.
—Somerville Journal.

Notes of an ex-Chaplain.

DR. NOYES on his retirement from the post of chaplain to the British Embassy in Paris has published a little book, "Seventeen Years in Paris," in which he describes with humor some of the duties thrust upon him. His correspondent furnishes him with many anecdotes.

One lady wrote saying that she was an invalid wishing to come to Paris; would he kindly take rooms for her and see that the mattress in the bedroom was made of hair and not wool? Another lady wrote to ask him to say how she could dispose of a pet monkey. Both requests were complied with; but an applicant's desire to have a notice read from the pulpit to the effect that he wanted a wife from 25 to 30 years old, domesticated, etc., was not entertained.

Dr. Noyes deals with a question that interests many parents in foreign countries who wish to send their daughters to Paris to be educated. He says:

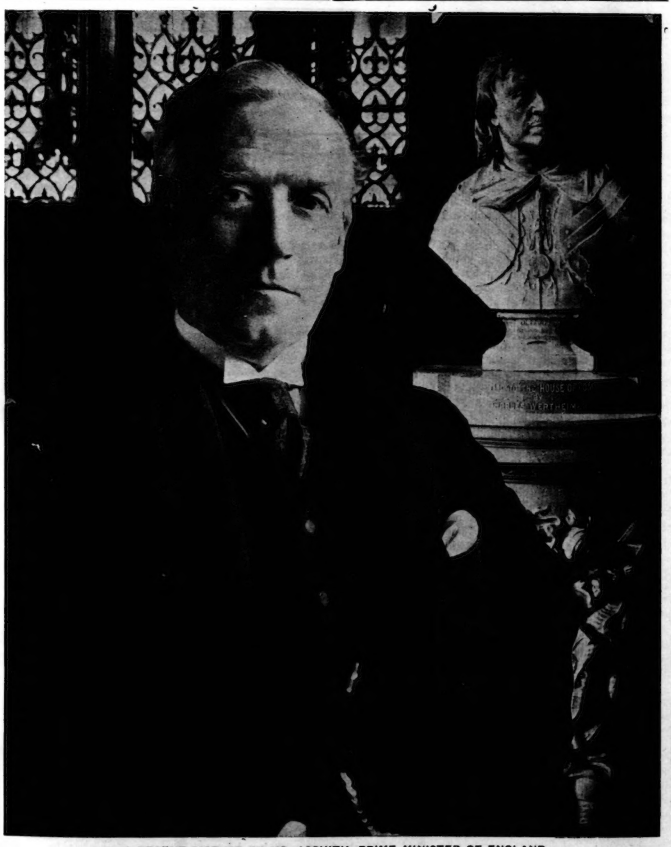
"If parents would only be careful in their choice of a school and consult those on the spot who have no object to serve but to give the best advice they can to inquirers no harm could result.

"Schools in Paris cannot be carried on cheaply, the necessities of life are all taxed, and consequently living is dearer than in the country in England. Many mistakes have been made from choosing a school where the fees were a few pounds less than others. Those who cannot afford a good school had better keep their daughters at home.

"I do not as a rule recommend French families for girls. There are some most excellent homes, of French pastors and others, where every care is taken. But I have known others where there was culpable laxity. English girls cannot go out alone in Paris as they do in England—it would not be safe; and in some families it is not easy to find a chaperon and mischief follows."

The author of "How to Be Happy Though Civil" illustrates his text with many pleasing anecdotes. Moreover he admits that there are times when normal man can not be civil and should therefore court solitude. For this reason breakfast should be taken alone. To expect a courteous reply to the inane statement that it was raining during the night is unreasonable, and to be questioned as to how we slept is exasperating. Having a conscience void of offense, of course we slept well. Only enemies should be invited to breakfast, or encountered there, acquaintances should be tolerated at lunch, but friends should be reserved for dinner or tea.

The author suggests that we must go to China to find true politeness. He says that if you are mobbed in a Chinese town you should look straight at one or two of the people and say, "Your parents did not pay much attention to your manners; they did not teach you the rules of propriety." The crowd will then slink away, one by one, ashamed of themselves.



A RECENT PICTURE OF MR. ASQUITH, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.
To Mr. Asquith, the present leader of the Commons, politicians of all parties are turning with peculiar interest at the present moment. He has held the office of Prime Minister since April of last year.

TORONTO and YOKOHAMA

To the Readers of Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—

During the present year the Trustees of the National Sanitarium Association have been greatly encouraged through the liberality of an ex-patient of the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium. This young man, hearing of the wish of the Board to establish a laboratory in Muskoka, promptly sent his cheque for $1,500 to cover the entire cost. Through his splendid liberality the poorest patient in the Free Hospital has now at his service the best that modern science and research can offer, as well as the most careful medical skill and nursing obtainable.

Within the past month the writer, in visiting Japan, had occasion to call at a public office in Yokohama. The gentleman in charge introduced himself as an ex-patient of the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, and with a degree of pride recalled the fact that seven years ago he had occupied a tent on the grounds of the Sanatorium, and was cured, to use his own words, "so well and good," that he has never had any symptom of his trouble since that time. To-day this patient occupies one of the most responsible positions in Japan, doing honor to Canada in the high position he holds.

Over five thousand patients have been cared for in our consumptive homes, and to-day three hundred and fifteen are in residence. **One hundred and seventy-six of these are absolutely free, paying nothing whatever towards their own maintenance.** This is made possible by the practical sympathy and co-operation of large-hearted friends in every part of Canada.

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One dollar will help. Will you?

Yours sincerely,

W. J. GAGE

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Toronto Saturday Night
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Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, DEC. 30, 1909.

CHRISTMAS is, as everyone realizes, a time of the year given up chiefly to family reunions, and consequently the attention of the members of nearly every Ottawa household during last week was almost wholly engrossed in preparations for the arrival and entertainment of one or more additions to the usual circle and social events temporarily went "to the wall," to be renewed, however, with increased vigor during the present week when dances were the "order of the night." On Monday, the 27th, Mrs. C. W. Ross' dance, given for her daughter, Miss Kathleen Ross, came off with great success; on Tuesday. Mrs. Clifford Sifton's handsome residence in Metcalfe St., was en fete on the occasion of a large dance given in honor of her sons who are all home for the holidays, and which was one of the very jolliest of the season; and on Wednesday, Mrs. W. W. Cory entertained at a dance in honor of her debutante daughter, Miss Edith Cory, which was equally bright and enjoyable, the young people at each event entering fully into the holiday spirit of Christmastide. A temporary lull to-night will be followed to-morrow evening (Friday) by the May Court Ball, which the young people always look forward to, as being quite the best of the winter, and they will dance the "New Year in and the old year out" at the Racquet Court.

Christmas visitors in town this year were even more numerous than usual, and in addition to those already mentioned last week, some of those who arrived recently were: Capt. and Mrs. Allan Palmer of Kingston, who are with Mrs. Palmer's parents, Col. and Mrs. Irwin in Cooper St.; Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon of Toronto, who are spending a few days with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Cassels; Mrs. Arthur Price of Quebec who has come to spend the festive season with her father Mr. F. W. Avery and Mrs. Avery; Rev. Harold Hamilton, and his cousin Mr. Crews Hamilton of England, who both came from Lennoxville to spend the week-end with His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton; Mr. Robert Carr-Harris and his sister Miss Marguerite Carr-Harris of Kingston, who are the guests of their aunt Mrs. Dale-Harris, with whom also is Mr. Spencer Dale-Harris who arrived from Montreal to eat his Christmas dinner with his parents. Mr. Guy French, who came from Vancouver, B.C., to spend Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Fred Powell; Mr. Stanley Sherwood, who arrived from Winnipeg, and will spend a short holiday with his mother, Mrs. Edward Sherwood; Lieut. Richard Fortier who came from Halifax to join the home party for Christmas Day and Mr. Arthur Tressider of Montreal who spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Featherston, whose niece Miss Bessie Norris is his fiancee. Mr. Hector Girouard arrived on Friday from a survey in which he has been engaged for some time past, and will remain for the balance of the winter with his parents Hon. Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard; Hon. Frances and Mrs. MacNachten arrived on Sunday from Calgary and will for the remainder of the winter, occupy Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope's house in Stewart St., Mrs. Pope and one of her sons are sailing early in January for a visit to England and France; Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick of Toronto, the latter of whom, with her children, has been travelling abroad for several months, are with Mrs. Warwick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Murphy for the holiday season.

The "Not Outs" enjoyed the first of their holiday festivities on Wednesday evening the 22nd, when Mrs. J. S. Ewart invited them all to a dance given for the younger daughter Miss Gladys Ewart, who has not yet made her bow to society. The handsome new residence of Mr. Ewart in Wilbrod St. is especially well arranged for large entertainments, and the spacious ball-room on this occasion was beautifully decorated with quantities of fragrant cut flowers, and green potted plants, the dining-room, where a delicious supper was served, being gorgeous with American beauty roses and crimson-shaded lights. Mrs. Ewart, handsomely gowned in black lace over white satin, received the merry young guests in the drawing-room and was assisted by Miss G. Ewart, who was very pretty in white with gold trimmings. Mr. Ewart and his elder daughter, Miss Kathleen, who are abroad, spent the Christmas festival in France.

Mrs. Lawrence Lambe entertained on Tuesday, the 28th, at a tea for the "Not Outs" of whom her daughter Miss Mildred Lambe is one, and Mrs. W. E. Bagnall will on Jan. 3rd add to the list of events given in their special honor, by giving a dance for her daughter, Miss Ethel Bagnall's many young friends.

Mrs. Harold Pinhey was the hostess of a large and interesting afternoon bridge party when twelve tables were required to accommodate her guests, and the prizes were won by Mrs. Brophy and Mrs. Philip Prideaux. Crimson carnations and crimson-shaded candelabra made a bright and effective decoration and Mrs. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Charles Brennan presided over the tea and coffee urns later when additional guests came in at five o'clock. Miss Christie MacNab and Miss Beth Yearian, in whose honor the gathering was arranged, Miss Lily McGee and the Misses Edith and Beatrice Bailey made very attentive assistants and Mrs. Maxwell Graham served the ices.

Mrs. D. M. Finnie entertained this week on Tuesday afternoon at the tea-hour in honor of her daughter, Miss Gladys Finnie, and on Wednesday Mrs. R. L. Borden gave another of her charmingly arranged and very congenial luncheons, which each year are conceded to be some of the very pleasantest events of the session. Mr. R. L. Borden went to Grand Pre to spend Christmas Day with his mother.

The members of the Minto Skating Club are now thoroughly enjoying the good skating in the Arena, and on Monday evening, the 27th, the President and members held the first of their weekly receptions this season, Lady Lake being the hostess on that evening. As in former years the Arena will be reserved for the Minto Club on Monday evenings and on Wednesday and Friday afternoons from 5 to 7.30 o'clock during the skating season.

The engagement has recently been announced of Miss Bessie Gordon, daughter of Col. W. D. and Mrs. Gordon of Montreal, formerly of Kingston, to Mr. Victor Anderson of the Royal Canadian Engineers, Halifax, son of Col. W. P. and Mrs. Anderson of Ottawa. Miss Gordon has been a popular visitor in the Capital on several occasions, when she was the guest of Col. and Mrs. F. Toller, and spent a month in town recently with her parents, Col. Gordon having just lately been transferred to a Military post in Montreal. Miss Gordon arrived early in the week to pay Col. and Mrs. Anderson a short visit and is receiving hearty congratulations from her many friends.

Her Excellency the Countess Grey has sent out invitations for the skating and tobogganning parties at Government House for the Saturday afternoons in January and February from the hours of 3 to 6.

THE CHAPERON.

AT SANDRINGHAM.

This interesting picture of Queen Alexandra was taken recently at Sandringham when their Majesties were staying at their country home for the celebrations in connection with the King's birthday. Queen Alexandra was photographed just as she left her motor car on arriving at Commodore Wood to see the final drive. The party at Sandringham for the shooting included the Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, Lord Rosebery, Miss Jane Thornewill, Lord and Lady Savile, Lord and Lady Londesborough, Lord Stafford, and Georgina Countess of Dudley.

Amanda Receives an Explanation.

AMANDA will never forget the amazement of her bread-and-butter days when, on first emerging from the shelter of a New England boarding school, she discovered that women were not universally acknowledged to be men's superiors. The notion that such was not the case had never for a moment darkened the remote corners of her consciousness. Besides the rector, whose cloth protected him from any consideration of his qualities, there had been no male within hailing distance except the butcher's boy. But the school-girls knew all there was to know about the sex from such books as fell their way. They understood that men looked up to women as to angels, as to beings of a finer make then they, whose thoughts and deeds were nobler and finer and who should therefore be shielded from the coarse duties of life, such as managing their own money and voting. Amanda understood that she was one of these finer creatures and that she was to be thus shielded, and she accepted the situation with interest and pleasure. Then she was graduated and went to live with Aunt Euphronasia. Aunt Euphronasia gave a tea and brought her out.

The gallantries of Aunt Euphronasia's set, says The New York Evening Sun, delighted Amanda but did not surprise her. When young men sent her flowers and bonbons she understood that they were offering incense to a superior being; and as a superior being Amanda felt she should be very nice to them and not allow them to feel the difference between them. She succeeded so well in this idea that pretty soon a very eligible young man asked her to concentrate her efforts. He told her that she was a superior being, purer, higher and nobler than he, and that seemed natural and correct to Amanda, and presently Aunt Euphronasia announced the engagement.

Now it happened that Amanda was reading the daily paper one afternoon when the eligible young man came into tea. "Do you think," said Amanda as she poured him a cup, "that perhaps women really ought to take a more active interest in the affairs of the nation? Do you think they ought to help with politics? Do you think they ought to vote?"

"My dear Amanda," cried the eligible young man. "In heaven's name where did you get those strong-minded ideas? Don't go filling your head with such nonsense? Just come and ask me when you want to form an opinion on anything radical like that. There are twenty-four reasons why women shouldn't vote."

"What are they?" asked Amanda.

"Well," said the eligible young men, stretching his feet comfortably toward the fire. "The first one is that women have always been men's inferiors, physically, mentally and morally, and there is no reason to suppose they ever will be his equals."

"What do you mean?" gasped Amanda, holding her head with both hands to stop the queer way it seemed to be whirling around.

"Physically inferior, I presume you will agree to," continued the eligible young man. "Mentally inferior—why, that needs very little demonstration. Women are so illogical and prejudiced and emotional and all that, you know. And the standard of education has always been lower for women, and ought to be, you know. And morally? Well, women have a high standard of personal morality, but no social morality at all. They don't keep their contracts, their word is worth nothing, they lie and think they are justified—really their standard of ethics is absurdly low. Vote, indeed! With the country struggling under the ignorant foreign vote as it is. I should say not! Why, what is the matter, Amanda?"

"I was just wondering," said Amanda, "I was just wondering how it happens that you want to marry?"

"Great Heavens! Amanda, I wasn't talking about you, you know. I was talking about women in the abstract. Don't make things personal. It would be absurd, ridiculous. You're one of the superior women, you're"——

"Yes, I know," said Amanda, "I'm a superior being, purer, higher and nobler than man. What are your other reasons?"

"Well, you know how much women talk. If they could talk about politics men would never get any rest or peace at home. And I should say there were divorces enough going on in this country without deliberately adding to the grounds for them by domesticating all the political troubles of the nation."

"I thought," said Amanda, "that you wanted me to tell you all my opinions and ideas about things, and ask you when I wanted to form an opinion on anything radical, like women voting?"

"Now, Amanda, I've explained to you that there is nothing personal about this conversation. I'm not talking about you, but about women in general. That's one of the chief faults of women—they don't argue in the abstract; they make everything concrete and personal."

"Then I have some of the faults of my sex," said Amanda. "Go on."

"You haven't a fault in the world," said the eligible young man. "And any way, it doesn't matter. I'm going to take care of you. I think I've given you enough reasons for to-day why women shouldn't vote."

"Yes, I think you have," said Amanda. "Do all men think the way you do about women? I mean of course about women in the abstract, not about their own women, that would be too dreadful of them. Do all men think the way you do?"

"Oh, I dare say not. The henpecked men and the men who haven't looked into the question"——

"And the man who don't know any women in the abstract, I dare say," said Amanda. "I don't mind confessing that I was a bit upset at first by the awful shock of my inferiority. But if it's only women in the abstract who are inferior, if it's only women in the abstract who are illogical, uneducated, irresponsibles, and only women in the abstract who shouldn't vote, why I'll just manage somehow to stay concrete to you, and yet join an Equal Suffrage club. Do have another muffin."

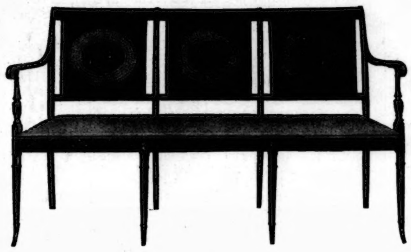
Queer aids to tired brains have recently been promulgated by Sir T. Lauder Brunton, whose theories may be summed up as follows: When the brain is fagged it wants blood, as a balloon wants gas. The simplest way to satisfy it is to lower the head, so that the fatigued heart can pump the thought-giving fluid up to the brain with less labor. The schoolboy, set to write an original composition, lays his head low on his arm, and this was the method employed by Sam Weller when he wrote to Mary, the house maid. Dickens remarks: "It being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to bring his eyes as nearly as possible on to a level with the paper—a habit unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition!"

"They say that a mummy just arrived in New York is that of the cook of Rameses II."

"That's so? Well, somebody had the secret of keeping a cook," and the suburbanite sighed wistfully.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A printer's error will make a zero of a hero, but it isn't the error of somebody else that the average hero has most to fear in this connection.—The Standard.

"What makes you think she will marry you?" "She's married other men!"—Truth.



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Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, DEC. 30, 1909.

THE Misses Gillespie, who have been abroad for a year, returned this week.

Mrs. Sanford left last week for England, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck, London, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, "Dunedin," for Yuletide.

The "Not outs" are having a very gay week, as there are three dances to be given by Mrs. Backrus, Mrs. R. A. Robertson and Mrs. Sidney Dunn will give a New Years' Eve party from 8 to 12 to see the old year out and the new year in.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Gillespie were in town for Christmas, the guests of the Misses Gillespie, Emerald street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Champ will spend New Years in New York, the guests of Mr. W. Champ.

Dean and Mrs. Dumoulin are the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Dumoulin at the See House, and will spend a fortnight with them.

Mr. Campbell Strang, from Winnipeg, is a visitor in town for the holidays, with Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Turner, Hughson street.

Cadets Ian Hendrie, H. V. Young and Francis Malloch, are home from R.M.C., Kingston.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Miss Agnes Dunlop and Mr. F. Mackelcan, were the guests of Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt for Christmas.

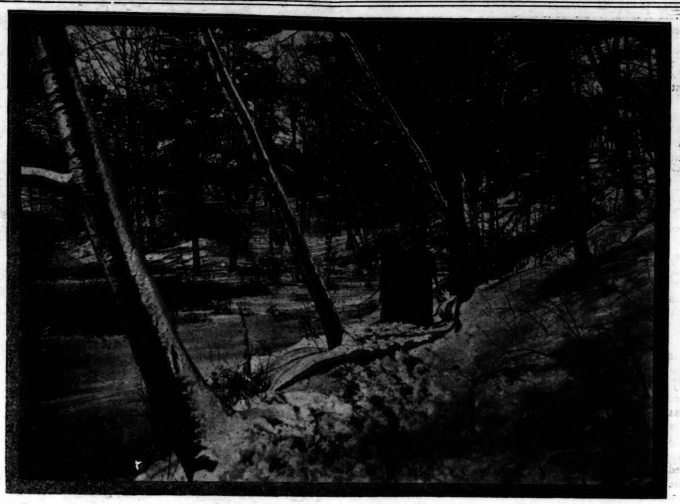
Mrs. Grantham is giving a young people's dance on January 3; and Mrs. J. K. Moodie gave one on December 28.

Mrs. R. B. Gardner gave a bridge-luncheon on Dec. 28 at the Hotel Waldorf.

Mrs. F. F. Dalley, Arlo House, on Monday evening, gave a masquerade dance that was one of the most enjoyable parties of the season. The novelty of masks which were kept on till midnight and the surprises of recognition added much to the joyfulness of the occasion. The rooms were gay with Christmas decorations of scarlet and green, and the moving throng of fair maidens and gallant knights in old time fancy costumes made an exceedingly pretty and effective ensemble. The rooms upstairs were arranged for sitting out, the usual cozy corners and shaded lights were inviting to many of the tired dancers. Mrs. Dalley received in a very handsome gown of ivory satin, and Miss Dalley was a bewitching "Hiawatha." The guests included Miss Violet Crerar, Miss Gladys Marshall, Miss Emma Vallance, Miss Gladys Gates, Miss Eleanor Lazier, Miss Helen Grantham, Miss Kate Powis, Miss Kathleen Snider, Miss Florence Howell, Miss Olga Howell, Miss Mary Payne, Miss Reba Kittson, Miss Annie Young, Miss Helen Wanzer, Miss Meta Bankier, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Arvilla Gurney, Miss Marjorie Hillman, Miss Dorothy Henderson. Miss Muriel Cartwright, Miss Hattie Greening, Miss Sutherland, Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Marjorie Evel, Miss Goodeaves, Miss Marjorie Grant, Miss Beatrice Marshall, Messrs. Harold Lazier, S. Gibson, Stewart Macdonald, H. Crerar, Ernest Bruce, F. Price, Rattenbury, Russell Kelly, J. Moodie. R. Fornoret, Allan Payne and W. Vallance.

KATRINE.

Why is it, then, that our public for the "solid" magazine is so inconsiderable? A few years ago, when the Harpers launched Literature, and abandoned it after a brief experiment, we asked an observing critic for an explanation. "A real literary magazine can not be made to pay," he said, "for one good and sufficient reason: literature as a subject for discussion is necessarily dull." Can that be true? Perhaps, yet we have been loath to accept it as final. Psychology was dull till Professor James entered the lists. Ethmology seemed a bit dry before Professor Lounsbury lent a hand. Is there anything serious under the sun that can not be enlivened by Mr. Shaw? When Professor Peck approaches literature it invariably turns somersaults.—Life.



HIGH PARK, TORONTO, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Farm of the Ex-Shopgirl

"SIX years ago my capital consisted of $102 in a savings bank and a scanty supply of clothes. To-day I own a farm of five acres with a comfortable dwelling and outhouses, two cows, one horse, fifty-odd chickens, half as many turkeys, several pigs and more than $500 in bank—all of my own earning and without borrowing a single dollar."

The speaker (says The New York Sun) was a woman who lives near a summer resort in Virginia.

"My capital was all my own earnings as a shopgirl here in New York. When I lost my place I tried two months to get work of any sort and failing I determined to go where I could live cheaper.

"I suppose that having no other place to go made me think of the place from which we moved when we came to New York. I was born there, but as my mother and father were dead and I hadn't seen the place nor anybody from there since we moved away when I was 17 I had no ties to take me back. It was because I hadn't any ties anywhere that I thought of going back to the place I called home.

"I suppose I would have been lonely going back there after so many years if it hadn't been that I had become accustomed to living in New York without friends and in a furnished room house. I put up at the cheapest place I could find and then set out to get something to do.

"It was the middle of February, so of course there was nothing to do in a small village attached to a summer resort. In looking around I came across an old house with five acres attached. It was a tumble-down old place, but I just thought if I could rent that house and make me a garden it might be cheaper than boarding. Then too I was so anxious to have anything that could be called a home.

"When I found that the place could be had for $2 a month or $20 for the year, provided I paid the amount down, I paid the $20. There were a few pieces of furniture on the place almost as old and dilapidated as the house, but I patched them up and spent $5 adding more. Altogether there was enough to make two rooms—a living room which was also my kitchen and may bedroom—habitable.

"Having been brought up on a farm in the same neighborhood I knew how to begin making a garden. After clearing off all the underbrush and trimming up the few trees about the house I hired the old man in whose house I had boarded for the first week to plough up the garden. There was about two acres and I paid him $2.50 for breaking it up.

"Fortunately for me the land had been uncultivated for several years and was almost as fresh as new ground. I then paid another $2.50 for seeds. The few days' leisure that followed the planting of my garden I devoted to getting things straight in the house. One of my neighbors had taken pity on my loneliness and given me a puppy. It wasn't much in the way of breed, but it was healthy and amusing, so I built it a kennel before realizing how much more cheerful the house would seem if I allowed him to sleep indoors.

"After getting the fences on the place patched up I laid out $5 in chickens, five hens and one rooster. They were just the common barnyard sort, so I sold the eggs and when the hens began to set I bought white Leghorn eggs for them.

"I was kept pretty busy that spring working on my place and getting acquainted with my neighbors. Except for the breaking up of the land I did every lick of work and besides found time to make me a few cotton dresses. The first of these I made with my fingers, but when one of my neighbors found it out she made me come over and sew on her machine until I finished them. They were made of a sort of coarse gingham costing 6¼ cents a yard. They were neat looking if not very beautiful and they washed well.

"Along in May the summer people began to arrive and I got my first opportunity to earn money. The old man who had broken up my ground came over one morning and after asking if I was too proud to work out told me that he would give me 10 cents an hour if I would come over every morning and help him gather and bunch his vegetables for market. You see, his vegetables were much earlier than mine, because he had forced them all in hotbeds.

"Small as the wages seemed I was glad enough to accept his offer, though at the time I didn't know that enough vegetables for myself and my chickens would be included. It was pretty hard work and I seldom made more than 20 cents a day, not including the vegetables given me, but the old man believed in getting everything he could out of those to whom he paid wages. He said that was the only way he had ever got anything to give away.

"Small as my earnings were the money was more than enough to feed me and my chickens, which counted for a good deal now that my capital had diminished more than half. In June my own vegetables began to be ready for market and having no horse or wagon I sold them to the old man for whom I worked.

"The strawberries began to come on about this time so that every moment I could spare away from my own place I picked berries for the old man. This increased my earnings to such as extent that at the end of one week I found I had two whole dollars after laying in my week's supply at the grocery. The $2 did not include the money gained by the sale of my vegetables. This I was careful to keep separate, planning to reinvest it and be able at the end of the year to see just how much I had made on my garden.

"After the strawberries came the currants, gooseberries and raspberries. When the old man's strawberry plants sent out runners I bought 5,000, paying for them in work. The old man assured me that if these runners were set out in June they would give me a good crop the next year. Because of this assurance I was willing to give up a second crop of vegetables that first year, devoting the land to strawberries.

"Finding that the demand for raspberries was much greater than for gooseberries or currants I planned to get canes from the old man, but when I spoke to him about it he advised me to go slow. He said he had never known any good to come from scattering, and while he was willing to let me have the canes on the same terms as the strawberry plants, if I listened to him I would devote myself to one thing instead of scattering.

"Though I heeded this advice in regard to planting small fruits it didn't impress me sufficiently to make me follow it out in my poultry yard. Before the end of that summer I had invested some of my earnings in a trio of turkeys, five pairs of pigeons and six ducks. I suppose I would have added peafowls and guinea hens had any chanced to come my way.

"Those fowls taught me the wisdom of not scattering, but not in time to prevent me from playing a trick about equally silly in my orchard, where I planted peaches, apples, pears, quinces and five varieties of grapes.

"When the old man found it out he asked what the owner of the place was paying me for improving his property. Then he told me to go at once and get not only a new lease but also an option on it permitting me to buy it at any time at a stipulated price. Fortunately the owner lived in the city and didn't know of the improvements that I had been putting on his place or he might not have been so willing to let it go on the easy terms I got.

"In the fall the old man obtained for me the looking after of several of the cottages whose owners returned to the city. I moved my few belongings over to one of the houses and set up housekeeping in the kitchen. This enabled me to spend the winter much more comfortably than I could have done in the old house, which I was not then able to repair.

"As the houses had only to be opened and aired once a week I had considerable spare time. This I devoted to making frames and sashes for cold frames which I started late in the winter.

"In March I returned to my old house and began vigorous preparations for planting my entire five acres. My expenses during the winter had reduced my capital to $27, but as this included a year's rent ahead I felt that I could afford to draw still further on it to pay for ploughing and manure. As the old man who had done the work for me the previous year was decidedly more feeble because of an attack of rheumatism, I decided to hire a man for one month at $20.

"Before the time came to pay him the people whose houses I had looked after returned to their cottages and I found myself in possession of $75. The sale of my pigeons and ducks brought me in $10 more. Though I had kept neither of them a year, experience had taught me that it would be to my best interest to sell them at the very first good opportunity. The summer cottagers didn't care for either ducks or pigeons when chickens or turkeys were to be had.

"The strawberries that I picked that summer netted me enough to tide me over until the beginning of the next year. With the runners I increased my patch to one acre, and being convinced that I could manage both raspberries and blackberries without scattering too much I bought the plants of the old man.

"This second year I again sold my vegetables to him, not feeling able to buy or hire a horse to send them to market. However, as it became generally known that vegetables could be had by persons who would send to me I had many good customers among the occupants of the nearer cottages.

"The beginning of the third year I bought a horse and a second hand delivery wagon. When the time came for the owners of the cottages that I had looked after this second winter to return I hired a half grown boy by the month, intending to keep him only during the summer to market my fruit and vegetables. He has been with me ever since, and from getting $7 a month I now pay him $20, and I am sure that he is worth every cent of it.

"The beginning of my fourth year I made the first payment on the purchase of the place and also bought my first cow. That fall I set out a half acre in grapes and repaired the house to such an extent that I was able to live in it with perfect comfort, occupying all five of the rooms.

"That was the last year I attempted to grow vegetables for market, except a few early ones that bring the highest prices. My experience had proved not only that fruit growing was more profitable, but I liked it better. I also gave up chicken raising and now keep hens entirely for eggs.

"For my turkeys I have always received a fancy price, and besides they make a pretty show on the place and I like to see them about. I don't believe I would keep them, however, if I didn't look forward to adding to my acreage. I also tried and gave up raising cress and after keeping bees for three years I sold the hives for just what I had paid for them. I believe I could have made all these things pay had I devoted myself to them, but finding that my old friend's advice against scattering was wise I got rid of those that I cared the least for.

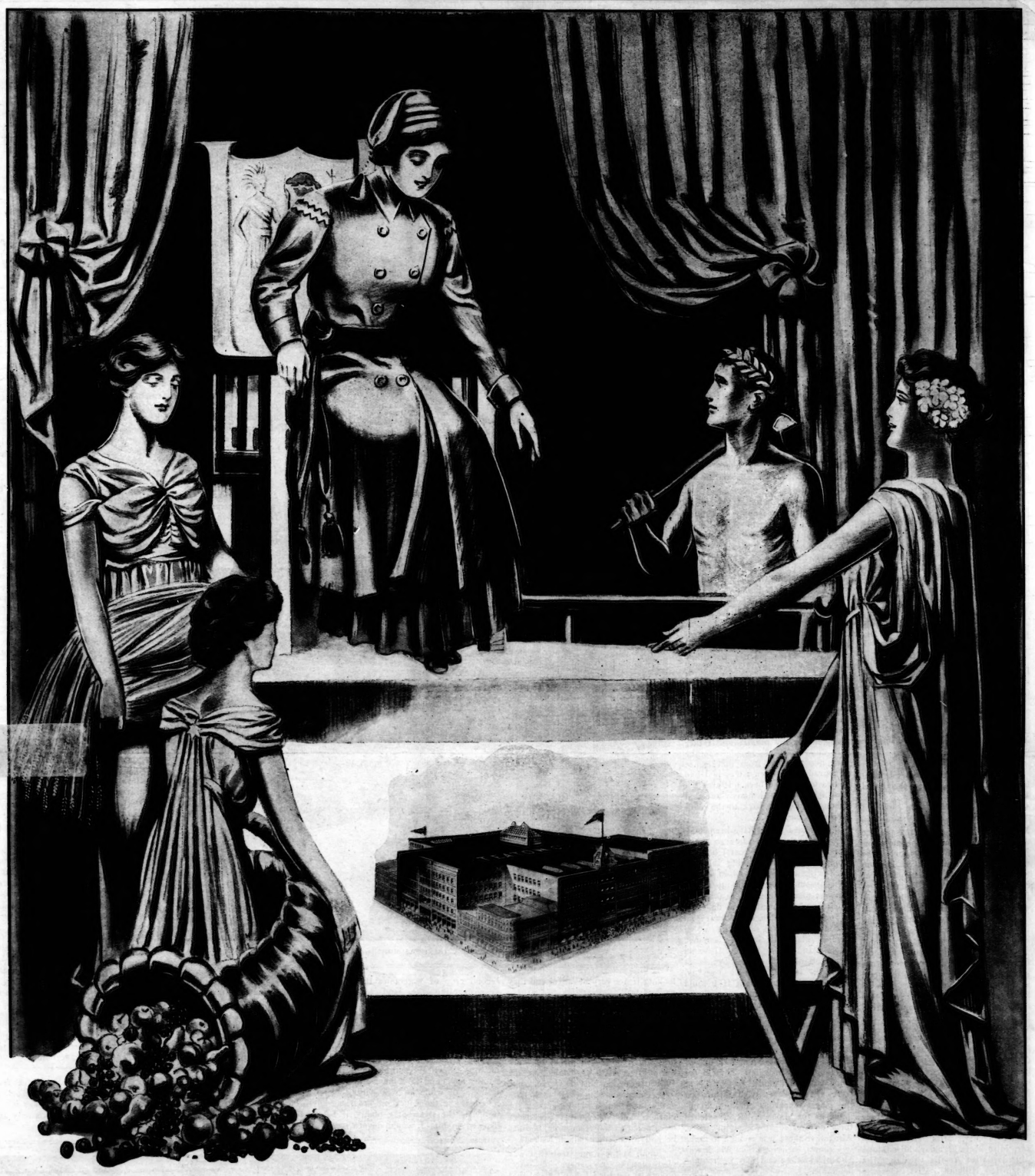
"Though I thought when leaving New York it would be only for a short time until the hard times were over, after I rented the place and really got to work I never had the slightest desire to return. I have heard men and women talk about the loneliness of country life, but to me it is not to be compared to the loneliness of being alone in a large city.

"I had worked three years longer in New York when I left it than I have now been working on my farm and see the difference in the amount saved. Of course had I stayed, being older and more experienced would have brought me better wages, but I am sure I would not have been able to save as much nor made myself such a comfortable home."

He—We'd have won the football game if our captain hadn't lost his head. She—Mercy! Was it so bad as that? I heard it was only an ear. —Boston Transcript.

HIGH PARK, TORONTO, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING—VIEW OF DRIVEWAY.

HIGH PARK, TORONTO, ON CHRISTMAS MORNING—A "BOB" RIDE.



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THE SALE STARTS ON MONDAY, JAN. 3rd

and every day's announcement will be of special interest, while the window display will graphically present the money-saving merchandise.

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